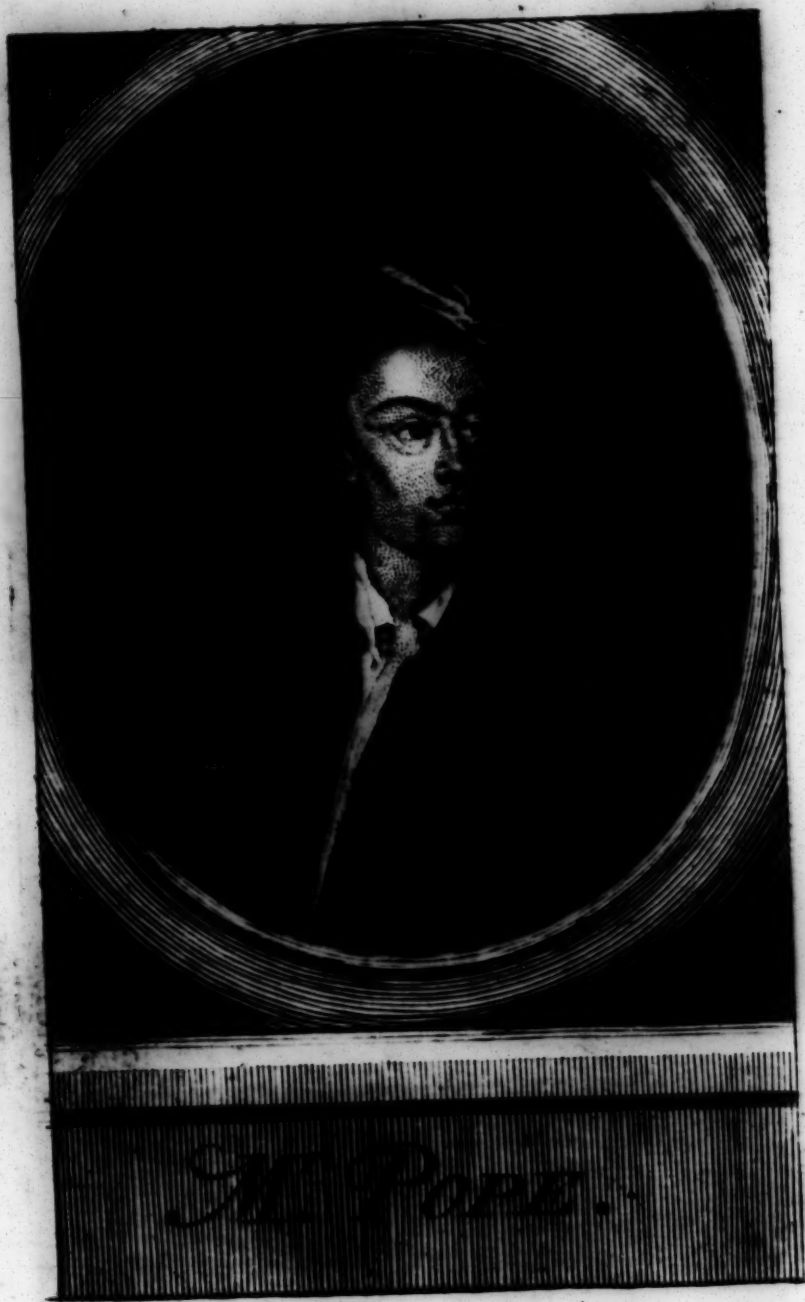
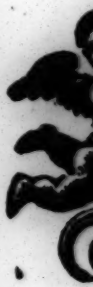




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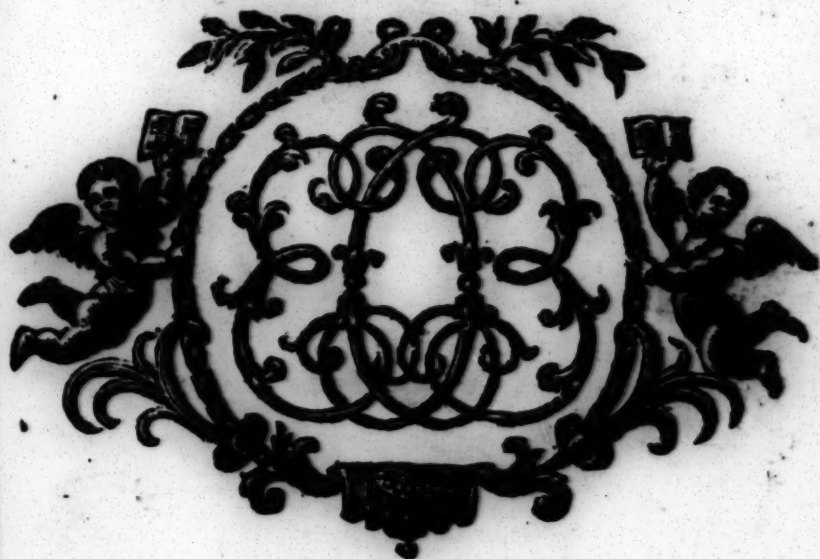
Mr. *P O P E*'s
Literary Correspondence

For Thirty Years, from 1704 to 1734.

BEING
A COLLECTION of LETTERS;
Which passed between him and
Several Eminent Persons.

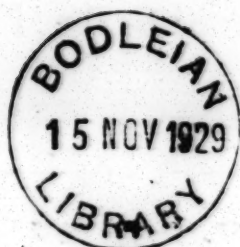
VOLUME the First.

The THIRD Edition.



L O N D O N:
Printed for E. CURLL, in *Rose-street*, Covent Garden.

M. DCC. XXXV.



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PREFACE.



E presume we want no Apology to the Reader for this Publication, but some may be thought needful to Mr. Pope: However he cannot think our Offence so great as *Theirs*, who first separately published what we have here but collected in a better Form and Order.

As for the Letters we have procured to be added, they serve but to compleat, explain, and sometimes set in a true light, those others, which it was not in the Writer's, or Our Power to recall.

This Collection hath been owing to several Cabinets; some drawn from thence by Accidents, and others (even of those to Ladies) voluntarily given. It is to one of that Sex we are beholden for the whole Correspondence with H. C. Esq; which Letters being lent her by that Gentleman, she took the Liberty to print; as appears by the following, which we shall give at length, both as it is something curious, and as it may serve for an Apology for ourselves.

To HENRY CROMWELL, Esq;

June 27, 1727.

AFTER so long a silence, as the many and great oppressions I have sigh'd under have occasioned, one is at a Loss how to begin a letter to so

To the READER.

kind a friend as yourself. But as it was always my resolution, if I must sink, to do it as decently (that is, as silently) as I could; so when I found my self plung'd into unforeseen, and unavoidable ruin, I retreated from the world, and in a manner buried my self in a dismal place, where I knew none, and none knew me. In this dull unthinking way, I have protracted a lingering death, (for life it cannot be called) ever since you saw me, sequester'd from Company, depriv'd of my books, and nothing left to converse with, but the Letters of my dead, or absent friends; amongst which latter I always placed your's, and Mr. *Pope's*, in the first rank. I lent some of them indeed to an ingenious person, who was so delighted with the specimen, that he importuned me for a sight of the rest, which having obtained, he convey'd them to the Press, I must not say altogether with my consent, nor wholly without it. I thought them too good to be lost in oblivion, and had no cause to apprehend the disobliging of any. The publick, viz. all persons of taste and judgment, would be pleas'd with so agreeable an amusement; Mr. *Cromwell* could not be angry, since it was but justice to his merit, to publish the solemn, and private professions of Love, Gratitude, and Veneration, made him by so celebrated an Author; and sincerely Mr. *Pope* ought not to resent the publication, since the early pregnancy of his Genius was no dishonour to his character. And yet had either of you been asked, common modesty wou'd have oblig'd you to refuse, what you wou'd not be displeas'd with, if done without your knowledge: And besides, to end all dispute, you had been pleas'd, to make me a free gift of them, to do what I pleas'd with them; and every one knows, that the person to whom a Letter is address'd, has the same right to dispose of it, as he has of goods purchased with his money. I doubt not but your generosity and

To the READER.

and honour will do me the right, of owning by a line, that I came honestly by them. I flatter myself, in a few months I shall again be visible to the world; and whenever thro' good providence that Turn shall happen, I shall joyfully acquaint you with it, there being none more truly your obliged Servant, than, Sir,

*Your faithful, and
most humble Servant,*

E. THOMAS.

P.S. A Letter, Sir, directed to Mrs. Thomas, to be left at my house, will be safely transmitted to her, by,



Yours, &c.

E. CURLL.

To Mr. POPE.

Epsom, July 6, 1727.

WHEN these Letters were first printed, I wondered how Curll cou'd come by them, and cou'd not but laugh at the pompous title; since whatever you wrote to me was humour, and familiar Raillery. As soon as I came from *Epsom*, I heard you had been to see me, and I writ you a short letter from *Will's*, that I longed to see you. Mr. D—s, about that time, charged me, with giving them to a Mistress, which I positively denied; not in the least, at that time, thinking of it: but some time after, finding in the news-papers Letters from Lady Packington, Lady Chudleigh, and Mr. Norris, to the same *Sapho* or *E. T.* I began to fear that I was guilty. I have never seen these

To the READER

Letters of *Curl's*, nor wou'd go to his shop about them ; I have not seen this *Sappho*, alias *E. T.* these seven years ; ----- her writing, *That I gave her 'em, to do what she wou'd with 'em*, is straining the point too far. I thought not of it, nor do I think she did then ; but severe Necessity, which catches hold of a Twig, has produced all this ; which has lain hid, and forgot by me so many years. *Curl* sent me a Letter last week, desiring a positive answer about this matter, but finding I wou'd give him none, he went to *E. T.* and writ a Postscript in her long romantic Letter, to direct my Answer to his house ; but they not expecting an Answer, sent a young man to me, whose name, it seems, is *Pattisson* : I told him, I shou'd not write any thing, but I believed it might be so, as she writ in her Letter. I am extremely concerned, that my former Indiscretion in putting them into the hands of this *Pre-tieuse*, should have given you so much disturbance ; for the last thing I should do would be to disoblige you, for whom I have ever preserved the greatest esteem, and shall ever be, *Sir*,

Your faithful Friend, and

most humble Servant,

HENRY CROMWELL.

To Mr. POPE.

Aug. 1, 1727.

THOU' I writ my long Narrative from *Epsom* 'till I was tired, yet was I not satisfied ; lest any doubt should rest upon your mind. I could not make protestations of my Innocence of a grievous

To the READER:

vous crime; but I was impatient 'till I came to Town, that I might send you those Letters, as a clear evidence, that I was a perfect stranger to all their proceeding. Should I have protested against it, after the printing, it might have been taken for an attempt to decry his purchase; and as the little exception you have taken, has served him to play his game upon us for these two years; a new incident from me might enable him to play it on for two more. ----- The great value she expresses for all you write, and her passion for having them, I believe, was what prevailed upon me to let her keep them. By the interval of twelve years at least, from her possession, to the time of printing them, 'tis manifest, that I had not the least ground to apprehend such a design: But as People in great straits, bring forth their hoards of old Gold, and most valued Jewels; so *Sapho* had recourse to her hid treasure of Letters, and play'd off, not only your's to me, but all those to herself (as the Lady's last-stake) into the press. ----- As for me, I hope, when you shall coolly consider the many thousand instances of our being deluded by the females, since that great Original of *Adam* by *Eve*, you will have a more favourable thought of the undefigning error of

Your Faithful Friend,

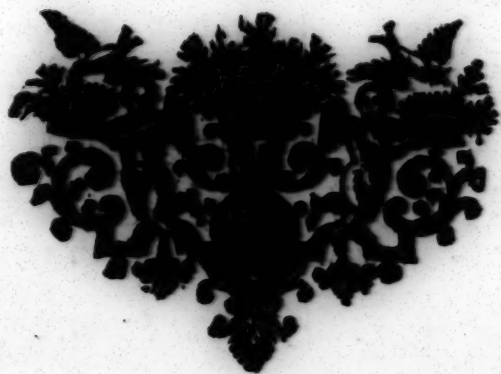
and humble Servant,

HENRY CROMWELL.

Now should our Apology for this Publication be as ill received, as the Lady's seems to have been by the Gentlemen concerned; we shall at least have Her Comfort of being Thanked by the rest of the world. Nor has Mr. P. himself any great cause to think it much Offence

To the READER.

to his Modesty, or Reflexion on his Judgment ; when we take care to inform the Public, that there are few Letters of his in this Collection, which were not written under Twenty years of Age : On the other hand, we doubt not the Reader will be much more surprized to find, at that early period, so much variety of Style, Affecting Sentiment, and Justness of Criticism, in pieces which must have been writ in haste, very few perhaps ever reviewed, and none intended for the Eye of the Public.



LETTERS

LETTERS

OF

Mr. WYCHERLEY and
Mr. POPE,

From the Year 1704 to 1710.

* *Mr. Pope to Mr. Wycherley.*

December 26, 1704.

IT was certainly a great Satisfaction to me to see and converse with a Man, whom in his Writings I had so long known with Pleasure; but it was a high addition to it, to hear you, at our very first meeting, doing justice to your dead friend Mr. Dryden. I was not so happy as to know him: *Virgilium tantum vidi* ----- Had I been born early enough, I must have known and lov'd him: For I have been assured, not only by your self, but by Mr. Congreve and Sir William Trumbul, that his personal Qualities were as amiable as his Poetical, notwithstanding the many libellous Misrepresentations of them, (against which the former of these Gentle-

* *The Author's Age then Sixteen.*

A 6

men

men has told me he will one day vindicate * him.) I suppose those Injuries were begun by the Violence of Party, but 'tis no doubt they were continued by Envy at his success and fame: And those Scriblers who attacked him in his latter times, were only like Gnats in a Summer's Evening, which are never very troublesome but in the finest and most glorious Season; (for his Fire, like the Sun's, shined clearest towards its setting.)

You must not therefore imagine, that when you told me of my own Performances, that they were above those Critics, I was so vain as to believe it; and yet I may not be so humble as to think my self quite below their Notice. For Critics, as they are Birds of Prey, have ever a natural Inclination to Carrion: and tho' such poor writers as I, are but Beggars, however no Beggar is so poor but he can keep a Cur, and no Author is so beggarly but he can keep a Critic. So I am far from thinking the Attacks of such People either any Honour or Dishonour, even to me, much less to Mr. Dryden. I think with you, that whatever lesser Wits have risen since his Death, are but like Stars appearing when the Sun is set; that twinkle only in his Absence, and with the Rays they have borrowed from him. Our Wit (as you call it) is but reflection or Imitation, therefore scarce to be called ours. True Wit, I believe, may be defined a Justness of Thought, and a Facility of Expression; or (in the Midwives Phrase) a perfect Conception, with an easy Delivery. However, this is far from a compleat Definition; pray help me to a better, as I doubt not you can.

I am, &c.

* He since did so, in his Dedication to the Duke of Newcastle, prefix'd to Tonson's Duodecimo Edition of Dryden's Plays, 1717.

Mr. Wycherley and Mr. Pope. 13

Mr. Wycherley to Mr. Pope.

Jan. 25, 1704-5.

I HAVE been so busy of late in correcting and transcribing some of my Madrigals, for a great Man or two who desired to see them, that I have (with your Pardon) omitted to return you an Answer to your most ingenious Letter: So Scriblers to the Public, like Bankers to the Public, are profuse in their voluntary Loans to it, whilst they forget to pay their more private and particular, as more just Debts, to their best and nearest Friends. However, I hope, you who have as much Good Nature as Good Sense, (since they generally are Companions) will have Patience with a Debtor, who you think has an Inclination to pay you his Obligations, if he had wherewithal ready about him; and in the mean time should consider, when you have obliged me beyond my present Power of returning the Favour, that a Debtor may be an honest Man, if he but intends to be just when he is able, tho' late. But I should be less just to you, the more I thought I could make a Return to so much Profuseness of Wit and Humanity together; which tho' they seldom accompany each other, in other Men, are in you so equally met, I know not in which you most abound. But so much for my Opinion of you, which is, that your Wit and Ingenuity is equalled by nothing but your Judgment, or Modesty; which (tho' it be to please myself) I must no more offend, than I can do either right.

Therefore I will say no more now of them, than that your good Wit never forfeited your good Judgment, but in your Partiality to me and mine; so that if it were possible for a hardened Scribler to be
vainer

vainer than he is, what you write of me would make me more conceited, than what I scribble myself; yet I must confess I ought to be more humbled by your Praise, than exalted; which commends my little Sense with so much more of your's, that I am disparaged and disheartened by your Commendations; who give me an Example of your Wit in the first Part of your Letter, and a Definition of it in the last; to make writing well (that is, like you) more difficult to me than ever it was before. Thus the more great and just your Example and Definition of Wit are, the less I am capable to follow them. Then the best way of shewing my Judgment, after having seen how you write, is to leave off writing; and the best way to shew my Friendship to you, is to put an End to your Trouble, and to conclude

Yours, &c.

Mr. POPE's Answer.

March 25, 1705.

WHEN I write to you, I foresee a long Letter, and ought to beg your Patience beforehand; for if it proves the longest, it will be of course the worst I have troubled you with. Yet to express my Gratitude at large for your obliging Letter, is not more my Duty than my Interest; as some People will abundantly thank you for one Piece of Kindness, to put you in Mind of bestowing another. The more favourable you are to me, the more distinctly I see my Faults. Spots and Blemishes, you know, are never so plainly discovered as in the brightest Sunshine. Thus I am mortified by those Commendations which were designed to encourage me:

Mr. Wycherley and Mr. Pope. 15

me : For Praise to a young Wit, is like Rain to a tender Flower ; if it be moderately bestowed, it cheers and revives ; but if too lavishly, overcharges and depresses him. Most Men in years, as they are generally discouragers of Youth, are like old Trees, that being past bearing themselves, will suffer no young Plants to flourish beneath them : But as if it were not enough to have out-done all your Coævals in Wit, you will excel them in Good Nature too. As for my (a) green *Essays*, if you find any Pleasure in them, it must be such as a Man naturally takes in observing the first Shoots and Buddings of a Tree which he has raised himself : and 'tis impossible they should be esteemed any otherwise, than as we value Fruits for being early, which nevertheless are the most insipid, and the worst of the Year. In a Word, I must blame you for treating me with so much Compliment, which is at best but the Smoak of Friendship. I neither write, nor converse with you, to gain your Praise, but your Affection. Be so much my Friend as to appear my Enemy, and tell me my Faults, if not as a young Man, at least as an unexperienced Writer.

I am, &c.

Mr. Wycherley to Mr. Pope.

March 29, 1705.

YOUR Letter of the Twenty-fifth of *March* I have received, which was more welcome to me than any thing could be out of the Country, tho' it were one's Rent due that Day ; and I can find no Fault with it, but that it charges me with Want of

(a) *His Pastorals, written at 16 Years of Age.*

Sincerity

Sincerity, or Justice, for giving you your Due; who should not let your Modesty be so unjust to your Merit, as to reject what is due to it, and call that Compliment which is so short of your desert, that it is rather degrading than exalting you. But if Compliment be the Smoak only of Friendship, (as you say) however you must allow there is no Smoak but there is some Fire; and as the Sacrifice of Incense offered to the Gods would not have been half so sweet to others, if it had not been for its Smoak; so Friendship, like Love, cannot be without some Incense, to perfume the Name it would praise and immortalize. But since you say you do not write to me to gain my *Praise*, but my *Affection*, pray how is it possible to have the one without the other? We must admire before we love. You affirm, you would have me so much your Friend as to appear your Enemy, and find out your Faults rather than your Perfections: But (my Friend) that would be so hard to do, that I who love no Difficulties, can't be persuaded to it. Besides, the Vanity of a Scribler is such, that he will never part with his own Judgment to gratify another's; especially when he must take pains to do it: and tho' I am proud to be of your Opinion, when you talk of any Thing, or Man but yourself, I cannot suffer you to murder your Fame, with your own Hand, without opposing you; especially when you say your last Letter is the worst (since the longest) you have favoured me with; which I therefore think the best, as the longest Life (if a good one) is the best, as it yields the more variety, and is the more Exemplary; as a chearful Summer's Day, tho' longer than a dull one in the Winter, is less tedious and more entertaining. Therefore let but your Friendship be like your Letter, as lasting as it is agreeable, and it can never be tedious, but more acceptable and obliging to

Your, &c.

To

Mr. Wycherley and Mr. Pope. 17

Mr. Wycherley to Mr. Pope.

April 7, 1705.

I Have received yours of the fifth, wherein your Modesty refuses the just Praises I give you, by which you lay Claim to more, as a Bishop gains his Bishoprick, by saying he will not Episcopate; but I must confess, whilst I displease you by commending you, I please my self; just as Incense is sweeter to the Offerer than the Deity to whom 'tis offered, by his being so much above it: For indeed, every Man partakes of the Praise he gives, when it is so justly given.

As to my enquiry after your Intrigues with the *Muses*, you may allow me to make it, since no old Man can give so young, so great, and able a Favourite of theirs, Jealousy. I am, in my Enquiry, like old Sir *Bernard Gascoign*, who used to say, That when he was grown too old to have his Visits admitted alone by the Ladies, he always took along with him a young Man, to ensure his Welcome to them; who, had he come alone had been rejected, only because his Visits were not scandalous to them. So I am (like an old Rook, who is ruined by Gaming) forced to live on the good Fortune of the pushing young Men, whose Fancies are so vigorous, that they ensure their Success in their Adventures with the *Muses*, by their Strength of Imagination.

----- Your Papers are safe in my Custody (you may be sure) from any one's Theft but my own; for 'tis as dangerous to trust a Scribler with your Wit, as a Gamester with the Custody of your Money. ----- If you happen to come to Town, you will make it more difficult for me to leave it, who am, dear Mr. Pope,

Your, &c.

Mr.

*Mr. Pope's Answer.**April 30, 1705.*

I Cannot contend with you. You must give me leave at once to wave all your Compliments, and to collect only this in general from them, that your Design is to encourage me. But I separate from all the rest that Paragraph or two, in which you make me so warm an Offer of your Friendship. Were I possessed of That, it would put an End to all those Speeches with which you now make me blush; and change them to wholesome Advices, and free Sentiments, which might make me wiser and happier. I know 'tis the general Opinion; that Friendship is best contracted betwixt Persons of equal Age; but I have so much Interest to be of another Mind, that you must pardon me if I cannot forbear telling you a few Notions of mine, in opposition to that Opinion.

In the first place 'tis observable, that the Love we bear to our Friends is generally caused by our finding the same Dispositions in them, which we feel in our selves. This is but Self-love at the Bottom: Whereas the Affection betwixt People of different Ages cannot well be such, the Inclinations of such being commonly various. The Friendship of two young Men is often occasioned by Love of Pleasure or Voluptuousness, each being desirous, for his own sake, of one to assist or encourage him in the Courses he pursues; as that of two old Men is frequently on the score of some Profit, Lucre, or Design upon others. Now, as a young Man who is less acquainted with the Ways of the World, has in all probability less of Interest; and an old Man, who may be

Mr. Wycherley was at this Time about Seventy Years old, Mr. Pope under Seventeen.

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Mr. Wycherley and Mr. Pope. 19

weary of himself, less of Self-love; so the Friendship between them is the more likely to be true, and unmixed with too much Self-regard. One may add to this, that such a Friendship is of greater Use and Advantage to both; for the old Man will grow gay and agreeable to please the young one; and the young Man more discreet and prudent by the help of the old one: so it may prove a Cure of those epidemical Diseases of Age and Youth, Sourness and Madness. I hope you will not need many Arguments to convince you of the Possibility of this; One alone abundantly satisfies me, and convinces to the very Heart; which is, that *I am*, &c.

Mr. Pope to Mr. Wycherley.

June 23, 1705.

I Should believe my self happy in your good Opinion, but that you treat me so much in a Style of Compliment. It has been observed of Women, that they are more subject in their Youth to be touched with Vanity, than Men, on Account of their being generally treated this Way; but the weakest Women are not more so than that weak Class of Men, who are thought to pique themselves upon their Wit. The World is never wanting, when a Coxcomb is accomplishing himself, to help to give him the finishing Stroke.

Every Man is apt to think his Neighbour overstock'd with Vanity, yet I cannot but fancy, there are certain Times, when most People are in a disposition of being informed; and 'tis incredible what a vast Good a little Truth might do, spoken in such Seasons. A very small Alms will do a great Kindness, to People in extream Necessity.

I could

I could name an Acquaintance of yours, who would at this Time think himself more obliged to you for the Information of his Faults, than the Confirmation of all his Follies. If you would make those the Subject of a Letter, it might be as long as I could wish your Letters always were.

I do not wonder you have hitherto found some difficulty (as you are pleased to say) in writing to me, since you have always chosen the Task of commending me : Take but the other way, and I dare engage you will find none at all.

As for my Verses which you praise so much, I may truly say they had never been the cause of any Vanity in me, except what they gave me when they first occasioned my acquaintance with you. But I have several times since been in Danger of this Vice, as often, I mean, as I received any Letters from you.

'Tis certain, the greatest magnifying Glasses in the World are a Man's own Eyes, when they look upon his own Person; yet even in those, I cannot fancy my self so extremely like *Alexander the Great*, as you would persuade me. If I must be like him, 'tis you will make me so, by complimenting me into a better Opinion of my self than I deserve. They made him think he was the *Son of Jupiter*, and you assure me I am a Man of Parts. But is this all you can say to my Honour? You said ten times as much before, when you call'd me your Friend. After having made me believe I possess'd a Share in your Affection, to treat me with Compliments and sweet Sayings, is like the Proceeding with poor *Sancho Panca* : They had persuaded him that he enjoy'd a great Dominion, and then gave him nothing to subsist upon but *Wafers* and *Marmalade*. In our Days, the greatest Obligation, you can lay upon a Wit, is to make a Fool of him. For as when Madmen are found incurable, wise Men give them their Way, and please them as well as they can; so

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Mr. Wycherley and Mr. Pope: 21

when those incorrigible things, Poets, are once irrecoverably Be-Mus'd, the best way both to quiet them, and secure your selves from the Effects of their Frenzy, is to feed their Vanity; (which indeed for the most part is all that is fed in a Poet.)

You may believe me, I could be heartily glad that all you say were as true, apply'd to me, as it would be to your self, for several weighty Reasons; but for none so much, as that I might be to you what you deserve; whereas I can now be no more, than is consistent with the small, tho' utmost Capacity of,

Dear Sir,

Your ever affectionate Servant.

Mr. Pope to Mr. Wycherley.

Oct. 26, 1705.

I Have now changed the Scene from the Town to the Country; from *Will's* Coffee-house to *Wind-for* Forest. I find no other Difference than this, betwixt the common Town-Wits, and the downright Country Fools; that the first are perty in the Wrong, with a little more Flourish and Gaiety; and the last neither in the Right nor the Wrong, but confirmed in a stupid, settled Medium betwixt both. However, methinks these are most in the Right, who quietly and easily resign themselves over to the gentle Reign of Dulness, which the Wits must do at last, tho' after a great deal of Noise, Pother, and Resistance. Ours are a sort of modest, inoffensive People, who neither have Sense, nor pretend to any, but enjoy a jovial Sort of Dulness. They are commonly known in the World by the Name of honest, civil Gentlemen. They live much as they ride, at random;

22 L E T T E R S of

random; a kind of hunting Life, pursuing with earnestness and hazard, something not worth the catching; never in the way, nor out of it. I can't but prefer Solitude to the Company of all these; for tho' a Man's self may possibly be the worst Fellow to converse with in the World, yet one would think the Company of a Person whom we have the greatest regard to, and Affection for, could not be very unpleasant. As a Man in love with a Mistress, desires no Conversation but hers; so a Man in Love with himself, (as most Men are) may be best pleased with his own. Besides, if the truest and most useful Knowledge be the Knowledge of our selves, Solitude conducing most to make us look into our selves, should be the most instructive State of Life. We see nothing more commonly, than Men, who for the sake of the circumstantial Part, and meer Outside of Life, have been half their Days rambling out of their Nature, and ought to be sent into Solitude to study themselves over again. People are usually spoiled instead of being taught, at their coming into the World; whereas by being more conversant with Obscurity, without any Pains, they would naturally follow what they were meant for. In a Word, if a Man be a Coxcomb, Solitude is his best School; and if he be a Fool, it is his best Sanctuary.

These are good Reasons for my own Stay here, but I wish I could give you any for your coming hither, except that I earnestly invite you. And yet I can't help saying, I have suffered a great deal of discontent that you do not, tho' I so little merit that you should.

I must complain of the shortness of your last. Those who have most Wit, like those who have most Money, are generally most sparing of either.

Mr.

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Mr. Wycherley to Mr. Pope.

Nov. 5, 1705.

YOURS of the 26th of *October* I have received, as I have always done yours, with no little Satisfaction, and am proud to discover by it, that you find Fault with the shortness of mine, which I think the best Excuse for it: And tho' they (as you say) who have most Wit or Money, are most sparing of either; there are some who appear Poor to be thought Rich, and are Poor, which is my Case. I cannot but rejoice, that you have undergone so much discontent for want of my company; but if you have a mind to punish me for my fault, (which I could not help) defer your coming to Town, and you will do it effectually. But I know your Charity always exceeds your Revenge, so that I will not despair of seeing you, who, in return to your inviting me to your Forest, invite you to my Forest, the Town; where the Beasts that inhabit, tame or wild, of long Ears or Horns, pursue one another either out of Love or Hatred. You may have the Pleasure to see one Pack of Bloodhounds pursue another Herd of Brutes, to bring each other to their Fall, which is their whole Sport: Or, if you affect a less bloody Chace, you may see a Pack of Spaniels, called *Lovers*, in a hot pursuit of a two-legged *Vixen*, who only flies the whole low'd Pack to be singled out by one Dog, who runs mute to catch her up the sooner from the rest, as they are making a Noise, to the Loss of their Game. In fine, this is the Time for all Sorts of Sport in the Town, when those of the Country cease; therefore leave your Forest of Beasts for ours of Brutes, called Men, who now in full Cry, (pack'd by the Court or Country) run down in the House of Commons, a deserted horned Beast of the Court to the Satisfaction

tion of their Spectators : Besides, (more for your Diversion) you may see not only the two great Play-houses of the Nation, those of the Lords and Commons, in Dispute with one another ; but the two other Play-houses in high Contest, because the Members of one House are removed up to t'other, (as it is often done by the Court for Reasons of State.) Inasmuch that the lower Houses, I mean the Play-houses, are going to act Tragedies on one another without Doors, and the Sovereign is put to it (as it often happens in the other two Houses) to silence one or both, to keep Peace between them. Now I have told you all the News of the Town.

I am, &c.

Mr. Wycherley to Mr. Pope.

Febr. 5, 1705-6.

I Have received your kind Letter, with my *Paper to Mr. *Dryden* corrected. I own you have made more of it by making it less; as the *Dutch* are said to burn half the Spices they bring home to enhance the Price of the remainder, so to be greater Gainers by their Loss, (which is indeed my Case now.) Well ; you have pruned my fading Laurels of some superfluous, sapless, and dead Branches, to make the remainder live the longer ; thus like your Master *Apollo*, you are at once a Poet and a Physician.

Now, Sir, as to my impudent invitation of you to the Town, your Good Nature was the first Cause of my confident request ; but excuse me, I must I see say no more upon this Subject, since I find you a little too nice to be dealt freely with : tho'

* The same which was printed in the Year 1717, in a Miscellany of Bern. Lintot's and in the present Edition of the Posthumous Works of Mr. Wycherley.

you

Mr. Wycherley and Mr. Pope. 25,

you have given me some Encouragement to hope, our Friendship tho' young might be without Shyness, or criminal Modesty; for a Friend, like a Mistress, tho' he is not to be mercenary to be true, yet ought not to refuse a Friend's Kindness because it is small or trivial. I have told you (I think) that a *Spanish* Lady said to her poor, poetical Gallant, that a Queen if she lay with a Groom, would expect a Mark of his Kindness from him, tho' it were but his Curry-comb. But you and I will dispute this Matter, when I am so happy to see you here; and perhaps 'tis the only Dispute, in which I might hope to have the better of you.

Now, Sir, to make you another Excuse for my Boldness in inviting you to Town, I designed to leave with you some more of my Papers, (since these return so much better out of your Hands than they went from mine) for I intended (as I told you formerly) to spend a Month, or six Weeks this Summer, near you in the Country; for you may be assured there is nothing I desire so much, as an Improvement of your Friendship -----

Mr. Wycherley to Mr. Pope.

March 22, 1705-6.

I Must lay a Penance upon you, which is to desire you to look over that damn'd Miscellany of Madrigals of mine, to pick out (if possible) some that may be so altered, that they may yet appear in Print again: I hope with better success than they hitherto have done. I will give you my Reason for this Request of mine, when I see you; which I am resolved shall be when I have done here, and at the Bath, where I design to go, and afterwards to spend two Months (God willing) with you at *Binfield*, or near it -----

B

Mr.

Mr. P O P E's Answer.

April 10, 1716.

By yours of the last Month, you desire me to select, if possible, some Things from the * first Volume of your Miscellanies, which may be altered so as to appear again. I doubted your meaning in this; whether it was to pick out the best of those Verses, (as that on the *Idleness of Business*; on *Ignorance*; on *Laziness*, &c.) to make the Method and Numbers exact, and avoid Repetitions. For tho' (upon reading them on this Occasion) I believe they might receive such an Alteration with advantage; yet they would not be changed so much, but any one would know them for the same at first sight. Or if you mean to improve the worst Pieces, which are such, as to render them very good, would require a great Addition, and almost the entire new writing of them. Or, lastly, if you mean the middle Sort, as the Songs and Love-Verses: For these will need only to be shortned, to omit Repetition; the Words remaining very little different from what they were before. Pray let me know your mind in this, for I am utterly at a loss. Yet I have tried what I could do to some of the *Songs*, † and the *Poems on Laziness and Ignorance*, but cannot (even in my own partial Judgment) think my Alterations much to the Purpose. So that I must needs desire you would apply your Care wholly at present to those which are yet unpublished, of which there are more than enough to make a considerable Volume, of

* Printed in Folio, in the Year 1704.

† Vid. Letter of Nov. 20, 1707. - a.

Mr. Wycherley and Mr. Pope. 27

full as good ones, nay, I verily believe, of better than any in *Vol. I.* which I could wish you would defer, at least 'till you have finished these that are yet unprinted.

I send you a Sample of some few of these; namely, the Verses to Mr. *Waller* in *his old Age*; your new ones on the *Duke of Marlborough*, and two others. I have done all that I thought could be of Advantage to them: Some I have contracted as we do Sun-beams, to improve their Energy and Force; some I have taken quite away, as we take Branches from a Tree, to add to the Fruit; others I have entirely new express'd, and turned more into Poetry. *Dante* (like one of his Successors) had infinitely more Wit than he wanted Versification: for the great dealers in Wit, like those in Trade, take least Pains to set off their Goods; while the Haberdashers of small Wit spare for no Decorations or Ornaments. You have commission'd me to paint your Shop, and I have done my best to brush you up like your Neighbours. But I can no more pretend to the Merit of the Production, than a Midwife to the Vertues and good Qualities of the Child she helps into the Light.

The few Things I have entirely added, you will excuse; you may take them lawfully for your own, because they are no more than Sparks lighted up by your Fire; and you may omit them at last, if you think them but Squibs in your Triumphs.

I am, &c.

*Mr. Wycherley to Mr. Pope.**Feb. 19. 1706-7.*

I Have received yours of the 26th, as kind as it is ingenious, for which therefore I most heartily thank you. It would have been much more welcome to me, had it not informed me of your want of Health; but you who have a Mind so vigorous, may well be contented with its crazy Habitation; since (you know) the old Similitude says: The Keeness of the Mind soonest wears out the Body, as the sharpest Sword soonest destroys the Scabbard: So that (as I say) you must be satisfied with your Apprehension of an uneasy Life, tho' I hope not a short one; notwithstanding that generally you found Wits (tho' weak Bodies) are immortal hereafter by that Genius, which shortens your present Life, to prolong that of the future. But I yet hope, your great, vigorous, and active Mind will not be able to destroy your little, tender, and crazy Carcass.

Now to say something to what you write concerning the present epidemic Distemper of the Mind and Age, Calumny; I know it is no more to be avoided (at one time or another of our Lives) than a Fever or an Ague; and as often those Distempers attend, or threaten the best Constitutions, from the worst Air; so does that malignant Air of Calumny soonest attack the sound and elevated in Mind, as Storms of Wind the tallest and most fruitful Trees; whilst the low and weak, for bowing and moving to and fro, are by their Weakness secure from the Danger and Violence of the Tempest. But so much for stinking Rumour,

Mr. Wycherley and Mr. Pope. 29

mour, which weakest Minds are most afraid of; as *Irish-Men*, tho' the nastiest of Mankind, are most offended at a *Fart*.

Mr. Wycherley to Mr. Pope.

Nov. 11, 1707.

I Receiv'd yours of the 9th yesterday, which has (like the rest of your Letters) at once pleased and instructed me; so that I assure you, you can no more write too much to your absent Friends, than speak too much to the present. This is a Truth that all Men own, who have either seen your Writings, or heard your Discourse; enough to make others show their Judgment, in ceasing to write or talk, especially to you, or in your Company. However, I speak or write to you, not to please you, but my self; since I provoke your Answers, which, whilst they humble me, give me Vanity, tho' I am lessened by you even when you commend me; since you commend my little Sense with so much more of yours, that you put me out of Countenance, whilst you would keep me in it. So that you have found a way (against the Custom of great Wits) to shew even a great deal of Good Nature with a great deal of good Sense.

I thank you for the Book you promised me, by which I find you would not only correct my lines, but my Life.

As to the damned Verses I entrusted you with, I hope you will let them undergo your Purgatory, to save them from other People's damning them; since

the Critics, who are generally the first damn'd in this Life, like the Damn'd below, never leave to bring those above them under their own Circumstances. I beg you to peruse my Papers, and select what you think best, or most tolerable, and look over them again; for I resolve suddenly to print some of them, as a harden'd old Gamester will (in spite of all former ill usage by Fortune) push on an ill Hand, in expectation of recovering himself; especially since I have such a *Croupier* or Second to stand by me as Mr. Pope.

Mr. Pope to Mr. Wycherley.

Nov. 20, 1707.

MR. *Englesyld* being upon his Journey to London, tells me I must write to you by him, which I do, not more to comply with his desire, than to gratify my own; tho' I did it so lately by the Messenger you sent hither: I take it too as an Opportunity of sending you the fair Copy of the Poem (a) on *Dulness*, which was not then finish'd, and which I should not care to hazard by the common Post. Mr. *Englesyld* is ignorant of the Contents, and I hope your Prudence will let him remain

(a) The Original of it in Blots, and with Figures of the References from Copy to Copy, in Mr. Pope's Hand, is in the Harley Library among other such Brouillons of Mr. Wycherley's Poems, corrected by him. Vid. Lett. Ap 10, 1705 6. Note (a)

Mr. Wycherley and Mr. Pope. 31

so, for my sake no less than your own; since if you should reveal any thing of this Nature, it would be no wonder Reports should be raised, and there are those (I fear) who would be ready to improve them to my Disadvantage. I am sorry you told the great Man, whom you met in the *Court of Requests*, that your Papers were in my Hands. No Man alive shall ever know any such thing from me; and I give you this Warning besides, that tho' your self should say I had any way assisted you, I am notwithstanding resolved to deny it.

The Method of the Copy I send you is very different from what it was, and much more regular. For the better help of your Memory, I desire you to compare it by the *Figures* in the Margin, answering to the same in this Letter. The Poem is now divided into four Parts, mark'd with the literal Figures I. II. III. IV. The first contains the *Praise* of Dulness, and shews how upon several suppositions, it passes for 1. Religion, 2. Philosophy, 3. Example, 4. Wit, and 5. The Cause of Wit, and the End of it. The second Part contains the *Advantages* of Dulness; 1st, In Business, and 2dly, at Court; where the Similitudes of the Byass of a Bowl, and the Weights of a Clock, are directly tending to illustrate those Advantages of Dulness, tho' introduced before in a Place where there was no Mention made of them: (which was your only Objection to my adding them.) The third contains the *Happiness* of Dulness in all Stations, and shews in a great many Particulars, that it is some good Quality or other in all Sorts of People; that it is thought Quiet, Sense, Caution, Policy, Prudence, Majesty, Valour, Circumspection, Honesty, &c. The fourth Part I have wholly added, as a Climax which sums up all the *Praise, Advantage, and Happiness* of Dulness in a few Words; and strengthens them all by the

Opposition of the *Disgrace, Disadvantage, and Unhappiness* of Wit, with which it concludes (b).

Tho' the whole be as short again as at first, there is not one Thought omitted, but what is a Repetition of something in your first Volume, or in this very Paper: Some Thoughts are contracted, where they seem'd encompass'd with too many Words; and some new express'd, or added, where I thought there wanted heightening, (as you will see particularly in the Simile of the *Clock-Weights*: (c) and the Verification throughout is, I believe such, as no body can be shock'd at. The repeated Permissions you give me of dealing freely with you, will (I hope) excuse what I have done; for if I have not spared you when I thought Severity would do you a kindness, I have not mangled you where I thought there was no absolute Need of Amputation. As to Particulars, I can satisfy you better when we meet; in the mean time, pray write to me when you can, you cannot too often.

(b) This is totally omitted in the present Edition. Some of the Lines in the H. M. are these.

*Thus Dulness, the safe Opiate of the Mind,
The last kind refuge weary Wit can find,
Fit for all stations, and in each content,
Is satisfy'd, secure, and innocent;
No pains it takes, and no offence it gives,
Unfear'd, unbated, undisturb'd it lives, &c.*

(c) It was originally thus express'd:

As Clocks run fastest when most Lead is on.

We find it so in a Letter of Mr. Pope to Mr. Wycherley, dated April 3, 1705; and in a Paper of Verses of his, 'To the Author of a Poem called *Successio*, which got out in a Miscellany in 1712, three Years before Mr. Wycherley died, and two after he had laid aside the whole Design of publishing any Poems.

Mr

Mr. Wycherley and Mr. Pope. 33

Mr. Wycherley's Answer.

Nov. 22. 1707.

YOU may see by my Stile, I had the Happiness and Satisfaction to receive Yesterday (by the Hands of that Wagg, Mr. *Englefyld*) your extreme kind and obliging Letter of the 20th of this Month; which, like all the rest of yours, did at once mortify me, and make me vain; since it tells me with so much more Wit, Sense and Kindness, than mine can express, that my Letters are all welcome to you. So that even whilst your Kindness invites me to write to you, your Wit and Judgment forbids me; since I may return you a Letter, but never an Answer.

Now, as for my owning your Assistance to me, in over-looking my unmusical Numbers, and harsher Sense, and correcting them both, with your Genius, or Judgment; I must tell you I always own it, (in Spite of your unpoetick Modesty) who would do with your Friendship as your Charity; conceal your Bounty, to magnify the Obligation; and even whilst you lay on your Friend the Favour, acquit him of the Debt. But that shall not serve your turn; I will always own, 'tis my infallible *Pope* has, or would redeem me from a poetical Damning the second time; and save my Rhimes from being condemn'd to the Critics Flames to all Eternity. But (by the Faith you profess) you know your Works of Supererogation, transfer'd upon an humble, acknowledging Sinner, may save even Him; having good Works enough of your own besides, to ensure yours, and their Immortality.

And now for the Pains you have taken to recommend my *Dulness*, by making it more methodical,

I give you a thousand thanks ; since true and natural *Dulness* is shown more by its Pretence to Form and Method, as the Sprightliness of Wit by its despising both. I thank you a thousand times for your repeated Invitations to come to *Binfield*. ---- You will find, it will be as hard for you to get quit of my mercenary Kindness to you, as it would for me to deserve, or return yours ; however, it shall be the Endeavour of my future Life, as it will be to demonstrate my self,

Your, &c.

Mr. P O P E's Reply.

Nov. 29, 1707.

THE Compliments you make me, in Regard of any inconsiderable Service I could do you, are very unkind, and do but tell me in other Words, that my Friend has so mean an Opinion of me, as to think I expect Acknowledgments for Trifles ; which upon my Faith I shall equally take amiss, whether made to my self, or to any others. For God's Sake, (my dear Friend *Wycherley*) think better of me, and believe I desire no sort of Favour so much, as that of serving you more considerably, than I have yet been able to do.

I shall proceed in this Manner, with some others of your Pieces ; but since you desire I would not deface your Copy for the future, and only mark the Repetitions ; I must as soon as I have mark'd these, transcribe what is left on another Paper ; and in that, blot, alter, and add all I can devise for their Improvement. For you are sensible, the Omission of *Repetitions* is but one, and the easiest Part,

Mr. Wycherley and Mr. Pope. 35

Part of yours and my Design; there remaining besides to rectify the *Method*, to connect the *Matter*, and to mend the *Expression* and *Verseification*. I will go next upon the * Poems of *Solitude*, on the *Publick*, and on the *mixt Life*; the *Bill of Fare*, the *Praises of Avarice*, and some others.

I must take some Notice of what you say of "My Pains to make your Dulness methodical;" and of your Hint, that "The sprightliness of Wit despises Method." This is true enough, if by *Wit* you mean no more than *Fancy* or *Conceit*; but in the better Notion of *Wit*, considered as Propriety, surely *Method* is not only necessary for Perspicuity and Harmony of Parts, but gives Beauty even to the minute and particular Thoughts; which receive an additional Advantage from those which precede or follow in their due Place: According to a Simile Mr. *Dryden* used in Conversation, of Feathers in the Crowns of the wild *Indians*, which they not only chuse for the Beauty of their Colours, but place them in such a Manner as to reflect a Lustre on each other. I will not disguise any of my Sentiments from you: To *methodize* in your Case, is full as necessary as to *strike out*; otherwise you had better destroy the whole Frame; and reduce them into *single Thoughts* in *Prose*, like *Rochefoucault*, as I have more than once hinted to you.

* Some Brouillons of these, transcribed and very much blotted by Mr. Pope, are extant in the Harleian Library.

Mr. Wycherley to Mr. Pope.

Feb. 28, 1707-8.

I Have had yours of the 23d of this Instant, for which I give you many thanks, since I find by it, that even Absence (the usual Bane of Love, or Friendship) cannot lessen yours to more than mine. * As to your hearing of my being ill, I am glad and sorry for the Report : In the first place, glad that it was not true ; and in the next sorry that it should give you any Disturbance, or Concern more than ordinary for me ; for which, as well as your Concern for my future Well-being or Life, I think my self most eternally obliged to you ; assuring, your Concern for either will make me more careful of both. Yet for your sake I love this Life so well, that I shall the less think of the other ; but it is in your Power to ensure my Happiness in one and the other, both by your Society and good Example, so not only contribute to my felicity here, but hereafter.

Now as to your Excuse for the Plainness of your Stile, or Letter, I must needs tell you, that Friendship is more acceptable to a true Friend than Wit, which is generally false Reasoning ; and a Friend's Reprimand often shews more Friend-

* Mr. Pope had this from Mr. Cromwell, after his Enquiry in these Words : " I returned to Town last Saturday, and enquiring (as you desired) about Mr. Wycherley, was told, in two several Places, that he had been very ill, and that he was even gone off our Stage : But I could not imagine this Report to be true, or that so great a Man could leave the World, without its being instructed to lament so considerable a Loss."

Mr. Wycherley and Mr. Pope. 37

ship than his Compliment : Nay Love, which is more than Friendship, is often seen by our Friend's Correction of our Follies or Crimes. Upon this Test of your Friendship I intend to put you, when I return to *London*, and thence to you at *Binfield*, which I hope will be within a Month.

Next to the News of your good Health, I am pleased with the good News of your going to print some of your Poems, and proud to be known by them to the Public for your Friend ; who intend (perhaps the same Way) to be revenged of you for your Kindness, by taking your Name in vain in some of my future Madrigals : yet so as to let the World know, my Love or Esteem for you are no more Poetic, than my Talent in scribbling. But of all the Arts of Fiction, I desire you to believe I want that of feigning Friendship, and that I am sincerely,

Your, &c.

Mr. Wycherley to Mr. Pope.

May 13, 1708.

I Have receiv'd yours of the first of *May*. Your Pastoral Muse outshines, in her modest and natural Dress, all *Apollo's* Court-Ladies, in their more artful, laboured, and costly Finery ; therefore I am glad to find by your Letter, you design your Country-beauty of a Muse shall appear at Court and in Publick ; to outshine all the farded, lewd, confident, affected Tewn-dowdies, who aim at being honoured only to their Shame : But her artful Innocence (on the contrary) will gain more Honour as she becomes more publick ; and in spite of Custom

Custom, will bring Modesty again into Fashion, or at least make her Sister-rivals of this Age blush for Spite, if not for Shame. As for my stale, antiquated, poetical Puffs, whom you would keep in Countenance, by saying she has once been tolerable, and would yet pass Muster by a little licking over; it is true that (like most vain antiquated Jades, which have once been passable) yet she affects Youthfulness in her Age, and would still gain a few Admirers, who the more she seeks, or labours for their liking, are but more her Contemners. Nevertheless, she is resolved henceforth to be so cautious as to appear very little more in the World, except it be as an Attendant on your Muse, or as a Foil, not a Rival to her Wit, or Fame: So that let your Country gentlewoman appear when she will in the *World, my old worn-out Jade of a lost Reputation, shall be her Attendant into it, to procure her Admirers; as an old Whore who can get no more Friends of her own, bawds for others, to make Sport or Pleasure yet, one way or other, for Mankind. I approve of your making *Tonson* your Muse's Introduc'tor into the World, or Master of the Ceremonies, who has been so long a Pimp, or Gentleman-Usher to the Muses.

* *This and the following Extract, are a full Confutation of the Lying Spirit of John Dennis and others, who impudently asserted that Mr. Pope wrote these Verses on himself, (tho' publish'd by Mr. Wycherley six Years before his Death.) We find here it was a voluntary Act of his, promis'd before-hand, and written while Mr. Pope was absent. The first Brouillon of those Verses, and the second Copy with Corrections are both yet extant in the Harley Library, in Mr. Wycherley's own hand; from which will appear, that if they received any Alteration from Mr. Pope, it was in the Omission of some of his own Praises.*

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Mr. Wycherley and Mr. Pope. 39

I wish you good Fortune, since a Man with Store of Wit, as Store of Money, without the help of good Fortune, will never be popular; but I wish you a great many Admirers, which will be some Credit to my Judgment as well as your Wit, who always thought you had a great deal, and am

Your, &c.

Extract from two Letters of Mr. Wycherley of May 18, and of July 28, 1708.

I Have made a damn'd Compliment in Verse, upon the printing your Pastorals, which you shall see when you see me.-----If you suffer my old Dowdy of a Muse to wait upon your sprightly Lads of the Plains, into the Company of the Town, it will be but like an old City-bawd's attending a young Country-beauty to Town, to gain her Admirers, when past the Hopes of pleasing the World herself.

Mr. Wycherley to Mr. Pope.

May 17, 1709.

I Must thank you for a Book of your Miscellanies, which *Tonson* sent me, I suppose by your Order; and all I can tell you of it is, that nothing has lately been better received by the Public, than your Part of it. You have only displeas'd the Critics by pleasing them too well; having not left them a
Word

40 L E T T E R S of

Word to say for themselves against you and your Performances ; so that now your Hand is in, you must persevere, 'till my Prophecies of you be fulfilled. In Earnest, all the best Judges of good Sense, or Poetry, are Admirers of yours ; and like your Part of the Book so well, that the Rest is liked the worse. This is true upon my Word, without Compliment ; so that your first Success will make you for all your Life a Poet, in Spite of your Wit : For a Poet's Success at first, like a Gamester's Fortune at first, is like to make him a Loser at last, and to be undone by his good Fortune and Merit.

But hitherto your Miscellanies have safely run the Gantlet thro' all the Coffee-houses, which are now entertained with a whimsical new Newspaper, called, *The Tatler*, which I suppose you have seen. This is the newest Thing I can tell you of, except it be of the Peace, which now, (most People say) is drawing to such a Conclusion, as all *Europe* is, or must be satisfied with : So Poverty, you see, which makes Peace in *Westminster-Hall*, makes it likewise in the Camp or Field throughout the World. Peace then be to you, and to me ; who am now grown Peaceful, and will have no Contest with any Man, but him who says he is more your Friend, or humble Servant, than

Your, &c.

Mr.

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Mr. Pope's Answer.

May 20, 1709.

I Amglad you have received the * *Miscellany*, if it were only to shew you that there are as bad Poets in this Nation as your Servant. This modern Custom of appearing in Miscellanies, is very useful to the Poets, who, like other Thieves, escape by getting into a Crowd, and herd together like *Banditti*, safe only in their Multitude. Methinks *Strada* has given a good Description of these Kind of Collections: *Nullus hodie mortalium aut nascitur, aut moritur, aut præliatur, aut rusticatur, aut abit peregrè, aut redit, aut nubit, aut est, aut non est, (nam etiam mortuis isti canunt) cui non illi exemplò cudent Epicædia, Genethliaca, Protreptica, Panegyrica, Epithalamia, Vaticinia, Propemptica, Soterica, Parænetica, Nænicas, Nugas.* As to the Success which you say my Part has met with, it is to be attributed to what you were pleased to say of me to the World; which you do well to call your *Prophecy*, since whatever is said in my Favour, must be a Prediction of Things that are not yet: you, like a true Godfather, engage on my part for much more than ever I can perform. My Pastoral Muse, like other Country Girls, is but put out of Countenance by what you Courtiers say to her; yet I hope you would not deceive me too far, as knowing that a young Scribler's Vanity needs no Recruits from abroad: for Nature, like an indulgent Mother, kindly takes Care to supply her Sons with as much of their own, as is necessary for their Satisfaction. If my Verses

* Jacob Tonson's *sixth Vol. of Miscellany Poems.*

should

should meet with a few flying Commendations, *Virgil* has taught me that a young Author has not too much Reason to be pleased with them, when he considers, that the natural Consequence of Praise is Envy and Calumny.

---*Si ultra placitum laudarit, Baccare frontem
Cingite, ne Vati noceat mala lingua futuris:*

When once a Man has appeared as a Poet, he may give up his Pretensions to all the rich and thriving Arts: Those who have once made their Court to those Mistresses without Portions, the Muses, are never like to set up for Fortunes. But for my part, I shall be satisfied if I can lose my Time agreeably this Way, without losing my Reputation: As for gaining any, I am as indifferent in the Matter as *Falstaffe* was; and may say of *Fame* as he did of *Honour*: *If it comes, it comes unlooked for; and there is an End on it.* I can be content with a bare saving Game, without being thought an Eminent Hand, (with which Title *Jacob* has graciously dignified his Adventurers and Voluntiers in Poetry.) *Jacob* creates Poets, as Kings sometimes do Knights, not for their Honour, but for Money. Certainly he ought to be esteem'd a Worker of Miracles, who is grown rich by Poetry.

*What Authors lose, their Booksellers have won;
So Pimps grow rich, while Gallants are undone.*

I am your, &c.

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Mr. Wycherley to Mr. Pope.

May 26, 1709.

THE last I receiv'd from you, was dated the 22d of *May*. I take your charitable Hint to me very kindly, wherein you do like a true Friend, and a true Christian, and I shall endeavour to follow your Advice, as well as your Example. ----- As for your wishing to see your Friend an Hermit with you, I cannot be said to leave the World, since I shall enjoy in your Conversation, all that I can desire of it; nay, can learn more from you alone, than from my long Experience of the great or little Vulgar in it.

As to the Success of your Poems in the late Miscellany I told you of in my last, (upon my Word) I made you no Compliment; for you may be assured, that all Sorts of Readers like them, except they are Writers too; but for them, (I must needs say) the more they like them, they ought to be the less pleased with them: So that you do not come off with a bare *Saving Game* (as you call it) but have gained so much Credit at first, that you must needs support it to the last: Since you set up with so great a Stock of good Sense, Judgment and Wit, that your Judgment ensures all that your Wit ventures at. The Salt of your Wit has been enough to give a Relish to the whole insipid Hotch-Potch it is mingled * with; and you will make *Jacob's Ladder* raise you to Immortality, by which others are turn'd off shamefully to their Damnation (for poetick Thieves as they are) who think to be sav'd

* The sixth Volume of Tonsen's Miscellanies.

by

by others good Works, how faulty soever their own are. But the Coffee-house Wits, or rather Anti-Wits, the Critics, prove their Judgments by approving your Wit; and even the News-mongers and Poets will own, you have more Invention than they; nay, the Detracters or the Envious, who never speak well of any body, (not even of those they think well of in their Absence) yet will give you (even in your Absence) their good Word; and the *Critics* only hate you, for being forced to speak well of you whether they will or no: And all this is true, upon the Word of

Your, &c.

Mr. Wycherley to Mr. Pope.

Aug. 11, 1709.

MY Letters, so much inferior to yours, can only make up their scarcity of Sense by the Number of Lines; which is like the *Spaniards* paying a debt of Gold with a Load of Brass Money. But to be a Plain-dealer, I must tell you, I will revenge the raillery of your Letters upon mine, by printing them, (as *Dennis* did mine) *without your Knowledge too*; which would be a Revenge upon your Judgment, for the Raillery of your Wit: For some dull Rogues (that is, the most in the World) might be such Fools as to think what you said of me, was in Earnest. It is not the first time, you great Wits have gained Reputation by their paradoxical or ironical Praises; your Forefathers have done it, *Erasmus* and others. ----- For all Mankind who know me must confess, he must

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Mr. Wycherley and Mr. Pope. 45

must be no ordinary Genius, or little Friend, who can find out any thing to commend in me seriously; who have given no sign of my Judgment, but my Opinion of yours, nor Mark of my Wit, but my leaving off Writing to the Public, now you are beginning, to shew the World, what you can do by yours; whose Wit is as spiritual, as your Judgment infallible; in whose Judgment I have an implicit Faith, and shall always subscribe to it to save my Works in this World, from the Flames and Damnation. ----- Pray present my most humble Service to Sir *W. Trumbull*, for whom and whose Judgment I have so profound a respect, that his Example had almost made me marry, more than my Nephew's ill Carriage to me; having once resolv'd to have reveng'd my self upon him by my Marriage, but now am resolv'd to make my Revenge greater upon him by his Marriage.

Mr. Wycherley to Mr. Pope.

April 1, 1710.

I Have had yours of the 30th of the last Month, which is kinder than I desire it should be, since it tells me you could be better pleased to be sick again in Town in my Company, than to be well in the Country without it; and that you are more impatient to be deprived of Happiness than of Health. Yet, my dear Friend, set Raillery or Compliment aside, I can bear your Absence (which procures your Health and Ease) better than I can your Company when you are in Pain; for I cannot see you so without being so too. Your Love to the Country I do not doubt, nor do you (I hope)

(I hope) my love to it or you, since there I can enjoy your Company without seeing you in Pain to give me Satisfaction and Pleasure; there I can have you without Rivals or Disturbers; without the C-----s too civil, or the T-----s too rude; without the Noise of the Loud, and the Censure of the Silent; and would rather have you abuse me there with the Truth, than at this Distance with your Compliment. Since now, your Business of a Friend and Kindness to a Friend, is by finding Fault with his Faults, and mending them by your obliging Severity; I hope (in Point of your good Nature) you will have no cruel Charity for those Papers of mine, you were willing to be troubled with; which I take most infinitely kind of you, and shall acknowledge with Gratitude, as long as I live. No Friend can do more for his Friend than preserving his Reputation (nay not by preserving his Life) since by preserving his Life, he can only make him live about threescore or fourscore Years; but by preserving his Reputation, he can make him live as long as the World lasts; so save him from Damning, when he is gone to the Devil: Therefore I pray condemn me in private, as the Thieves do their Accomplices in *Newgate*, to save them from Condemnation by the Public. Be most kindly unmerciful to my poetical Faults, and do with my Papers, as you Country Gentlemen do with your Trees, slash, cut, and lop-off the excrescencies and dead Parts of my withered Bays, that the little Remainder may live the longer, and increase the Value of them, by diminishing the Number. I have troubled you with my Papers rather to give you Pain than Pleasure, notwithstanding your Compliment, which says, you take trouble kindly: Such is your Generosity to your Friends, that you take it kindly to be desired by them to do them a Kindness; and you think it done to you,

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Mr. Wycherley and Mr. Pope. 47

when they give you an Opportunity to do it to them. Wherefore you may be sure to be troubled with my Letters out of Interest, if not Kindness, since mine to you will procure yours to me; so that I write to you more for my own sake than yours; less to make you think I write well, than to learn from you to write better. Thus you see Interest in my Kindness, which is like the Friendship of the World, rather to make a Friend than be a Friend; but I am yours, as a true *Plain-Dealer*.

Mr. Wycherley to Mr. Pope.

April 11, 1710.

IF I can but do Part of my Business at *Shrewsbury* in a Fortnight's time (which I propose to do) I will be soon after with you, and trouble you with my Company, for the Remainder of the Summer. In the mean time, I beg you to give your self the Pains of altering, or leaving out what you think superfluous in my Papers; that I may endeavour to print such a Number of them as you and I shall think fit, about *Michaelmas* next. In order to which (my dear Friend) I beg you to be so kind to me, as to be severe to them; that the Critics may be less so; for I had rather be condemned by my Friend in private, than exposed to my Foes in publick, the Critics, or common Judges, who are made such by having been old Offenders themselves. Pray believe I have as much Faith in your Friendship and Sincerity, as I have Deference to your Judgment; and as the best Mark of a Friend, is telling his Friend his Faults in Private; so the next

is

is concealing them from the public, 'till they are fit to appear. In the mean time, I am not a little sensible of the great Kindness you do me, in putting my Rhymes in Tune, since good Sounds frequently set off ill Sense. As the *Italian* Songs, whose good Airs, with the worst Words, or Meaning, make the best Musick; so by your tuning my *Welsh* Harp, my rough Sense may be the less offensive to the nicer Ears of those Critics, who deal more in Sound than Sense. Pray then take Pity at once both of my Readers and me, in shortning my barren Abundance, and increasing their Patience by it, as well as the Obligations I have to you: And since no Madrigaller can entertain the Head, unless he pleases the Ear; and since the crowded Opera's have left the best Comedies with the least Audiences, it is a Sign Sound can prevail over Sense; therefore soften my Words, and strengthen my Sense, and

Eris mihi magnus Apollo.

Mr. Wycherley to Mr. Pope.

April 27, 1710.

YOU give me an Account in your Letter of the Trouble you have undergone for me, in comparing my Papers you took down with you, with the old printed Volume, and with one another of that Bundle you have in your Hands; amongst which (you say) you find numerous * Re-

* *The Truth of this may be seen in the whole printed Volume of his Miscellanies in Folio, in 1704, in almost every Page.*

petitions,

Mr. Wycherley and Mr. Pope. 49

petitions of the same Thoughts and Subjects ; all which I must confess my want of Memory has prevented me from imagining, as well as made me capable of committing them ; since of all Figures, that of Tautology is the last I would use, or least forgive my self for. But Seeing is Believing : wherefore I will take some Pains to examine and compare those Papers in your Hands, with one another, as well as with the former printed Copies or Books of my damned Miscellanies ; all which (as bad a Memory as I have) with a little more Pains and Care, I think I can remedy ; therefore I would not have you give your self more Trouble about them, which may prevent the pleasure you have, and may give the World, in Writing upon new Subjects of your own, whereby you will much better entertain your self and others. Now as to your Remarks upon the whole Volume of my Papers, all that I desire of you, is to mark in the Margin (without defacing the Copy at all) either any Repetition of Words, Matter, or Sense, or any Thoughts, or Words too much repeated ; which if you will be so kind as to do for me, you will supply my *want of Memory* with your good One, and my *Deficiencies of Sense* with the Infallibility of yours ; which if you do, you will most infinitely oblige me, who almost repent the trouble I have given you, since so much. Now as to what you call Freedom with me, (which you desire me to forgive) you may be assured I would not forgive you unless you did use it ; for I am so far from thinking your Plainness a Fault, or an Offence to me, that I think it a Charity and an Obligation ; which I shall always acknowledge with all sort of Gratitude to you for it, who am therefore

(Dear Mr. Pope)

Your most obliged humble Servant,

C

W. WYCHERLEY.

All the News I have to send you, is, that poor Mr. *Betterton* is going to make his *Exit* from the Stage of this World, the Gout being gotten up into his Head, and (as the Physicians say) will certainly carry him off suddenly.

Mr. P O P E's Answer.

May 2, 1710.

I Am sorry you persist to take ill my not accepting your Invitation, and to find (if I mistake not) your Exception not unmixt with some Suspicion. Be certain I shall most carefully observe your Request, not to cross over, or deface the Copy of your Papers for the future, and only to mark in the Margin the Repetitions: But as this can serve no further than to get rid of those Repetitions, and no way rectify the *Method*, nor connect the *Matter*, nor improve the *Poetry* in *Expression* or *Numbers*, without further blotting, adding, and altering; so it really is my opinion, and desire, that you should take your Papers out of my hands into your own; and that no Alterations may be made but when both of us are present, when you may be satisfied with every Blot, as well as every Addition; and nothing be put upon the Papers, but what you shall give your own sanction and assent to at the same time.

Do not be so unjust, as to imagine from hence that I would decline any part of this Task; on the contrary you know, I have been at the pains of transcribing some Pieces, at once to comply with your desire of not defacing the Copy, and yet to lose no Time in proceeding upon the Correction. I will go on the same way if you please; tho' truly it is (as I have often told you) my sincere opinion, that the

Mr. Wycherley and Mr. Pope. 51

the greater part would make a much better Figure as *Single Maxims and Reflections* in Prose, after the manner of your Favourite *Rochefoucault*, than in Verse: * And this, when nothing more is done but marking the Repetitions in the Margin, will be an easy Task for your self to proceed upon, notwithstanding the bad Memory you complain of.

I am unfeignedly, dear Sir,

Your, &c.

* But little Progress was made in this Design by Mr. Wycherley, thro' his old Age, and the Increase of his Infirmities. He died 1715, and was buried in the Vault of St. Paul's Church, Covent Garden.

LETTERS

OF

* *Mr. WALSH and Mr. POPE.*

From 1705, to 1707.

Mr. Walsh to Mr. Pope.

April 20, 1705.

I Return you the † Papers you favour'd me with, and had sent them to you yesterday morning, but that I thought to have brought them to you last night my self. I have read them over several

* Of Abberley in Worcestershire, Gentleman of the Horse in Queen Anne's reign, Author of several beautiful pieces in Prose and Verse, and in the Opinion of Mr. Dryden, (in his Postscript to Virgil,) the best Critic of our Nation in his Time.

† Mr. Pope's Pastorals:

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Mr. Walsh and Mr. Pope. 53

times with great satisfaction. The Preface is very judicious, and very learned; and the Verses very tender and easy. The Author seems to have a particular Genius for that kind of Poetry, and a Judgment that much exceeds the years you told me he was of. He has taken very freely from the Ancients, but what he has mixt of his own with theirs, is no way inferior to what he has taken from them. 'Tis no flattery at all to say, that *Virgil* had written nothing so good at his *Age. I shall take it * *Sixteen.* as a favour if you will bring me acquainted with him; and if he will give himself the trouble any morning to call at my House, I shall be very glad to read the Verses over with him, and give him my opinion of the particulars more largely, than I can well do in this Letter. I am, *Sir,*

Your most faithful

and most humble Servant,

W. W A L S H.

Mr. Walsh to Mr. Pope.

June 24, 1706.

I Received the favour of your Letter, and shall be very glad of the continuance of a correspondence, by which I am like to be so great a gainer. I hope when I have the happiness of seeing you again in *London*, not only to read over the Verses I have now of yours, but more that you have written since; for I make no doubt but any one who writes so well, must write more. Not that I think the most voluminous Poets always the best: I believe the contrary is rather true. I mentioned somewhat to you in *London* of a *Pastoral Comedy*, which I should be glad to hear you had thought upon since. I find *Menage* in his observations upon *Tasso's Aminta*, reckons up fourscore Pastoral Plays in *Italian*; and in looking over my old *Italian Books*, I find a great many Pastorals and Piscatory Plays, which I suppose *Menage* reckons together. I find also by *Menage*, that *Tasso* is not the first that writ in that kind; he mentioning another before him, which he himself had never seen, nor indeed have I. But as the *Aminta*, *Pastor Fido*, and *Filli di Sciro* of *Bonarelli* are the three best; so I think there is no dispute but *Aminta* is the best of the three: Not but that the Discourses in *Pastor Fido* are more entertaining and copious in several peoples opinion, tho' not so proper for Pastoral; and the Fable of *Bonarelli* more surprizing. I do not remember many in other Languages, that have written in this kind with success. *Rancan's Bergeries* are are much inferior to his Lyrick Poems: And the *Spaniards* are all too full of Conceits. *Rapin* will

Mr. Walsh and Mr. Pope: 55

will have the design of Pastoral Plays to be taken from the *Cyclops* of *Euripides*. I am sure there is nothing of this kind in *English* worth mentioning, and therefore you have that Field open to your self. You see I write to you without any sort of constraint or method, as things come into my head; and therefore pray use the same freedom with me, who am, &c.

Mr. Pope to Mr. Walsh.

July 2, 1706.

I Cannot omit the first opportunity of making you my acknowledgments for reviewing those Papers of mine. You have no less right to correct me, than the same hand that rais'd a Tree has to prune it. I am convinced as well as you, that one may correct too much; for in Poetry as in Painting, a Man may lay Colours one upon another, 'till they stiffen and deaden the Piece. Besides to bestow heightning on every part is monstrous: Some parts ought to be lower than the rest; and nothing looks more ridiculous, than a Work, where the Thoughts, however different in their own nature, seem all on a level: 'Tis like a Meadow newly mown, where *Woods*, *Grass*, and *Flowers* are all laid even, and appear undistinguish'd. I believe too, that sometimes our first Thoughts are the best; as the first squeezing of the Grapes makes the finest and richest Wine.

I have not attempted any thing of Pastoral Comedy, because I think the Taste of our Age will not relish a Poem of that sort. People seek for what they call *Wit*, on all subjects, and in all places;

places ; not considering that Nature loves Truth so well, that it hardly ever admits of flourishing. *Conceit* is to Nature, what *Paint* is to Beauty ; it is not only needless, but impairs what it would improve. There is a certain Majesty in Simplicity, which is far above all the Quaintness of Wit ; in-
 somuch that the Critics have excluded it from the loftiest Poetry, as well as the lowest ; and forbid it to the Epic no less than the Pastoral. I should certainly displease all those who are charmed with *Guarini* and *Bonarelli* ; and imitate *Tasso* not only in the Simplicity of his Thoughts, but in that of the *Fable* too. If surprising discoveries shou'd have place in the story of a Pastoral Comedy, I believe it wou'd be more agreeable to Probability to make them the effects of *Chance* than of *Design* ; Intrigue not being very consistent with that Innocence, which ought to constitute a Shepherd's Character. There is nothing in all the *Aminta* (as I remember) but happens by meer accident ; unless it be the meeting of *Aminta* with *Sylvia* at the *Fountain*, which is the contrivance of *Daphne* ; and even that is the most simple in the world. The contrary is observable in *Pastor Fido*, where *Corisca* is so perfect a Mistress of Intrigue, that the Plot cou'd not have been brought to pass without her. I am inclined to think the Pastoral Comedy has another disadvantage as to the *Manners*. Its general design is to make us in love with the Innocence of a rural Life, so that to introduce Shepherds of a vicious Character must in some measure debase it ; and hence it may come to pass, that even the virtuous Characters will not shine so much, for want of being opposed to their contraries. ----- These Thoughts are purely my own, and therefore I have reason to doubt them ; but I hope your Judgment will set me right.

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I wou'd beg your opinion too as to another point: It is how far the liberty of *Borrowing* may extend? I have defended it sometimes by saying, that it seems not so much the Perfection of Sense, to say things that have *never* been said before; as to express those *best*, that have been said *oftest*: and that Writers in the case of borrowing from others, are like Trees which of themselves wou'd produce only one sort of Fruit; but by being grafted upon others, may yield variety. A mutual commerce makes Poetry flourish; but then Poets, like Merchants, shou'd repay with something of their own what they take from others; not like Pyrates, make prize of all they meet. I desire you to tell me sincerely, if I have not stretch'd this Licence too far in these Pastorals? I hope to become a Critic by your Precepts, and a Poet by your Example. Since I have seen your Eclogues, I cannot be much pleas'd with my own; however you have not taken away all my Vanity, so long as you give me leave to profess my self

Your, &c.

Mr. Walsb to Mr. Pope.

July 20, 1706.

I Had sooner returned your thanks for the favour of your Letter, but that I was in hopes of giving you an account at the same time of my Journey to *Windsor*; but I am now forc'd to put that quite off, being engag'd to go to my Corporation of *Richmond* in *Yorkshire*. I think you are perfectly in the right in your Notions of Pastoral; but I am of opinion, that the redundancy of Wit you mention, tho' 'tis what pleases the common people, is not whatever pleases the best judges. *Pastor Fido* indeed has had more admirers than *Aminta*; but I will venture to say, there is a great deal of difference between the admirers of one and the other. *Corisca*, which is a Character generally admir'd by the ordinary judges, is intolerable in a Pastoral; and *Bonarelli's* fancy of making his Shepherdes in love with two men equally, is not to be defended, whatever pains he has taken to do it. As for what you ask of the *Liberty of Borrowing*; 'tis very evident the best *Latin Poets* have extended this very far; and none so far as *Virgil*, who is the best of them. As for the *Greek Poets*, if we cannot trace them so plainly, 'tis perhaps because we have none before them; 'tis evident that most of them borrowed from *Homer*, and *Homer* has been accused of burning those that wrote before him, that his Thefts might not be discover'd. The best of the modern Poets in all Languages are those, that have the nearest copied the Ancients. Indeed in all the common Subjects of Poetry the Thoughts are so obvious (at least if they are natural) that whoever writes last must write things like what have been said before; but they may as well applaud the Ancients for the

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Arts of eating and drinking, and accuſe the Moderns of having ſtol'n thoſe Inventions from them ; it being evident in all ſuch caſes, that whoever live firſt, muſt firſt find them out. 'Tis true indeed, when

----- *unus & alter Affaitur pannus ;*

when there is one or two bright Thoughts ſtol'n, and all the reſt is quite different from it, a Poem makes a very fooliſh figure ; but when 'tis all melted down together, and the Gold of the Antients ſo mixt with that of the Moderns, that none can diſtinguiſh the one from the other, I can never find fault with it. I cannot however but own to you, that there are others of a different opinion ; and that I have ſhewn your Verſes to ſome, who have made that objection to them. I have ſo much Company round me while I write this, and ſuch a noiſe in my ears, that 'tis impoſſible I ſhould write any thing but Nonſenſe, ſo muſt break off abruptly. I am, Sir,

Your moſt affectionate

and moſt humble Servant.

Mr. Walsh to Mr. Pope.

Sept. 9, 1706.

AT my return from the North I receiv'd the favour of your Letter, which had lain there 'till then. Having been absent about six weeks, I read over your Pastorals again, with a great deal of pleasure; and to judge the better, read *Virgil's* Eclogues, and *Spenser's* Calendar, at the same time; and I assure you I continue the same opinion I had always of them. By the little hints you take upon all occasions to improve them, 'tis probable you will make them yet better against Winter; tho' there is a mean to be kept even in that too, and a Man may correct his Verses till he takes away the true Spirit of them; especially if he submits to the correction of some who pass for great Critics by mechanical Rules, and never enter into the true Design and Genius of an Author. I have seen some of these that would hardly allow any one good Ode in *Horace*; who cry *Virgil* wants fancy, and that *Homer* is very incorrect. While they talk at this rate, one wou'd think them above the common rate of mortals; but generally they are great admirers of *Ovid* and *Lucan*; and when they write themselves, we find out all the Mystery. They scan their Verses upon their Fingers; run after Conceits and glaring Thoughts; their Poems are all made up of Couplets, of which the first may be last, or the last first, without any sort of prejudice to their Works; in which there is no Design, or Method, or any thing Natural or Just. For you are certainly in the right, that in all writings whatsoever (not Poetry only) *Nature* is to be follow'd; and

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Mr. Walfsh and Mr. Pope. 61

we shou'd be jealous of our selves for being fond of *Similes*, *Conceits*, and what they call saying *Fine Things*. When we were in the North, my Lord *Wharton* shew'd me a Letter he had receiv'd from a certain great * General in *Spain*; I told him I wou'd by all means have that General recall'd, and set to writing here at home; for it was impossible that a Man with so much Wit as he shew'd, cou'd be fit to command an Army, or do any other Business. As for what you say of Expression; 'tis indeed the same thing to Wit, as Dress is to Beauty. I have seen many Women overdress'd, and several look better in a careless Nightgown, with their hair about their ears, than *Mademoiselle Spanheim* dress'd for a Ball. I do not design to be in *London* till towards the Parliament; then I shall certainly be there; and hope by that time you will have finish'd your Pastorals as you would have them appear in the world, and particularly the third of *Autumn* which I have not yet seen. Your last Eclogue being upon the same Subject as that of mine on *Mrs. Tempest's Death*, I should take it very kindly in you to give it a little turn, as if it were to the Memory of the same Lady, if they were not written for some particular Woman whom you wou'd make immortal. You may take occasion to shew the difference between Poets Mistresses, and other Men's. I only hint this, which you may either do, or let alone, just as you think fit. I shall be very much pleas'd to see you again in Town, and to hear from you in the mean time. I am with very much esteem,

Your, &c.

* The Earl of P.

Mr.

Mr. Pope to Mr. Walfh.

Octob. 22, 1706.

AFTER the Thoughts I have already sent you on the subject of *English* Versification, you desire my opinion as to some farther particulars. There are indeed certain Niceties, which tho' not much observed even by correct Versifiers, I cannot but think deserve to be better regarded.

1. It is not enough that nothing offends the Ear, but a good Poet will adapt the very Sounds, as well as Words, to the things he treats of. So that there is (if one may express it so) a Style of Sound. As in describing a gliding Stream, the Numbers shou'd run easy and flowing; in describing a rough Torrent or Deluge, sonorous and swelling; and so of the rest. This is evident every where in *Homer* and *Virgil*, and no where else that I know of to any observable degree. The following Examples will make this plain, which I have taken from *Virgil*:

Molle viam tacito lapsu per levia radit.

Incedit tardo molimine subsidendo.

Luclantes ventos, tempestatesque sonoras.

Immenso cum præcipitans ruit Oceano Nox.

Telum imbelli sine ictu Conjecit.

Tolle moras, cape saxa manu, cape robora, Pastor.

Ferte citi flammæ, date tela, impellite remos.

This, I think, is what very few observe in practice, and is undoubtedly of wonderful force in imprinting the Image on the reader. We have one excellent Example of it in our Language, Mr. *Dryden's* Ode on St. *Cæcilia's* Day, entitled, *Alexander's Feast*.

2. Every

2. Every nice Ear must (I believe) have observed, that in any smooth *English* Verse of ten syllables there is naturally a *Pause* at the fourth, fifth, or sixth syllable. It is upon these the Ear rests, and upon the judicious Change and Management of which depends the Variety of Versification. For example,

At the fifth. *Where-e'er thy Navy || spreads her
canvas Wings.*

At the fourth. *Homage to thee || and Peace to all
she brings.*

At the sixth. *Like Tracts of Leverets || in Morning
Snow.*

Now I fancy, that to preserve an exact Harmony and Variety, the Pauses of the 4th or 5th shou'd not be continu'd above three lines together, without the Interposition of another; else it will be apt to weary the Ear with one continu'd Tone, at least it does mine: That at the 6th runs quicker, and carries not quite so dead a weight; so tires not so much, tho' it be continued longer.

3. Another nicety is in relation to *Expletives*, whether Words or Syllables, which are made use of purely to supply a vacancy. *Do* before Verbs plural is absolutely such; and it is not improbable but future Refiners may explode *did* and *does* in the same manner, which are almost always used for the sake of Rhime. The same Cause has occasioned the promiscuous use of *You* and *Thou* to the same Person, which can never sound so graceful as either one or the other.

4. I would also object to the Interruption of *Alexandrine* Verses of twelve syllables, which I think should never be allow'd but when some remarkable Beauty or Propriety in them atones for the

64 LETTERS of

the Liberty. Mr. *Dryden* has been too free of these, especially in his latter Works. I am of the same opinion as to *Triple Rhimes*.

5. I could equally object to the *Repetition* of the same Rhimes within four or six lines of each other, as tiresome to the Ear thro' their Monotony.

6. *Monosyllable-Lines*, unless very artfully managed, are stiff, or languishing; but may be beautiful to express Melancholy, Slowness, or Labour.

7. To come to the *Hiatus*, or Gap between two words which is caused by two Vowels opening on each other (upon which you desire me to be particular) I think the rule in this case is either to use the *Cæsura*, or admit the *Hiatus*, just as the Ear is least shock'd by either: For the *Cæsura* sometimes offends the Ear more than the *Hiatus* itself, and our language is naturally overcharg'd with Consonants. As for example; if in this Verse,

The Old have Int'rest in their Eye,

we should say, to avoid the *Hiatus*,

But th' Old have Int'rest -----

The *Hiatus* which has the worst effect, is when one word ends with the same Vowel that begins the following; and next to this, those Vowels, whose sounds come nearest to each other, are most to be avoided. O, A, or U, will bear a more full and graceful Sound than E, I, or Y. I know some people will think these Observations trivial; and

and therefore I am glad to corroborate them by some great Authorities, which I have met with in *Tully* and *Quintilian*. In the fourth Book of Rhetoric to *Herennius*, are these words : *Fugiemus crebras Vocalium concursiones, quæ vastam atque hiantem reddunt orationem ; ut hoc est : Baccæ æneæ amœnissimæ impendebant.* And *Quintilian* l. 9. cap. 4. *Vocalium concursus cum accidit, hiat & intersistit, & quasi laborat oratio. Pessimæ longè, quæ easdem inter se literas committunt, sonabunt ; præcipuus tamen erit hiatus earum, quæ cavo aut patulo ore efferuntur. E plenior litera est, I angustior.* But he goes on to reprove the excess on the other hand of being too solicitous in this matter, and says admirably : *Nescio an negligentia in hoc, aut sollicitudo sit peior.* So likewise *Tully* : (*Orator ad Brut.*) *Theopompum reprehendunt, quod eas literas tanto opere fugerit, etsi idem magister ejus Isocrates* : which last Author, as *Turnebus* and *Quintilian* observe, has hardly one *Hiatus* in all his works. *Quintilian* tells us, that *Tully* and *Demosthenes* did not much observe this Nicety, tho' *Tully* himself says in his *Orator* : *Crebra ista Vocum concursio, quam magna ex parte vitiosam fugit Demosthenes.* If I am not mistaken, *Malherbe* of all the Moderns has been the most scrupulous in this point ; and I think *Menage* in his *Observations* upon him says, he has not one in his Poems. To conclude, I believe the *Hiatus* should be avoided with more care in Poetry than in Oratory ; and I would constantly try to prevent it, unless where the cutting it off is more prejudicial to the Sound, than the *Hiatus* itself. *I am, &c.*

Mr. Walth died at 49 Years old, in the Year 1708, the Year after Mr. Pope writ the Essay on Criticism, which he concludes with this Gentleman's Elogy.

LETTERS

LETTERS

TO

Several Ladies.

LETTER I.

Madam,

I Send you the book of *Rudiments of Drawing*, which you were pleas'd to command, and think my self oblig'd to inform you at the same time of one of the many excellencies you possess without knowing of 'em. You are but too good a Painter already; and no Picture of *Raphael's* was ever so beautiful, as that which you have form'd in a certain heart of my acquaintance. Indeed it was but just, that the finest lines in nature shou'd be drawn upon the most durable ground; and none cou'd ever be met with that wou'd so readily receive, or so faithfully retain them, as this Heart. I may boldly say of it, that you will not find its fellow in all the *Parts* of the *Body* in this book.

But

But I must complain to you of my hand, which is an arrant traitor to my heart; for having been copying your picture from thence and from *Kneller* these three days, it has done all possible injury to the finest Face that ever was made, and to the liveliest Image that ever was drawn. I have imagination enough in your absence to trace some resemblance of you; but I have been so long us'd to lose my judgment at the sight of you, that 'tis past my power to correct it by the life. Your Picture seems least like when plac'd before your eyes, and contrary to all other pictures, receives a manifest disadvantage by being set in the fairest Light in the world. The Painters are a very vain generation, and have a long time pretended to rival Nature; but to own the truth to you, she made such a finish'd piece about three and twenty years ago, (I beg your pardon Madam, I protest I meant but two and twenty) that 'tis in vain for them any longer to contend with her. I know You indeed made one something like it, betwixt five and six years past: 'Twas a little girl, done with abundance of spirit and life; and wants nothing but time to be an admirable piece; but not to flatter your work, I don't think 'twill ever come up to what your Father made. However I wou'd not discourage you: 'tis certain you have a strange happiness in making fine things of a sudden and at a stroke, with incredible ease and pleasure.

Madam, I am, &c.

LET.

LETTER II.

IT is too much a rule in this town, that when a Lady has once done a man a favour, he is to be rude to her ever after. It becomes our Sex to take upon us twice as much as yours allow us. By this method I may write to you most impudently, because you once answered me modestly; and if you shou'd never do me that honour for the future, I am to think (like a true Coxcomb) that your silence gives consent. Perhaps you wonder why this is address'd to you rather than to Mrs. M----- with whom I have the right of an old acquaintance; whereas you are a fine Lady, have bright eyes, &c. First, Madam, I make choice of you rather than of your Mother, because you are younger than your Mother. Secondly, because I fancy you spell better, as having been at school later. Thirdly, because you have nothing to do but to write if you please, and possibly it may keep you from employing your self worse: it may save some honest neighbouring Gentleman from three or four of your pestilent glances. Cast your eyes upon Paper, Madam, there you may look innocently. Men are seducing, books are dangerous; the amorous ones soften you, and the godly ones give you the spleen. If you look upon trees, they clasp in embraces; birds and beasts make love; the Sun is too warm for your blood, the Moon melts you into yielding and melancholy. Therefore I say once more, cast your eyes upon Paper, and read only such Letters as I write, which convey no darts, no flames; but proceed from Innocence of soul, and simplicity of heart. However, I can allow you a Bonnet lin'd with green for your eyes, but take care you don't tarnish it with ogling too fiercely: I am told, that
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hand you shade your self with this shining weather,
is tann'd pretty much, only with being carried over
those Eyes ----- thank God I am an hundred miles
off from them ----- Upon the whole I wou'd
sooner trust your hand than your Eyes for doing me
mischief; and tho' I doubt not some part of the
rancour and iniquity of your heart will drop into
your pen, yet since it will not attack me on a sud-
den and unprepar'd, since I may have time while I
break open your letter to cross my self and say a
Pater-noster, I hope, Providence will protect me
from all you can attempt at this distance. Mr. B---
tells me you are at this hour as handsome as an
Angel; for my part I have forgot your face since
two winters: I don't know whether you are tall
or short, nor can tell in any respect what sort of
creature you are, only that you are a very mischie-
vous one, whom I shall ever pray to be defended
from. But when Mr. B----- sends me word you
have the small pox, a good many freckles, or are
very pale, I will desire him to give thanks for it
in your Parish Church; which as soon as he shall
inform me he has done, I will make you a visit
at ----- without Armour. I will eat any
thing you give me without suspicion of poison,
take you by the hand without gloves, nay, venture
to follow you into an arbour without calling the
company. This Madam is the top of my wishes,
but how differently are our desires inclin'd! You
figh out, in the ardour of your heart, Oh Play-
houses, Parks, Operas, Assemblies, *London!* I
cry with rapture, Oh Woods, Gardens, Rookeries,
Fish-ponds, Arbours! Mrs. Betty M-----.

LETTER III.

To a Lady, written on the opposite pages of a Letter to her Husband from Lady M.

THE Wits would say, that this must needs be a dull Letter, because it is a marry'd one. I am afraid indeed you will find what Spirit there is must be on the side of the Wife, and the Husband's part as usual will prove the 'dullest. What an unequal Pair are put together in this sheet? in which tho' we sin, it is you must do penance. When you look on both sides of this paper, you may fancy that our words (according to a Scripture expression) are as a *Two-edg'd Sword*; whereof Lady M---- is the shining blade, and I only the Handle. But I can't proceed without so far mortifying Sir Robert as to tell him, that she writes purely in obedience to me; and that it is but one of those honours a Husband receives for the sake of his Wife.

It is making court ill to one fine Woman, to shew her the regard we have for another; and yet I must own there is not a period of this Epistle, but squints towards another over-against it. It will be in vain to dissemble. Your penetrating Eyes cannot but discover how all the letters that compose these words lean forward after Lady M----'s letters, which seem to bend as much from mine, and fly from them as fast as they are able. Ungrateful letters that they are! which give themselves to another man in the very presence of him, who will yield to no mortal in knowing how to value them.

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your self in that thought ; for you are almost the only Woman to whom one can safely address the praises of another. Besides can you imagine a Man of my importance so stupid, as to say fine things to you before your Husband ? Let us see how far Lady M----- her self dares do any thing like it, with all the wit and address she is mistress of. If Sir Robert can be so ignorant (now he is left to himself in the country) to imagine any such matter, let him know from me, that here in town every thing that Lady says, is taken for Satire. For my part, every body knows it is my constant practice to speak Truth ; and I never do it more than when I call my self

Your, &c.

LETTER IV.

To a Lady in the Name of her Brother.

IF you have not a chaste ear and a pure heart, do not peruse this Letter ; for as *Jeremy Taylor* says in his *holy living and dying*, the first thing a Virgin ought to endeavour, is to be ignorant of the *distinction of Sexes*.

It is in the confidence I have that you are thus innocent, that I endeavour to gratify your curiosity in a point, in which I am sensible none but a Brother could do it with decency.

I shall entertain you with the most reigning Curiosity in the town ; I mean a Person who is equally the toast of gentlemen and ladies, and is at present more universally admired than any of either Sex. You know few proficients have a greater genius for Monsters, than my self ; but I never tasted a monster to that degree I have done this creature. It was not,

not, like other monsters, produced in the Desarts of *Arabia*, nor came from the country of the *Great Mogul*; but is the production of the joint-endeavours of a *Kentish* Parson and his Spouse, who intended in the singleness of heart to have begot a christian but of one sex, and providence has sent them one of two.

There are various opinions concerning this Creature about town. Mr. *Cromwell* observes that the Age is very licentious, and the present Reign very ewd and corrupt, in permitting a Lady by *Authority* (as appears by the printed bills) to expose her personal curiosities for a shilling.

Mr. *P----* looks upon it as a Prodigy portending some great Revolution in the State; to strengthen which opinion, he produces the following Prophecy of *Nostradamus*, which he explains politically.

*When as two Sexes join'd in One,
Shall in the Realm of Brute be shown;
Then Factions shall unite, if I know,
To choose a Prince Jure Divino.
This prodigy of common Gender
Is neither Sex, but a Pretender;
So the Lord shield the Faith's Defender.*

Mrs. *N-----* admires what people wonder at so much; and says she is just so herself. The Dutchess of *S-----* is of the same opinion.

Among these various conjectures, that I might be informed of the truth, I took along with me a Physician and a Divine; the one to inspect the state of its Body, the other to examine that of its Mind. The persons I made choice of were the ingenious Dr. *P----* and the reverend Mr. ----- We were no sooner in the room, but the Party came to us drest in that habit, in which the Ladies affect an Hermaphroditical imitation of Men ----- your sharp wit, my dear Sister, will immediately conclude that I mean a Riding-habit,

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I think it not material to inform you, whether the Doctor, the Divine, or my self look'd first. The Priest you will maliciously fancy was in his nature most an Infidel, and doubted most of this Miracle ; we therefore propos'd to him to take the surest method of believing, seeing and feeling. He comply'd with both admonitions, and having taken a large pinch of snuff upon it, advis'd us with a nod, that we should by no means regard it as a Female but as a Male, for by so doing we should be guilty of less sinfulness.

The Doctor upon inspection differ'd from this opinion ; he wou'd by no means allow it a miracle, or at most a natural one. He said upon the whole it was a woman ; that whatever might give a handle to think otherwise, was a trifle ; nothing being more common than for a child to be mark'd with that thing which the mother long'd for.

As for this Party's temper of mind, it appears to be a most even disposition, partaking of the good qualities of both sexes ; for she is neither so inaccessible as other Ladies, nor is he so impudent as other Gentlemen. Of how obliging and complaisant a turn appears by this ; that he tells the Ladies he has the Inclinations of a Gentleman, and that she tells the Gentlemen she has the *Tendres* of a Lady. As a further proof of this affable disposition, he formerly receiv'd visits of the fair sex in their masques ; till an impertinent fellow in a female disguise mingled with a party of ladies, and impudently overheard their improving Speculations.

Notwithstanding this, she civilly promised at my request, that my two sisters should be admitted privately, whenever you would do her the honour of your consideration.

How agreeable soever this sight has been to me, I assure you it cannot be so pleasing as the sight of you in town ; an whatever you may see in the country

try, I dare affirm no man or woman can shew you the like.

I therefore earnestly desire you to make haste to this place; for tho' indeed like most other brothers, I should be sorry you were married at my expence; yet I would by no means, like them, detain you in the country from your admirers: for you may believe me, no brother in the world ever lov'd a sister as I do you.

I am, &c.

LETTER V.

Bath, 1714.

YOU are to understand, Madam, that my passion for your fair self and your sister, has been divided with the most wonderful regularity in the world. Even from my infancy I have been in love with one after the other of you, week by week; and my journey to *Bath* fell out in the three hundred seventy sixth week of the reign of my Sovereign Lady *Sylvia*. At the present writing hereof it is the three hundred eighty ninth week of the Reign of your most Serene Majesty, in whose Service I was list'd some weeks before I beheld your Sister. This information will account for my writing to either of you hereafter, as either shall happen to be *Queen-Regent* at that time.

Pray tell your sister, all the good qualities and virtuous inclinations she has, never gave me so much pleasure in her conversation, as that one vice of her obstinacy will give me mortification this month. *Ratcliff* commands her to the *Bath*, and she refuses! Indeed if I were in *Berkshire* I should honour her for this obstinacy, and magnify her no less for disobedience than we do the *Barcelonians*. But people change with the change of places (as we see of late) and virtues become vices when they cease to be for one's interest, with me, as with others.

Yet

Yet let me tell her, she will never look so finely while she is upon earth, as she would here in the water. It is not here as in most other instances; for those Ladies that would please extremely, must go out of their own element. She does not make half so good a figure on horseback as *Christina Queen of Sweden*; but were she once seen in the *Bath*, no man wou'd part with her for the best Mermaid in christendom. You know I have seen you often, I perfectly know how you look in black and in white; I have experienc'd the utmost you can do in colours; but all your movements, all your graceful steps deserve not half the glory you might here attain, of a moving and easy behaviour in *Buckram*: Something between swimming and walking, free enough, and more modestly-half-naked, than you can appear any where else. You have conquer'd enough already by land; show your ambition, and vanquish also by water. We have no pretty Admirals on these Seas, but must strike sail to your white Flags, were they once hoisted up. The *Buckram* I mention is a dress particularly useful at this time, when we are told the Princess is bringing over the fashion of *German Ruffs*. You ought to use yourselves to some degrees of stiffness beforehand. And when our Ladies chins have been tickled a-while with starch'd muslin and wire, they may possibly bear the brush of a *German beard* and whisker.

I cou'd tell you a delightful story of *Dr. P. -----*, but want room to display it in all its shining circumstances. He had heard it an excellent cure for Love, to kiss the Aunt of the person beloved, who is generally of years and experience enough to damp the fiercest flame: he try'd this course in his passion, and kiss'd Mrs. *E---* at Mr. *D---*'s; but he says it will not do, and that he loves you as much as ever.

Your, &c.

LETTER VI.

To the same.

IF you ask how the waters agree with me, I must tell you, so very well, that I question how you and I should agree if we were in a room by our selves? Mrs. T---- has honestly assured me, that but for some whims which she can't intirely conquer, she would go and see the world with me in man's cloaths. Even you, *Madam*, I fancy (if you wou'd not partake in our adventures) would wait our coming in at the evening with some impatience, and be well enough pleased to hear 'em by the fire-side. That would be better than reading Romances, unless Lady M---- would be our Historian; for as she is married, she has probably leisure hours in the night-time, to write or do what she will in. What raises these desires in me, is an acquaintance I am beginning with my Lady *Sandwich*, who has all the spirit of the last age, and all the gay experience of a pleasurable life. It were as scandalous an omission to come to the *Bath* and not to see my Lady *Sandwich*, as it had formerly been to have travelled to *Rome* without visiting the Queen of *Sweden*. She is, in a word, the best thing this Country has to boast of; and as she has been all that a woman of spirit could be, so she still continues that easy and independent creature that a sensible woman always will be.

I must tell you a truth, which is not however much to my credit. I never thought so much of your self and your sister, as since I have been four-score miles distance from you. In the Forest I look'd upon you as good neighbours; at *London* as pretty kind of women; but here as divinities, angels, goddesses,

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goddesſes, or what you will. In the ſame manner I never knew at what a rate I valu'd your life, till you were upon the point of dying. If Mrs. T-- and you will but fall very ſick every ſeaſon, I ſhall certainly die for you. Seriously I value you both ſo much, that I eſteem others much the leſs for your ſakes; you have robb'd me of the pleaſure of eſteeming a thouſand pretty qualities in them, by ſhowing me ſo many finer in your ſelves. There are but two things in the world which could make you indiſſerent to me, which I believe you are not capable of; I mean ill-nature and malice. I have ſeen enough of you not to overlook any Frailty you could have, and nothing leſs than a Vice can make me like you leſs. I expect you ſhou'd diſcover by my conduct towards you both, that this is true, and that therefore you ſhould pardon a thouſand things in me for that one diſpoſition. Expect nothing from me but truth and freedom, and I ſhall always be thought by you what I always am,

Your, &c.

L E T T E R S VII.

To the ſame.

I Return'd home as ſlow and as contemplative after I had parted from you, as my Lord ----- retir'd from the Court and Glory to his Country ſeat and Wiſe, a week ago. I found here a diſmal deſponding letter from the ſon of another great Courtier, who expects the ſame fate; and who tells me, the great one's of the earth will now take it very kindly of the mean one's, if they will favour them with a viſit by Day-light. With what Joy wou'd

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they lay down all their schemes of glory, did they but know you have the generosity to drink their healths once a day, as soon as they are fallen? Thus the unhappy by the sole merit of their misfortunes become the care of heaven and you. I intended to have put this last into verse, but in this age of Ingratitude my best friends forsake me, I mean my rhymes.

I desire Mrs. P-- to stay her stomach with these half hundred Plays, till I can procure her a Romance big enough to satisfy her great Soul with Adventures. As for Novels, I fear she can depend upon none from me but That of *my Life*, which I am still, as I have been, contriving all possible methods to shorten, for the greater ease both of my Historian and the Reader. May she believe all the passion and tenderness express'd in these Romances to be but a faint image of what I bear her; and may you (who read nothing) take the same truth upon hearing it from me: You will both injure me very much, if you don't think me a truer friend than ever any romantick lover, or any imitator of their style could be.

The days of Beauty are as the days of Greatness and as long as your Eyes make their sun shine, all the world are your adorers. I am one of those unambitious people, who will love you forty years hence, when your eyes begin to twinkle in a retirement, for your own sakes, and without the vanity which every one now will take to be thought

Your, &c.

LETTER VIII.

YOU have ask'd me News a hundred times at the first word you spoke to me, which some would interpret as if you expected nothing better from my lips :

lips: And truly 'tis not a sign two Lovers are together, when they can be so impertinent as to enquire what the world does. All I mean by this is, that either you or I are not in love with the other: I leave you to guess which of the two is that stupid and insensible creature, so blind to the other's excellencies and charms?

This then shall be a letter of News: And sure if you did not think me the humblest creature in the world, you could never imagine a Poet could dwindle to a brother of *Dawks* and *Dyer*, from a rival of *Tate* and *Brady*.

The Earl of *Oxford* has behaved so bravely, that in this act at least he might seem above Man, if he had not just now voided a Stone to prove him subject to human infirmities. The utmost weight of affliction from princely power and popular hatred, were almost worth bearing, for the glory of such a dauntless conduct as he has shewn under it.

You may soon have your wish, to enjoy the gallant fights of armies, incampments, standards waving over your brother's corn-fields; and the pretty windings of the *Thames* about *M-----* stained with the blood of men. Your barbarity, which I have heard so long exclaimed against in town and country, may have its fill of destruction. I would not add one circumstance usual in all descriptions of calamity, that of the many Rapes committed or to be committed upon those unfortunate women that *delight in war*. But God forgive me ----- in this martial age, if I could, I would buy a regiment for your sake and Mrs. *P-----*'s and some others, whom I have cause to fear no fair means will prevail upon.

Those eyes that care not how much mischief is done, or how great slaughter committed, so they have but a fine Show; those very female eyes will be infinitely delighted with the camp which is speedily to be formed in *Hyde-Park*. The tents are

carried thither this morning, new regiments, with new cloths and furniture (far exceeding the late cloth and linnen designed by his *Grace* for the soldiery.) The sight of so many gallant fellows, with all the pomp and glare of War yet undeformed by Battle; those Scenes which *England* has for many years only beheld on Stages, may possibly invite your curiosity to this place.

Mrs. ----- expects the Pretender at her lodgings by *Saturday* se'nnight. She has bought a picture of *Madam Maintenon* to set her features by against that time. Three Priests of your acquaintance are very positive by her interest to be his Father Confessor.

By our latest account from *Duke-street, Westminster*, the conversion of *T. G. Esq;* is reported in a manner somewhat more particular: That upon the seizure of his *Flanders-mares*, he seemed more than ordinarily disturbed for some hours, sent for his ghostly father, and resolved to bear his loss like a Christian; till about the hours of seven or eight the coaches and horses of several of the Nobility passing by the window towards *Hyde-Park*, he could no longer endure the disappointment, but instantly went out, took the Oath of Abjuration, and recovered his dear horses which carried him in triumph to the *Ring*. The poor distressed *Roman Catholics*, now unhorsed and uncharioted, cry out with the Psalmist: *Some in Chariots and some in Horses, but we will invoke the name of the Lord.*

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L E T T E R IX.

I Will not describe *Bl---* in particular, not to forestall your expectations before you see it; only take a short account, which I will hazard my little credit is no unjust one. I never saw so great a thing with so much littleness in it. I think the Architect built it intirely in compliance to the taste of its Owners; for it is the most inhospitable thing imaginable, and the most selfish. It has, like their own hearts, no room for strangers, and no reception for any person of superior quality to themselves. There are but two Apartments for the Master and Mistress below, and but two Apartments above (very much inferior to them) in the whole House. When you look upon the outside, you wou'd think it large enough for a Prince; when you see the inside it is too little for a Subject, and has not conviniency to lodge a common family. It is a house of Entries and passages, among which there are three Vista's through the whole, very uselessly handsome. There is what might have been a fine Gallery, but spoiled by two Arches towards the End of it, which take away the sight of several of the windows. There are two ordinary stair-cases instead of one great one. The best things within the house are the Hall, which is indeed noble and well proportioned; and the cellars and offices under ground, which are the most comodious, and the best contrived of the whole. At the top of the Building are several Cupola's and little Turrets that have but an ill effect, and make the Building look at once finical and heavy. What seems of the best taste, is that Front towards the gardens, which is not yet loaded wit these turrets. The two Sides of the building are intirely spoil'd by two monstrous bow-windows, which stand just in

the middle, instead of doors: and as if it were fatal that some trifling littleness should every where destroy the grandeur, there are in the chief front two semicircles of a lower structure than the rest, that cut of the angles, and look as if they were purposely designed to hide a loftier and nobler piece of building, the top of which appears above them. In a word, the whole is a most expensive absurdity; and the duke of *Shrewsbury* gave a true character of it, when he said, it was a great *Quarry of Stones above ground*.

We paid a visit to the spring where *Rosamond* bathed her self, on a hill where remains only a piece of a wall of the old Palace of *Henry* the Second. We toasted her shade in the cold water, not without a thought or two, scarce so cold as the liquor we drank it in. I dare not tell you what they were, and so hasten to conclude,

Your, &c.

LETTER X.

YOU cannot be surprized to find him a dull correspondent, whom you have known so long for a dull companion. And tho' I am pretty sensible, that if I have any wit, I may as well write to show it, as not; (because any Lady that has once seen me, will naturally ask, what I can show that is better?) yet I'll content my self with giving you as plain a history of my pilgramage, as *Purchas* himself, or as *John Bunyon* could do of his walking through the wilderness of this world, &c.

First then I went by water to *Hampton-Court*, unattended by all but my own virtues, which were not of so modest a nature as to keep themselves, or
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me conceal'd; for I met the Prince with all his Ladies on horseback, coming from hunting. Mrs. B--- and Mrs. L--- took me into protection (contrary to the laws against harbouring Papists) and gave me a dinner, with something I liked better, an opportunity of conversation with Mrs. H-----. We all agreed, that the life of a Maid of Honour was of all things the most miserable; and wish'd that every woman who envy'd it, had a specimen of it. To eat *Westphalia*-Ham in a morning, ride over hedges and ditches on borrow'd Hacks, come home in the heat of the day with a fever, and (what is worse a hundred times) with a red mark in the forehead from an uneasy hat; all this may qualify them to make excellent wives for Fox hunters, and bear abundance of ruddy complexion'd children. As soon as they can wipe off the sweat of the day, they must simmer an hour and catch cold, in the Princess's apartment; from thence (as *Shakespear* has it) *To dinner with what appetite they may* ----- and after that till midnight, walk, work, or think, which they please: I can easily believe, no lone-house in Wales, with a Mountain and a Rookery, is more contemplative than this Court; and as a proof of it I need only tell you, Mrs. L--- walked all alone with me three or four hours by moonlight, and we met no creature of any Quality but the King, who gave audience to the Vice-chamberlain, all alone, under the garden wall.

In short, I heard of no Ball, Assembly, Bassinet-Table, or any place where two or three were gathered together, except *Madam Kilmansegg's*, to which I had the honour to be invited, and the grace to stay away.

I was heartily tired, and posted to B--- Park; there we had an excellent Discourse of Quackery. Dr. *Shadwell* was mentioned with honour. Lady A--- walked a whole hour abroad without dying after it, at least in the time I stay'd; tho' she seemed

to be fainting, and had convulsive motions several times in her head.

This day I received a Letter with certain advices where women were to be met with at *Oxford*. I defy them and all their works. I love no meat but Ortolans, and no women but you : tho' indeed that is no proper comparison, but for fat Duchefs's ; for to love you, is as if one should wish to eat Angels, or to drink Cherubim-broth.

I arrived in the forest by *Tuesday* noon, having fled from the face (I wish I could say the horned face) *Moses B---*, who dined in the mid-way thither. I past the rest of the day in those Woods where I have so often enjoy'd a Book and a Friend. I made a Hymn as I passed thro', which ended with a sigh that I will not tell you the meaning of.

Your Doctor is gone the way of all his patients, and was hard put to it how to dispose of an estate miserably, unwildly, and splendidly useful to him. Sir *Samuel Garth* says, that for *Ratcliffe* to leave a Library, was as if a Eunuch should found a Seraglio. Dr. *Sh---* lately told a Lady : He wondered she could be alive after him ; she made answer : She wondered at it for two reasons ; because Dr. *Ratcliffe* was dead, and because Dr. *Sh----* was living, I am,

Your, &c.

LETTER XI.

To the same.

Nothing could have more of that melancholy which once used to please me, than my last days journey : For after having passed through my favourite Woods in the forest, with a thousand Reveries of past pleasures, I rid over hanging hills, whose

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whose tops were edged with groves, and whose feet water'd with winding rivers, listning to the falls of cataracts below, and the murmuring of the winds above. The gloomy verdure of *Stonor* succeeded to these, and then the shades of the evening overtook me. The moon rose in the clearest sky I ever saw, by whose solemn light I paced on slowly without company, or any interruption to the range of my thoughts. About a mile before I reached *Oxford*, all the bells told in different notes; the clocks of every college answered one another, and sounded forth (some in a deeper, some in a softer tone) that it was eleven at night. All this was no ill preparation to the life I have led since among those old walls, venerable galleries, stone partico's, studious walks, and solitary scenes of the University. I wanted nothing but a black gown and a salary, to be as meer a bookworm as any there. I conformed my self to the College hours, was rolled up in books, lay in one of the most antient, dusky parts of the University, and was as dead to the world as any Hermit of the desert. If any thing was alive or awake in me, it was a little vanity; such as even those good men used to entertain, when the Monks of *their own Order* extolled their piety and abstraction. For I found my self received with a sort of respect, which this idle part of mankind, the learned, pay to their own species; who are as considerable here, as the busy, the gay, and the ambitious are in your world.

Indeed I was treated in such a manner, that I could not but sometimes ask my self in my mind, What College I was founder? of or what Library I had built? Methinks I do very ill to return to the world again, to leave the only place where I make a figure; and from seeing my self seated with dignity in the most conspicuous shelves of a Library, put my self into the abject posture of lying at a Lady's feet in *St. James's square*. I will

I will not deny, but that like *Alexander*, in the midst of my glory I am wounded, and find my self a meer man. To tell you from whence the dart comes, is to no purpose; since neither of you will take the tender care to draw it out of my heart, and suck the poison with your lips.

Hereat my Lord *H----*'s, I see a creature nearer an angel than a woman, (tho' a woman be very near as good as an angel.) I think you have formerly heard me mention Mrs. *T----* as a credit to the maker of angels. She is a relation of his Lordship's, and he gravely propos'd her for me to a Wife; being tender of her interests, and knowing (what is a shame to Providence) that she is less indebted to Fortune than I. I told him 'twas what he cou'd never have thought of, if it had not been his misfortune to be blind; and what I never could think of, while I had eyes to see both her and my self.

I must not conclude without telling you, that I will do the utmost in the affair you desire. It would be an inexpressible joy to me if I could serve you, and I will always do all I can to give my self pleasure. I wish as well for you as for my self. I am in love with you both as much as I am with my self; for I find my self most so with all three, when I least suspect it.

I am, &c.

LETTER XII.

To Mrs. Arabella Fermor on her Marriage.

YOU are by this time satisfy'd how much the tenderness of one man of merit is to be preferred to the addresses of a thousand. And by this time the Gentlemen you have made choice of is sensible, how great is the joy of having all those charms and good qualities which have pleased so many.

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now apply'd to please one only. It was but just, that the same Virtues which gave you reputation, should give you happiness; and I can wish you no greater, than that you may receive it in as high a degree your self, as so much good humour must infallibly give it to your husband.

It may be expected perhaps, that one who has the title of Poet, should say something more polite on this occasion; but I am really more a well-wisher to your felicity, than a celebrater of your beauty. Besides, you are now a married woman, and in a way to be a great many better things than a fine Lady; such as an excellent wife, a faithful friend, a tender parent, and at last, as the consequence of them all, a saint in heaven. You ought now to hear nothing but that, which was all you ever desired to hear (whatever others may have spoken to you) I mean *Truth*; and it is with the utmost that I assure you, no friend you have can more rejoice in any good that befalls you, is more sincerely delighted with the prospect of your future happiness, or more unfeignedly desires a long continuance of it. I beg you will think it but just, that a man who will certainly be spoken of as your admirer, after he is dead, may have the happiness to be esteemed while he is living

Your, &c.

LETTER XIII.

THE chief cause I have to repent my leaving the town, is the uncertainty I am in every day of your Sister's State of health. I really expected by every post to have heard of her recovery; but on the contrary each letter has been a new awakening to my apprehensions, and I have ever since suffered alarms.

larms upon alarms on her account. No one can be more sensibly touched at this than I; nor any danger of any I love cou'd affect me with more uneasiness (tho' as I never had a sister I can't be quite so good a judge as you, how far humanity wou'd carry me.) I have felt some weaknesses of a tender kind, which I wou'd not be free from; and I am glad to find my value for people so rightly placed, as to perceive them on this occasion.

I cannot be so good a Christian as to be willing (tho' no less than God shou'd order it) to resign my own happiness here for her's in another life. I do more than wish for her safety, for every wish I make I find immediately chang'd into a prayer, and a more fervent one than I had learn'd to make till now.

May her Life be longer and happier than perhaps herself may desire, that is as long and as happy as your self can wish. May her Beauty be as great as possible, that is, as it always was, or as yours is. But whatever ravages a merciless distemper may commit, I dare promise her boldly, what few (if any) of her makers of visits and complements dare to do; she shall have one man as much her admirer as ever. As for your part, Madam, you have me so more than ever, since I have been a witness to the generous tenderness you have shewn upon this occasion

Your, &c.

LETTER XIV.

IT is with infinite satisfaction I am made acquainted, that your brother will at last prove your relation, and has entertain'd such sentiments as become him in your concern. I have been prepar'd for this by degrees, having several times received from Mrs. ----- that which is one of the greatest pleasures; the

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the knowledge that others entered into my own sentiments concerning you. I ever was of opinion, that you wanted no more to be vindicated than to be known ; and like Truth, cou'd appear no where but you must conquer. As I have often condol'd with you in your adversities, so I have a right, which but few can pretend to, of congratulating on the prospect of your better fortunes ; and I hope for the future to have the concern I have felt for you overpaid in your felicities. Tho' you modestly say the world has left you, yet I verily believe it is coming to you again as fast as it can : For to give the world its due, it is always very fond of Merit, when 'tis past its power to oppose it. Therefore if you should take it into favour again upon its repentance, and continue in it, you would be so far from leading what is commonly called an unsettled life (and what you with too much unjust severity call a vagabond life) that the wise cou'd only look upon you as a Prince in a progress, who travels to gain the affections he has not, or to fix those he already has ; which he effectually does wherever he shews himself. But if you are resolved in revenge to rob the world of so much example as you may afford it, I believe your design will be vain ; for even in a Monastery your devotions cannot carry you so far towards the next world, as to make this lose the sight of you ; but you'll be like a Star, that while it is fix'd to Heaven, shines over all the Earth.

Wheresoever Providence shall dispose of the most valuable thing I know, I shall ever follow you with my sincerest wishes ; and my best thoughts will be perpetually waiting upon you, when you never hear of me or them. Your own guardian Angels cannot be more constant, nor more silent. I beg you will never cease to think me your friend, that you may not be guilty of that which you never yet knew to commit, an Injustice. As I have hitherto been so in spite

spite of the world, so hereafter, if it be possible you shou'd ever be more oppos'd and more deserted, I should only be so much the more

Your faithfully, &c.

L E T T E R X V.

I Can say little to recommend the Letters I shall write to you, but that they will be the most impartial representations of a free heart, and the truest copies you ever saw, tho' of a very mean original. Not a feature will be softened, or any advantageous light employ'd to make the ugly thing a little less hideous; but you shall find it in all respects most horribly like. You will do me an injustice if you look upon any thing I shall say from this instant, as a compliment, either to you or my self. Whatever I write, will be the real thought of that hour; and I know you'll no more expect it of the persevere till death in every sentiment or notion I now set down, than you wou'd imagine a man's face should never change, when once his picture was drawn.

The freedom I shall use in this manner of *thinking aloud*, may indeed prove me a fool; but it will prove me one of the best sort of fools, the honest ones. And since what folly we have, will infallibly buoy up at one time or other, in spite of all our art to keep it down; methinks 'tis almost foolish to take any pains to conceal it at all, and almost knavish to do it from those that are our friends. If *Momus's* project had taken, of having windows in our breasts, I should be for carrying it further, and making those windows casements; that while a man showed his heart to all the world, he might do something more for his friends, even give it them, and trust it to their handling. I think

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think I love you as well as King *Herod* did *Herodias* (tho' I never had so much as one dance with you) and would as freely give you my heart in a dish, as he did anothers head. But since *Jupiter* will not have it so, I must be content to shew my taste in life, as I do my taste in painting, by loving to have as little drapery as possible. Not that I think every body naked altogether so fine a sight as your self and a few more would be ; but because 'tis good to use people to what they must be acquainted with ; and there will certainly come some day of judgment or other, to uncover every soul of us. We shall then see that the *Prudes* of this world ow'd all their fine figure only to their being strater-lac'd than the rest, and that they are naturally as arrant Squabs as those that never girded their loins at all. ----- But a particular reason that may engage you to write your thoughts the more freely to me, is, that I am confident no one knows you better ; for I find, when others express their thoughts of you, they fall very short of mine ; and I know at the same time theirs are such as you would think sufficient in your favour.

You may easily imagine how desirous I must be of a correspondence with a person, who had taught me long ago, that it was as possible to esteem at first sight, as to love ; and who has since ruined me for all the conversation of one sex, and almost all the friendship of the other. I am but too sensible thro' your means, that the company of men wants a certain softness to recommend it, and that of women wants every thing else. How often have I been quietly going to take possession of that tranquility and indolence I had so long found in the country, when one evening of your conversation has spoiled me for a *Solitaire* ! Books have lost their effect upon me ; and I was convinced, since I saw you, that there is one alive wiser than

than all the Sages. A plague of female wisdom! It makes a man ten times more uneasy than his own. What is very strange, Virtue herself (when you have the dressing her) is to aimable for ones repose. You might have done a world of good in your time, if you had allowed half the fine gentlemen who have seen you, to have conversed with you; they would have been strangely bit, while they thought only to fall in love with a fair Lady, and you had bewitched them with Reason and Virtue (two Beauties that the very Fops pretend to have no acquaintance with.)

The unhappy distance at which we correspond, removes a great many of those restrictions and punctilious decorum, that oftentimes in nearer conversation prejudice truth, to save good breeding. I may now hear of my faults, and you of your good qualities, without a blush; we converse upon such unfortunate generous terms, as exclude the regards of fear, shame, or design in either of us. And methinks it would be as paltry a part to impose (even in a single thought) upon each other in this state of separation, as for spirits of a different sphere, who have so little intercourse with us, to employ that little (as some would make us think they do) in putting tricks and delusions upon poor mortals.

Let me begin then, Madam, by asking you a question, that may enable me to judge better of my own conduct than most instances of my Life. In what manner did I behave the last hour I saw you? What degree of concern did I discover, when I felt a misfortune which I hope you will never feel, that of parting from what one most esteems? for if my parting looked but like that of your common acquaintance, I am the greatest of all the hypocrites that ever decency made.

I never since pass by your house but with the same sort of melancholy that we feel upon seeing the Tomb of a friend, which only serves to put us in
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mind of what we have lost. I reflect upon the circumstances of your departure, which I was there a witness of (your behaviour in what I may call your last moments) and I indulge a gloomy kind of pleasure in thinking that those last moments were given to me. I would fain imagine this was not accidental, but proceeded from a penetration which I know you have, in finding out the truth of people's sentiments; and that you were willing, the last man that *would have* parted from you, should be that last that *did*. I really looked upon you just as the friends of *Curtius* might have done upon that Hero, at the instant when he was devoting himself to Glory, and running to be lost out of generosity. I was obliged to admire your resolution, in as great a degree as I deplored it; and had only to wish, that Heaven would reward so much Virtue as was to be taken from us, with all the felicities it could enjoy elsewhere!

Yours, &c.

LET-

LETTER XVI.

YOU will find me more troublesome than ever *Brutus* did his Evil Genius ; I shall meet you in more places than one, and often refresh your memory before you arrive at your *Philippi*. These shadows of me (my letters) will be haunting you from time to time, and putting you in mind of the man who has really suffered very much from you ; and whom you have robbed of the most valuable of his enjoyments, your conversation. The advantage of hearing your sentiments by discovering mine, was what I always thought a great one, and even worth the risque I generally run of manifesting my own indiscretion. You then rewarded my trust in you the moment it was given, for you pleased or informed me the minute you answered. I must now be contented with more slow returns. However 'tis some pleasure, that your thoughts upon Paper will be a more lasting possession to me ; and that I shall no longer have cause to complain of a loss I have so often regretted, that of any thing you said, which I happened to forget. In earnest, Madam, if I were to write to you as often as I think of you, it must be every day of my life. I attend you in spirit through all your ways, I follow you thro' every stage in books of travels, and fear for you thro' whole folio's ; you make me shrink at the past dangers of dead travellers ; and if I read of a delightful prospect, or agreeable place, I hope it yet subsists to please you. I enquire the roads, the amusements, the company, of every town and country thro' which you pass, with as much diligence, as if I were to set out next week to overtake you. In a word, no one can have you more constantly in mind, not even your guardian Angel (if you have one,) and I am willing to indulge so much

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much Popery, as to fancy some Being takes care of you, who knows your value better than you do your self. I am willing to think that Heaven never gave so much self-neglected and resolution to a woman, to occasion her calamity; but am pious enough to believe those qualities must be intended to conduce to her benefit and her glory.

Your first short letter only serves to show me you are alive. It puts me in mind of the first Dove that returned to *Noah*, and just made him know it had found no rest abroad.

There is nothing in it that pleases me, but when you tell me you had no Sea-sickness. I beg your next may give me all the pleasure it can, that is, tell me any that you receive. You can make no discoveries that will be half so valuable to me as those of your own mind: Nothing that regards the States or Kingdoms you pass through, will engage so much of my curiosity or concern, as what relates to your self: Your welfare, to say truth, is more at my heart than that of *Christendom*.

I am sure I may defend the truth, though perhaps not the virtue of this declaration. One is ignorant, or doubtful at best, of the merits of differing religions and governments; but private virtues one can be sure of. I therefore know what particular person has desert enough to merit being happier than others, but not what nation deserves to conquer or oppress another. You will say, I am not *Publick-spirited*: let it be so: I may have too many tendernesses, particular regards, or narrow views; but at the same time I am certain that whoever wants these, can never have a *Publick-spirit*; for (as a friend of mine says) how is it possible for that man to love twenty thousand people, who never loved one?

I communicated your letter to Mr. C-----. He thinks of you and talks of you as he ought, I mean as I do; and one always thinks that to be just as it ought

ought. His health and mine are now so good, that we wish with all our souls, you were a witness of it. We never meet but we lament over you: we pay a kind of weekly rites to your memory, where we strow flowers of rhetorick, and offer such libations to your name, as it would be prophane to call *Toasting*. The Duke of B-----m is sometimes the High Priest of your praises; and upon the whole, I believe there are as few Men that are not sorry at your departure, as Women that are: for you know most of your Sex want good sense, and therefore must want generosity. You have so much of both, that I am sure you pardon them; for one cannot but forgive whatever one despises. For my part I hate a great many women for your sake, and undervalue all the rest. 'Tis you are to blame, and may God revenge it upon you with all those blessings and earthly prosperities, which the Divines tell us are the cause of our Perdition; for if he makes you happy in this world, I dare trust your own virtue to do it in the other. I am

Your, &c.

LETTERS



LETTERS

To the Honourable

ROBERT DIGBY

From Mr *POPE*.



To the Honourable ROBERT DIGBY.

Chiswick, Jan. 2, 1717.

Dear Sir,



Had pleas'd myself sooner in writing to you, but that I have been your Successor in a Fit of Sickness, and am not yet so much recovered, but that I have Thoughts of using your
* Physicians. They are as grave Persons as any of the Faculty, and (like the Antients) carry their own Medicaments about with

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them. But indeed the Moderns are such Lovers of Raillery, that nothing is grave enough to escape them. Let 'em laugh, but People will still have their Opinions. As they think our Doctors Asses to them, we'll think them Asses to our Doctors.

I am glad you are so much in a better State of Health, as to follow me to jest about it. My Concern, when I heard of your Danger, was so very serious, that I almost take it ill Dr *Evans* should tell you of it, or you mention it. I tell you fairly, if you and a few more such People were to leave the World, I would not give Six-pence to stay in it.

I am not so much concern'd as to the point, whether you are to live fat or lean. Most Men of Wit or Honesty are usually decreed to live very lean, so I am inclined to the Opinion that 'tis decreed you shall. However be comforted, and reflect that you'll make the better Busto for it.

'Tis something particular in you, not to be satisfied with sending me your own Books, but to make your Acquaintance continue the Frolic. Mr *Wharton* forced me to take *Gorboduc*, which has since done me great Credit with several People, as it has done *Dryden* and *Oldham* some Diskindness, in shewing there is as much difference between their *Gorboduc*, and this, as between Queen *Anne* and King *George*. It is truly a Scandal, that Men should write with Contempt of a Piece which they never once saw; as those two Poets did, who were ignorant even of the Sex, as well as Sense of *Gorboduc*.

Adieu! I am going to forget you. This Minute you took up all my Mind, the next I shall think of nothing but the Terms of *Agamemnon*, and the Recovery of *Briseis*. I shall be *Achilles's* humble Servant these two Months (with the good Leave of

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all my Friends). I have no Ambition so strong at present, as that noble one of Sir *Salathiel Lovel*, Recorder of *London*, to furnish out a decent and plentiful Execution, of *Greeks* and *Trojans*.—— It is not to be express'd how heartily I wish the Death of all *Homer's* Heroes, one after another. The Lord preserve me in the Day of Battle, which is just approaching! Dear Sir, join in your Prayers for me, and know me to be always (whether I live, die, or am damn'd as a Poet)

Your's most faithfully.

To the same.

London, March 31, 1718.

Dear Sir,

TO convince you how little Pain I give myself, in corresponding with Men of Good-nature, and good Understanding, you see I omit to answer your Letters till a time, when another Man would be ashamed to own he had receiv'd them. If therefore you are ever moved on my Account by that Spirit, which I take to be as familiar to you as a Quotidian Ague, I mean the Spirit of Goodness, pray never stint it, in any fear of obliging me to a Civility beyond my natural Inclination: I dare trust you, Sir, not only with my Folly when I write, but with my Negligence when I do not; and expect equally your Pardon for either.

If I knew how to entertain you thro' the rest of this Paper, it should be spotted and diversified with Conceits all over; you should be put out of Breath with Laughter at each Sentence, and pause at each Period, to look back over how much Wit you had pass'd. But I have found by Experience, that People now a-days regard Writing as little as they do Preaching. The most we can hope is to be heard, just with Decency and Patience, once a Week by Folks in the Country; here in Town we hum over a piece of fine Writing, and we whistle at a Sermon. The Stage is the only place we seem alive at: There indeed we stare, and roar, and clap Hands for King *George* and the Government. As for all other Virtues but this Loyalty, they are an obsolete Train, so ill-dress'd, that Men, Women and Children hiss 'em out of all good Company. Humility knocks so sneakingly at the Door, that every Footman out-raps it, and makes it give way to the free Entrance of Pride, Prodigality, and Vain-glory.

My Lady *Scudamore*, from having rusticated in your Company too long, really behaves herself scandalously among us. She pretends to open her Eyes for the sake of seeing the Sun, and to sleep because it is Night; drinks Tea at nine in the Morning, and is thought to have said her Prayers before; talks without any manner of Shame of good Books, and has not seen *Cibber's* Play of the *Non-furor*. I rejoiced, the other Day, to see a Libel on her Toilette, which gives me some Hope that you have at least a Taste of Scandal left you, in Defect of all other Vices.

Upon the whole Matter, I heartily wish you well; but as I cannot entirely desire the Ruin of all the Joys of this City, so all that remains is to wish you wou'd keep your Happiness to yourselves,

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that the happiest here may not die with Envy at a Bliss which they cannot attain to.

I am, &c.

To the same.

May 1, 1720.

Dear Sir,

YOU'LL think me very full of myself, when after a long Silence (which however to say Truth has rather been employ'd to contemplate of you, than to forget you) I begin to talk of my own Works. I find it is in the finishing a Book, as in concluding a Session of Parliament; one always thinks it will be very soon, and finds it very late. There are many unlook'd for Incidents to retard the clearing *any public Account*, and so I see it is in mine. I have plagued myself, like great Ministers, with undertaking too much for one Man; and with a Desire of doing more than was expected from me, have done less than I ought.

For having design'd four very laborious and uncommon Indexes to *Homer*, I'm forc'd, for want of Time, to publish two only; the Design of which you will own to be pretty, tho' far from being fully executed. I've also been oblig'd to leave unfinish'd in my Desk the Heads of two Essays, one on the *Theology and Morality of Homer*, and another on the *Oratory of Homer and Virgil*. So they must wait for future Editions, or perish; and

(one Way or other, no great Matter which) *dabit Deus his quoque finem.*

I think of you every Day, I assure you, even without such good Memorials of you as your Sisters, with whom I sometimes talk of you, and find it one of the most agreeable of all Subjects to them. My Lord *Digby* must be perpetually remember'd by all who ever knew him, or knew his Children. There needs no more than an Acquaintance with your Family, to make all elder Sons wish they had Fathers to their Lives-end.

I can't touch upon the Subject of filial Love, without putting you in mind of an old Woman, who has a sincere, hearty old-fashion'd Respect for you, and constantly blames her Son for not having writ to you oftner, to tell you so.

I very much wish (but what signifies my wishing? my Lady *Scudamore* wishes, your Sisters wish) that you were with us, to compare the beautiful Contrast this Season affords us of the Town and Country. No Ideas you could form in the Winter can make you imagine what *Twickenham* is (and what your Friend Mr *Johnson* of *Twickenham* is) in this warmer Season. Our River glitters beneath an unclouded Sun, at the same time that it's Banks retain the Verdure of Showers; our Gardens are offering their first Nodsgays; our Trees, like new Acquaintance brought happily together, are stretching their Arms to meet each other, and growing nearer and nearer every Hour: The birds are paying their thanksgiving Songs for the new Habitations I have made 'em; my Building rises high enough to attract the Eye and Curiosity of the Passenger from the River, where, upon beholding a Mixture of Beauty and Ruin, he enquires what House is falling, or what Church is rising? So little Taste have our common Tritons of *Vitruvius*; whatever Delight

light the true, unseen, poetical Gods of the River may take in reflecting on their Streams by *Tuscan* Porticos, or *Ionic* Pilasters.

But (to descend from all this Pomp of Style) the best Account I can give of what I am building, is, that it will afford me a few pleasant Rooms for such a Friend as yourself, or a cool Situation for an Hour or two for Lady *Scudamore*, when she will do me the Honour (at this publick House on the Road) to drink her own Cyder.

The Moment I am writing this, I am surprized with the Account of the Death of a Friend of mine ; which makes all I have here been talking of, a mere Jest ! Buildings, Gardens, Writings, Pleasures, Works, of whatever Suff Man can raise ! none of them (God knows) capable of advantaging a Creature that is mortal, or of satisfying a Soul that is immortal ! Dear Sir, I am

Your most faithful Servant.

To the same.

July 20, 1720.

YOUR kind Desire to know the State of my Health had not been unsatisfied of so long, had not that ill State been the Impediment. Nor should I have seem'd an unconcern'd Party in the Joys of your Family, which I heard of from Lady Scudamore, whose short *Eschantillon* of a Letter (of a quarter of a Page) I value as the short Glimpse of a Vision afforded to some devout Hermit; for it includes (as those Revelations do) a promise of a better Life in the Elysian Groves of *Cirencester*, whether, I could almost say in the Style of a Sermon, the *Lord bring us all*, &c. Thither may we tend, by various ways to one blissful Bower: Thither may Health, Peace, and good Humour, wait upon us as Associates: Thither may whole Cargoes of Nectar (Liquor of Life and Longævity!) by Mortals call'd *Spaw-water*, be convey'd: And there (as *Milton* has it) may we, like the Deities,

*On Flow'rs repos'd, and with fresh Garlands
crown'd,*

Quaff Immortality and Joy——

When I speak of Garlands, I should not forget the green Vestments and Scarfs which your Sisters promis'd to make for this Purpose: I expect you too in green with a Hunting-horn by your Side and a green Hat, the Model of which you may take from *Osborne's Description of King James I.*

What

What Words, what Numbers, what Oratory, or what Poetry, can suffice, to express how infinitely I esteem, value, love, and desire you all, above all the great ones, the rich ones, and the vain ones of this part of the World! above all the Jews, Jobbers, Bubblers, Subscribers, Projectors, Directors, Governors, Treasurers, &c. &c. &c. &c. *in secula seculorum!*

Turn your Eyes and Attention from this miserable mercenary Period; and turn yourself, in a just Contempt of these Sons of Mammon, to the Contemplation of Books, Gardens, and Marriage, in which I now leave you, and return (Wretch that I am!) to water-gruel and *Palladio*.

I am, &c.

To the same.

Twickenham, Sept. 1.

Dear Sir,

YOUR Doctor is going to the *Bath*, and stays a Fortnight or more; perhaps you would be comforted to have a Sight of him, whether you need him or not. I think him as good a Doctor as any for one that is ill, and a better Doctor than any for one that is well. He would do admirably for Mrs *Mary Digby*: She needed only to follow his Hints, to be in eternal Business and Amusement of Mind, and even as active as she could desire. But indeed I fear she would out-walk him: For (as Dean *Swift* observ'd to me the very first time I saw the Doctor) *He is a Man that can do*

every thing but walk. His Brother, who is lately come into *England*, goes also to the *Bath*; and is a more extraordinary Man than he, worth your going thither on purpose to know him. The Spirit of *Philanthropy*, so long dead to our World, is reviv'd in him. He is a Philosopher all of Fire; so so warmly, nay so wildly, in the Right, that he forces all others about him to be so too, and draws them into his own *Vortex*. He is a Star that looks as if it were all Fire, but is all Benignity, all gentle and beneficial Influence. If there be other Men in the World that would serve a Friend, yet he is the only one I believe that could make even an Enemy serve a Friend.

As all human Life is chequer'd and mix'd with Acquisitions and Losses (though the latter are more certain and irremediable, than the former lasting or satisfactory) so at the time I have gain'd the acquaintance of one worthy Man, I have lost another; a very easy, human, and gentlemanly Neighbour, Mr *Stenor*. 'Tis certain the Loss of one of this Character, puts us naturally upon setting a greater Value on the few that are left, though the Degree of our Esteem may be different. Nothing, says *Seneca*, is so melancholy a Circumstance in human Life, or so soon reconciles us to the Thought of our own Death, as the Reflexion and Prospect of one Friend after another dropping round us. Who would stand alone, the sole remaining Ruin, the last tottering Column of all the Fabric of Friendship; once so large, seemingly so strong, and yet so suddenly sunk and buried?

I am, &c.

Mr POPE, &c.



To the same.

Saturday Night.

Dear Sir,

I Have Belief enough in the Goodness of your whole Family, to think you will all be pleas'd that I am arriv'd in Safety at *Twickenham*; though 'tis a sort of Earnest, that you will be troubled again with me at *Sherborne*, or *Coleshill*: For however I may like one of your places, it may be in that as in liking one of your Family; when one sees the rest, one likes them all. Pray make my Services acceptable to them: I wish them all the Happiness they may want, and the Continuance of all the Happiness they have; and I take the latter to comprize a great deal more than the former. I must separate Lady *Scudamore* from you, as I fear she will do herself, before this Letter reaches you: So I wish her a good Journey, and I hope one Day to try if she lives as well as you do; though I much question if she can live as quietly. I suspect the Bells will be ringing at her Arrival, and on her own and Miss *Scudamore's* Birthdays; and that all the Clergy in the Country come to pay Respects; both the Clergy and their Bells expecting from her; and from the young Lady, further Business, and further Employment. Besides all this, there dwells on the one side of her the Lord *Coningsby*, and on the other Mr *W*—— Yet I shall, when the Days and Years come about, adventure upon all this for her sake.

LETTERS of

I beg my Lord *Digby* to think me a better Man, than to content myself with thanking him in the common Way. I am in as sincere a Sense of the Word, His Servant, as you are his Son, or he your Father.

I must in my turn insist upon hearing how my last Fellow-travellers got home from *Clarendon*, and desire Mr *Philips* to remember me in his Cyder, and to tell Mr *W*—— that I am dead and buried.

I wish the young Ladies, whom I almost robb'd of their good Name, a better Name in return (even that very Name to each of them, which they like best for the sake of the Man that bears it.)

Your ever faithful

and affectionate Servant.

To the same.

1722.

YOUR making a sort of Apology for your not writing, is a very genteel Reproof to me. I know I was to blame, but I know I did not intend to be so, and (what is the happiest Knowledge in the World) I know you will forgive me: For sure nothing is more satisfactory than to be certain of such a Friend as will overlook one's Failings, since every such Instance is a Conviction of his Kindness.

If I am all my Life to dwell in Intentions, and never to rise to Actions, I have but too much need of that gentle Disposition which I experience in you. But I hope better things of myself, and fully purpose to make you a Visit this Summer at *Sherbourne*. I'm told you are all upon Removal very speedily, and that Mrs *Mary Digby* talks in a Letter to Lady *Scudamore*, of seeing my Lord *Bathurst's* Wood in her Way. How much I wish to be her Guide thro' that enchanted Forest, is not to be exprest. I look upon myself as the Magician appropriated to the Place, without whom no Mortal can penetrate into the Recesses of those sacred Shades. I could pass whole Days in only describing to her the future, and as yet visionary Beauties, that are to rise in those Scenes: the Palace that is to be built, the Pavillions that are to glitter, the Colonnades that are to adorn them: Nay more, the meeting of the *Thames* and the *Severn*, which (when the noble Owner has finer Dreams than ordinary) are to be led into each other's Embraces thro' secret Caverns of
not

not above twelve or fifteen Miles, till they rise and openly celebrate their Marriage in the midst of an immense Amphitheatre, which is to be the Admiration of Posterity a hundred Years hence. But till the destin'd time shall arrive that is to manifest these Wonders, Mrs *Digby* must content herself with seeing what is at present no more than the finest Wood in *England*.

The objects that attract this part of the World, are of a quite different Nature. Women of Quality are all turned followers of the *Camp* in *Hyde-Park* this Year, whither all the Town resort to magnificent Entertainments given by the Officers, &c. The *Scythian* Ladies that dwelt in the Waggon of War, were not more closely attached to the Luggage. The Matrons, like those of *Sparta*, attend their Sons to the Field, to be the Witnesses of their glorious deeds; and the Maidens with all their Charms display'd, provoke the Spirit of the Soldiers. Tea and Coffee supply the place of *Lacedemonian* black Broth. This Camp seems crowded with perpetual Victory, for every Sun that rises in the Thunder of Cannon, sets in the Musick of Violins. Nothing is yet wanting but the constant presence of the *Princess*, to represent the *Mater Exercitus*.

At *Twickenham* the World goes otherwise. There are certain old People who take up all my time, and will hardly allow me to keep any other Company. They were introduced here by a Man of their own sort, who has made me perfectly rude to all my Contemporaries, and won't so much as suffer me to look upon 'em. The Person I complain of is the Bishop of *Rocheſter*. Yet he allows me (from something he has heard of your Character and that of your Family, as if you were of the old Sect of Moralists) to write three or four sides of
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Mr POPE, &c.

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Paper to you, and to tell you (what these sort of People never tell but with Truth, and religious Sincerity) that I am, and ever will be,

Dear SIR,

Your's, &c.

To the same.

THE same reason that hinder'd your Writing, hinder'd mine; the pleasing expectation to see you in Town. Indeed since the willing Confinement I have lain under here with my Mother, (whom it is natural and reasonable I should rejoice with as well as grieve) I could the better bear your absence from *London*, for I could hardly have seen you there; and it would not have been quite reasonable to have drawn you to a sick Room hither from the first Embraces of your Friends. My Mother is now (I thank God) wonderfully recovered, tho' not so much as yet to venture out of her Chamber, yet enough to enjoy a few particular Friends, when they have the good Nature to look upon her. I may recommend to you the Room we sit in, upon one (and that a favourite) Account, that it is the very warmest in the House: We and our Fires will equally smile upon your Face. There is a *Persian* Proverb that says, I think very prettily, *The Conversation of a Friend brightens the Eyes.* This I take to be a Splendor still more agreeable

agreeable than the Fires you so delightfully describe.

That you may long enjoy your own Fire-side, in the metaphorical Sense, that is, all those of your Family who make it pleasing to sit and spend whole Wintry Months together, (a far more rational Delight, and better felt by an honest Heart, than all the glaring Entertainments, numerous Lights, and false Splendors, of an *Assembly* of empty Heads, aching Hearts, and false Faces) This is my sincere Wish to you and your's.

You say you propose much Pleasure in seeing some few *Faces* about Town of my Acquaintance, I guess you mean Mrs *Howard's* and Mrs *Blount's*. And I assure you, you ought to take as much Pleasure in their *Hearts*, if they are what they sometimes express with regard to you.

Believe me, dear Sir, to you all a very faithful
Servant.

To the same.

October 10.

Dear Sir,

I Was upon the point of taking a much greater Journey than to *Bermudas*, even to that undiscovered Country, from whose Bourn no Traveller returns!

A Fever carry'd me on the high Gallop towards it for six or seven days — But here you have me now, and that's all I shall say of it. Since which
time

time an impertinent Lamenefs kept me at home twice as long; as if Fate should say (after the other dangerous Illness) "You shall neither go into the "other World, nor any where you like in "this." Else who knows but I had been at *Hom-lacy*?

I conspire in your Sentiments, emulate your Pleasures, wish for your Company. You are all of one Heart and one Soul, as was said of the Primitive Christians. 'Tis like the Kingdom of the Just upon Earth; not a wicked Wretch to interrupt you; but a Set of try'd, experienc'd Friends, and fellow Comforters, who have seen Evil Men and Evil Days, and have, by a superior Rectitude of Heart, set yourselves above them, and reap your Reward. Why will you ever, of your own accord, end such a Millenary Year in *London*? transmigrate (if I may so call it) into other Creatures, in that Scene of folly Militant, when you may reign for ever at *Hom-lacy* in Sense and Reason Triumphant? I appeal to a third Lady in your Family, whom I take to be the most Innocent, and the least warp'd by idle Fashion and Custom, of you all; I appeal to Her, if you are not every Soul of you better People, better Companions, and happier, where you are? I desire her Opinion under her Hand in your next Letter, I mean Miss *Scudamore*'s †† — I'm confident if she would, or durst speak her Sense, and employ that Reasoning which God has given her, to infuse more thoughtfulness into you all; those Arguments could not fail to put you to the blush, and keep you out of Town, like People sensible of your own Felicities. I am not without hopes, if She can

†† Afterwards Duchess of *Beaufort*. At this time about twelve Years old.

detain a Parliament-Man and a Lady of Quality from the World one Winter, that I may come upon you with such irresistible Arguments another Year, as may carry you all with me to *Bermudas*, † the Seat of all Earthly Happiness, and the new *Jerusalem* of the Righteous.

Don't talk of the decay of the Year: the Season is good where the People are so. 'Tis the best Time of the Year for a Painter: there is more Variety of Colours in the Leaves, the Prospects begin to open, thro' the thinner Woods, over the Vallies; and thro' the high Canopies of Trees to the higher Arch of Heaven. The Dews of the Morning impearl every Thorn, and scatter Diamonds on the verdant Mantle of the Earth. The Frosts are fresh and wholesome: What wou'd ye have? The Moon shines too, tho' not for Lovers these cold Nights, but for Astronomers.

Have ye not *Reflecting Telescopes* *, whereby ye may innocently magnify her Spots and Blemishes? Content yourselves with them, and do not come to a place where your own Eyes become Reflecting Telescopes, and where those of all others are equally such upon their Neighbours. Stay you, at least, (for what I've said before relates only to the Ladies, don't imagine I'll write about any Eyes but theirs) Stay, I say, from that idle, busy-looking *Sanhedrin*, where *Wisdom* or *No Wisdom* is the Eternal Debate, not (as it lately was in *Ireland*) an Accidental one.

If after all, you will despise good Advice, and resolve to come to *London*; here you will find me,

† About this time the Rev. Dean *Berkeley* conceived his Project of erecting a Settlement in *Bermudas* for the Propagation of the Christian Faith, and of Sciences, in *America*.

* These Instruments were just then brought to perfection.

doing just the things I should not, living where I should not, and as worldly, as idle; in a Word, as much an *Anti-Bermudanist* as any body. Dear Sir, make the Ladies know I am their Servant, you know I am

Your's, &c.

To the same.

August 12.

I Have been above a Month strolling about in *Buckinghamshire* and *Oxfordshire*, from Garden to Garden, but still returning to Lord Cobham's with fresh Satisfaction. I should be sorry to see my Lady *Scudamore's*, till it has had the full advantage of Lord *Bathurst's* Improvements; and then I will expect something like the Waters of *Riskins*, and the Woods of *Oakley* together, which (without flattery) would be at least as good as any thing in our World. For as to the hanging Gardens of *Babylon*, the Paradise of *Cyrus*, and the Sharawadgis of *China*, I have little or no Ideas of 'em; but I dare say Lord B—t has, because they were certainly both very *Great*, and very *Wild*. I hope Mrs *Mary Digby* is quite tired of his Lordship's *Extravagante Bergerie*; and that she is just now sitting, or rather inclining, on a Bank, fatigued with over much Dancing and Singing at his unwearied Request and Instigation. I know your love of Ease so well, that you might be in danger of

of being too quiet to enjoy Quiet, and too philosophical to be a Philosopher, were it not for the Ferment Lord *B.* will put you into. One of his Lordship's Maxims is, that a total Abstinence from Intemperance or Business, is no more *Philosophy*, than a total Composition of the Senses is *Repose*; one must *Feel* enough of it's contrary to have a Relish of either. But after all, let your Temper work, and be as sedate and contemplative as you will, I'll engage you shall be fit for his Lordship when you come to Town in the Winter. Folly will laugh you into all the Customs of the Company here; nothing will be able to prevent your Conversion to her, but Indisposition, which I hope will be far from you. I am telling the worst that can come of you; for as to Vice, you are safe, but Folly is many an honest Man's, nay every good-humour'd Man's Lot: Nay, it is the Seasoning of Life; and Fools (in one Sense) are the Salt of the Earth; a little is excellent, tho' indeed a whole Mouthful is justly called the *Devil*.

So much for your Diversions next Winter, and for mine. I envy you much more at present, than I shall then; for if there be on Earth an Image of Paradise, it is in such perfect Union and Society as you all possess. I would have my innocent Envy and Wishes of your State known to you all; which is far better than making you Compliments, for it is inward Approbation and Esteem. My Lord *Digby* has in me a sincere Servant, or would have, were there any occasion for me to manifest it,

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To the same,

September 10, 1724,

Dear Sir,

I AM glad your Travels delighted you, improve you I am sure they could not; you are not so much a Youth as that, tho' you run about with a King of sixteen, and (what makes him still more a Child) a King of *Frenchmen*. My own time has been more melancholy, spent in an attendance upon Death, which has seized one of our Family, my poor old Nurse. My Mother is something better, though at her advanced Age every Day is a Climacteric. There was joined to this an Indisposition of my own; which I ought to look upon as a slight one, compared with my Mother's (because my Life is not of half the Consequence to any Body, that her's is to me). All these Incidents have hinder'd my more speedy Reply to your obliging Letter.

The Article you enquire of, is of as little concern to me as you desire it should; namely the railing Papers about the *Odyssey*. If the Book has Merit, (and since you like it, it must) it will extinguish all such nasty Scandal, as the Sun puts an end to stinks meerly by *coming out*.

I wish I had nothing to trouble me more; an honest Mind is not in the power of any dishonest one. To break it's Peace, there must be some Guilt or Conscioufness, which is inconsistent with it's own Principles. Not but Malice and Injustice have their day, like some poor short-lived Vermine, that die of shooting their own Stings.

Falshood

Falshood is Folly (says *Homer*), and Liars and Calumniators at last hurt none but themselves, even in this World: In the next, 'tis Charity to say, God have mercy on them! They were the Devil's Vice-gerents upon Earth, who is the Father of Lies, and I fear has a Right to dispose of his Children.

I've had an Occasion to make these Reflexions of late, more justly than from any thing that concerns my Writings, for it is one that concerns my Morals, and (which I ought to be as tender of as my own) the good Character of another very innocent Person, who I'm sure shares your Friendship no less than I do: ***** No Creature has better natural Dispositions, or would act more rightly, or reasonably, in every duty, did she act by herself, or from herself; but you know it is the Misfortune of that Family to be governed like a Ship, I mean the Head guided by the tail, and that by every Wind that blows in it.

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To the same.

December 28, 1724.

Dear Sir,

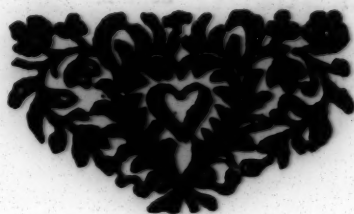
IT is now the Season to wish you a good end of one year, and a happy beginning of another; but both these you know how to make yourself, by only continuing such a Life as you have been long accustomed to lead. As for Good Works, they are things I dare not name, either to those that do them, or to those that do them not; the first are too modest, and the latter too selfish to bear the mention of what are become either too old fashioned, or too private, to constitute any Part of the Vanity or Reputation of the present Age. However, it were to be wish'd People would now and then look upon Good Works as they do upon old Wardrobes, meerly in case any of 'em should by chance come into Fashion again; as ancient Fardingales revive in modern hoop'd Petticoats (which may be properly compared to Charities, as they cover a Multitude of Sins).

They tell me that at ——— certain antiquated Charities, and obsolete Devotions, are yet subsisting: that a thing called Christian Chearfulness, (not incompatible with *Christmas* Pyes and Plumb-broth) whereof frequent is the mention in old Sermons and Almanacks, is really kept alive and in Practice: That feeding the Hungry, and giving Alms to the Poor, do yet make a Part of good house-keeping, in a Latitude not more remote from *London* than fourscore Miles: And lastly, that Prayers and Roast-beef actually make some People as happy, as a Whore and a Bottle. But here in town I assure
you

you, Men, Women, and Children, I have done with these things. Charity not only begins, but ends at home. Instead of the four Cardinal Virtues, now reign four Princely ones; we have cunning for Prudence, Rapine for Justice, Time-serving for Fortitude, and Luxury for Temperance. Whatever you may fancy where you live in a State of Ignorance, and see nothing but Quiet, Religion, and Good Humour; the case is just as I tell you where People understand the World, and know how to live with Credit and Glory.

I wish that Heaven would open the eyes of Men, and make 'em sensible *which* of these is right: whether upon a due Conviction, we are to quit Faction, and Gaming, and High-feeding and Whoring, and take to your Country way; or you to leave Prayers, and Almsgiving, and Reading and Exercise, and come into our measures. I wish (I say) that this Matter were as clear to all Men, as it is to

Your Affectionate, &c.



LETTERS

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LETTERS

TO

EDWARD BLOUNT, *Esq;*

From 1715, to 1725.

To EDWARD BLOUNT, *Esq;*

JANUARY 21, 1715-16.

Dear Sir,

I KNOW of nothing that will be so
Interessing to you at present, as some
circumstances of the last Act of that
eminent Comic Poet, and our Friend,
Wycherley. He had often told me,
as I doubt not he did all his Acquain-
tance, that he would marry as soon as his Life was
despaired of. Accordingly a few days before his
F Death

Death he underwent the Ceremony: and joined together those two Sacraments, which wise Men say should be the last we receive; for if you observe, Matrimony is plac'd after Extreme Unction in our Catechism, as a kind of Hint of the Order of Time in which they are to be taken. The old Man then lay down, satisfy'd in the Conscience of having, by this one Act, paid his just Debts, oblig'd a Woman who (he was told) had Merit, and shewn an heroic resentment of the ill usage of his next Heir. Some hundred pounds which he had with the Lady, discharged those Debts; a Jointure of four hundred a year made her a Recompence; and the nephew he left to comfort himself, as well as he could, with the miserable Remains of a mortgaged Estate. I saw our Friend twice after this was done, less peevish in his Sickness than he used to be in his Health; neither much afraid of dying, nor (which in him had been more likely) much ashamed of marrying. The Evening before he expired, he called his young Wife to the bed-side, and earnestly entreated her not to deny him one request, the last he should make. Upon her Assurances of consenting to it, he told her, *My Dear, it is only this; that you will never marry an old Man again.* I cannot help remarking, that Sickness which often destroys both Wit and Wisdom, yet seldom has power to remove that Talent which we call *Humour*. 'Mr Wycherley shewed his even in this last Compliment, tho' I think his request a little hard; for why should he bar her from doubling her Jointure on the same easy Terms.

So trivial as these Circumstances are, I should not be displeas'd myself to know such Trifles, when they concern or characterise any eminent Person. The wisest and wittiest of Men are seldom wiser

or

or wittier than others in these sober Moments. At least our Friend ended much in the Character he had liv'd in, and *Horace's* Rule for a Play may as well be apply'd to him as a Playwright :

— *servetur ad imum*
Qualis ab inceptu processerit, & sibi constet.

I am, &c.

To the same.

February 10, 1715-16.

Dear Sir,

I Am just return'd from the Country, whither Mr *Rowe* accompanied me, and pass'd a Week in the Forest. I need not tell you how much a Man of his Turn entertain'd me ; but I must acquaint you there is a Vivacity and Gaiety of Disposition almost peculiar to him, which make it impossible to part from him without that Uneasiness which generally succeeds all our Pleasures. I have been just taking a solitary Walk by Moon-shine, full of Reflexions on the transitory Nature of all human Delights ; and giving my Thoughts a loose in the Contemplation of those Satisfaction which probably we may hereafter taste in the Company of separate Spirits, when we shall range the Walks above, and perhaps gaze on this World at as vast a Distance as we now do on those Worlds. The Pleasures we are to enjoy in that Conversation must undoubtedly be of a nobler kind, and (not unlikely)

may proceed from the Discoveries each shall communicate to another, of God and of Nature : for the Happiness of Minds can surely be nothing but Knowledge.

The highest Gratification we receive from Company is *Mirth*, which at the best is but a fluttering unquiet Motion, that beats about the Breast for a few Moments, and after leaves it void and empty.

Keeping good Company, even the best, is but a less shameful Art of losing Time.

What we here call *Science* and *Study*, are little better. The greater Number of Arts to which we apply ourselves are meer groping in the Dark ; and even the Search of our most important Concerns in a future being, is but a needless, anxious, and uncertain Haste to be knowing sooner than we can, what without all this Sollicitude we shall know a little later. We are but *Curious Impertinents* in the Case of Futurity. 'Tis not our Business to be guessing what the State of Souls shall be, but to be doing what may make our own State happy : We cannot be Knowing, but we can be Virtuous.

If this be my Notion of a great part of that high Science, Divinity ; you will be so civil as to imagine I lay no mighty stress upon the rest. Even of my darling Poetry I really make no other Use, than Horfes of the Bells that gingle about their Ears (tho' now and then they toss their Heads as if they were proud of 'em) only to jogg on a little more merrily.

Your Observations on the narrow Conceptions of Mankind in the Point of Friendship, confirm me in what I was so fortunate as at my first Knowledge of you to hope, and since so amply to experience. Let me take so much decent Pride and Dignity upon me, as to tell you, that but for Opinions like these,

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these, which I discover'd in your Mind, I had never made the Trial I have done ; which has succeeded so much to mine, and I believe not less to your Satisfaction : For if I know you right, your Pleasure is greater in obliging me, than I can feel on my part, till it falls in my Power to oblige you.

Your Remark, that the Variety of Opinion in Politics or Religion is often rather a Gratification than Objection to People, who have Sense enough to consider the beautiful Order of Nature in her Variations, makes me think you have not construed *Joannes Secundus* wrong, in the Verse which preceeds that which you quote : *Bene nota Fides*, as I take it, does no ways signify the Roman Catholic Religion, though *Secundus* was of it. I think it was a generous Thought, and one that flow'd from an exalted Mind, that it was not improbable but God might be delighted with the various Methods of worshipping him, which divided the whole World. I am pretty sure You and I should no more make good *Inquisitors* to the modern Tyrants in Faith, than we could have been qualify'd for *Lictors* to *Procrustes*, when he converted refractory Members with the Rack. In a Word, I can only repeat to you what I think I have formerly said, that I as little fear God will damn a Man who has Charity, as I hope that any Priest can save him without it.

I am, &c.

To the same.

March 20, 1715-16.

Dear Sir,

I Find that a real Concern is not only a Hindrance to Speaking, but to Writing too. The more time we give ourselves to think over one's own, or a Friend's Unhappiness, the more unable we grow to express the Grief that proceeds from it. It is as natural to delay a Letter at such a Season as this, as to retard a melancholy Visit to a Person one cannot relieve. One is ashamed in that Circumstance, to pretend to entertain People with trifling, insignificant Affectations of Sorrow on the one Hand, or unseasonable and forced Gaieties on the other. 'Tis a kind of Profanation of things sacred, to treat so solemn a Matter as a generous voluntary Suffering, with Compliments or, Heroic Gallantries. Such a Mind as your's has no need of being spirited up into Honour, or like a weak Woman, praised into an Opinion of it's own Virtue. 'Tis enough to do and suffer what we ought; and Men should know, that the noble Power of Suffering bravely is as far above that of enterprizing greatly, as an unblemish'd Conscience and inflexible Resolution are above an accidental Flow of Spirits, or a sudden Tide of Blood. If the whole religious Business of Mankind be included in Resignation to our Maker, and Charity to our Fellow-Creatures; there are now some People who give us the Opportunity of affording as bright an Example in practising the one, as themselves have given an infamous Instance of the Violation of the other.

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Whoever is really brave, has always this Comfort when he is oppress'd, that he knows himself to be superior to those who injure him : For the greatest Power on Earth can no sooner do him that Injury, but the brave Man can make himself greater by forgiving it.

If it were generous to seek for alleviating Consolations in a Calamity of so much Glory, one might say that to be ruin'd thus in the Gross, with a whole People, is but like perishing in the general Conflagration, where nothing we can value is left behind us.

Methinks in our present Condition, the most heroic thing we are left capable of doing, is to endeavour to lighten each other's Load, and (oppress'd as we are) to succour such as are yet more oppress'd. If there are too many who cannot be assisted but by what we cannot give, our Money ; there are yet others who may be reliev'd by our Counsel, by our Countenance, and even by our Chearfulness. The Misfortunes of private Families, the Misunderstandings of People whom Distresses make suspicious, the Coldnesses of Relations whom Change of Religion may dis-unite, or the Necessities of half-ruin'd Estates render unkind to each other ; these at least may be soften'd into some Degrees, by a general well-manag'd Humanity among ourselves, if all those who have your Principles of Belief, had also your Sense and Conduct. But indeed most of 'em have given lamentable * Proofs of the contrary ; and 'tis to be apprehended that they who want Sense, are only religious through Weakness, and good-natur'd thro' Shame. These are narrow-minded Creatures that never deal in Essentials ; their Faith never looks beyond Ceremonials, nor their

* This was written in the Year of the Affair of Preston.

Charity beyond Relations. As poor as I am, I would gladly relieve any distressed, conscientious *French* Refugee at this Instant; what must my Concern then be, when I perceive so many Anxieties now tearing those Hearts, which I have desired a place in; and Clouds of Melancholy rising on those Faces, which I have long look'd upon with Affection? I begin already to feel both what some apprehend, and what others are yet too stupid to apprehend. I grieve with the Old, for so many additional Inconveniencies, and Chagrins, more than their small Remain of Life seem'd destin'd to undergo; and with the Young, for so many of those Gayeties and Pleasures (the Portion of Youth) which they will by this means be depriv'd of. This brings into my Mind one or other of those I love best, and among them the Widow and Fatherless, late of ——— As I am certain no People living had an earlier and truer Sense of other Misfortunes, or a more generous Resignation as to what might be their own; so I earnestly wish, that whatever part they must bear, may be render'd as supportable to them, as it is in the power of any Friend to make it.

But I know you have prevented me in this Thought, as you always will in any thing that's good, or generous: I find by a Letter of your Lady's (which I have seen) that their Ease and Tranquillity is part of your Care. I believe there's some Fatality in it, that you should always, from time to time, be doing those particular things that make me enamour'd of you.

I write this from *Windsor* Forest, 'of which I am come to take my last look. We here bid our Neighbours adieu, much as those who go to be hang'd do their Fellow-Prisoners, who are
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condemn'd to follow them a few Weeks after. I parted from honest Mr D—— with Tender-ness ; and from old Sir *William Trumbull* as from a venerable Prophet, foretelling with lifted Hands the Miseries to come, from which he is just going to be remov'd himself.

Perhaps, now I have learnt so far as

— *Nos Dulcia linquimus arva,*

My next Lesson may be

Nos Patriam fugimus ———

Let that, and all else be as Heaven pleases ! I have provided just enough to keep me a Man of Honour. I believe you and I shall never be ashamed of each other. I know I wish my Country well ; and if it undoes me, it shall not make me wish it otherwise.

To the same.

June 22, 1716.

Dear Sir,

IF a Regard both to public and private Affairs may plead a lawful Excuse in Behalf of a negligent Correspondent, I have really a very good Title to it. I cannot say whether 'tis a Felicity or Unhappiness, that I am obliged at this time to give up my whole Application to *Homer*; when without that Employment, my Thoughts must turn upon what is less agreeable, the Violence, Madness, and Resentment, of modern War-makers, which are likely to prove (to some People at least) more fatal, than the same Qualities in *Achilles* did to his unfortunate Countrymen.

Tho' the Change of my Scene of Life from *Windsor Forest* to the side of the *Thames* be one of the grand *Æra's* of my Days, and may be called a notable Period in so inconsiderable a History; yet you can scarce imagine any Hero passing from one Stage of Life to another with so much Tranquillity, so easy a Transition, and so laudable a Behaviour. I am become so truly a Citizen of the World (according to *Plato's* Expression) that I look with equal Indifference on what I have lost, and on what I have gained. The Times and Amusements past are not more like a Dream to me, than those which are present: I lie in a refreshing kind of Inaction, and have one Comfort at least from Obscurity, that the *Darkness* helps me to sleep the better. I now and then reflect upon the Enjoyment of my Friends, whom I fancy I remember
much

much as separate Spirits do us, at tender Intervals, neither interrupting their own Employments, nor altogether careless of ours; but, in general, constantly wishing us well, and hoping to have us one Day in their Company.

To grow indifferent to the World is to grow Philosophical, or Religious; (whichsoever of those Turns we chance to take) and indeed the World is such a thing as one that thinks pretty much, must either laugh at, or be angry with: But if we laugh at it, they say we are proud; and if we are angry with it, they say we are ill-natur'd. So the most politic way is to seem always better pleas'd than one can be, greater Admirers, a greater Lovers, and in short greater Fools, than we really are: So shall we live comfortably with our Families, quietly with our Neighbours, favour'd by our Masters, and happy with our Mistresses. I have fill'd my Paper, and so adieu.

To the same.

Sept. 8. 1717.

Dear Sir,

I Think your leaving *England* was like a good Man's leaving the World, with the blessed Conscience of having acted well in it: and I hope you have received your Reward, in being happy where you are. I believe, in the Religious Country you now inhabit, you'll be better pleas'd to find I consider you in this light, than if I compared you to those *Greeks* and *Romans*, whose Constancy in suffering

fering Pain, and whose Resolution in pursuit of a generous End, you would rather imitate than boast of.

But I had a melancholy hint the other day, as if you were yet a Martyr to the Fatigue your Virtue made you undergo on this side the Water. I beg if your Health be restored to you, not to deny me the Joy of knowing it. Your Endeavours of Service and good Advices to the poor Papists, put me in mind of *Noah's* preaching forty Years to those Follies that were to be drowned at last. At the worst I heartily wish your Ark may find an *Ararat*, and the Wife and Family (the Hopes of the good Patriarch) land safely after the Deluge upon the Shore of *Edness*.

If I durst mix prophane with sacred History, I would chear you with the old Tale of *Brutus* the wandering Trojan, who found on that very Coast, the happy End of his Peregrinations and Adventures.

I have very lately read *Jeffery* of *Monmouth* (to whom your *Cornwall* is not a little beholden) in the Translation of a Clergyman in my Neighbourhood. The poor Man is highly concern'd to vindicate *Jeffery's* Veracity as an Historian; and told me he was perfectly astonish'd, we of the *Roman* Communion could doubt of the Legends of his Giants, while we believ'd those of our Saints? I am forced to make a fair Composition with him; and by crediting some of the Wonders of *Corinaeus* and *Gogmagog*, have brought him so far already, that he speaks respectfully of *St. Christopher's* carrying Christ, and the Resuscitation of *St. Nicholas Tolentine's* Chickens. Thus we proceed apace in converting each other from all manner of Infidelity.

Ajax and *Hector* are no more, compared to *Corinaeus* and *Arthur*, than the *Guelphs* and *Ghibellines* were

were to the *Mobacks* of ever-dreadful Memory. This amazing Writer has made me lay aside *Homer* for a Week, and when I take him up again, I shall be very well prepared to translate with belief and reverence the Speech of *Achilles's* Horse.

You'll excuse all this Trifling, or any thing else which prevents a Sheet full of Compliment; and believe there is nothing more true (even more true than any thing in *Jeffery* is false) than that I have a constant Affection for you, and am, &c.

P. S. I know you will take part in rejoycing for the Victory of Prince *Eugene* over the *Turks*, in the Zeal you bear to the Christian Interest; tho' your Cousin of *Oxford* (with whom I dined yesterday) says, there is no other difference in the Christians beating the *Turks*, or the *Turks* beating the Christians, than whether the Emperor shall first declare War against *Spain*, or *Spain* declare it against the Emperor. I must add another Apophthegm of the same noble Earl. It was the Saying of a Politic Prince, "Time and he would get the better of any two others": To which Lord *Oxford* made this Answer:

*Time and I 'gainst any two?
Chance and I 'gainst Time and you.*

To the same.

Nov. 27, 1717.

Dear Sir,

THE Question you propos'd to me is what at present I am the most unfit Man in the World to answer, by my Loss of one of the best of Fathers.

He had liv'd in such a Course of Temperance as was enough to make the longest Life agreeable to him, and in such a Course of Piety as suffic'd to make the most sudden Death so also. Sudden indeed it was: However, I heartily beg of God to give me such an one, provided I can lead such a Life. I leave him to the Mercy of God, and to the Piety of a Religion that extends beyond the Grave: *Si qua est ea cura, &c.*

He has left me to the ticklish Management of a narrow Fortune, where every false Step is dangerous. My Mother is in that dispirited State of Resignation, which is the effect of long Life, and the Loss of what is dear to us. We are really each of us in want of a Friend of such an humane Turn as yourself, to make almost any thing desirable to us. I feel your Absence more than ever, at the same time I can less express my Regards to you than ever; and shall make this, which is the most sincere Letter I ever writ to you, the shortest and faintest perhaps of any you have receiv'd. 'Tis enough if you reflect, that barely to remember any Person, when one's Mind is taken up with a sensible Sorrow, is a great degree of Friendship. I can say no more but that I love you, and all that are your's; and that I wish it may be very long before any of your's
shall

shall feel for you, what I now feel for my Father.
Adieu.

To the same.

Rentcomb in Gloucestershire, Oct. 3. 1721.

Dear Sir,

YOUR kind Letter has overtaken me here, for I have been in and about this Country ever since your departure. I am pleas'd to date this from a Place so well known to Mrs *Blount*, where I write as if I were dictated by her Ancestors, whose Faces are all upon me. I fear none so much as Sir *Christopher Guise*, who being in his Shirt, seems as ready to combat me, as her own Sir *John* was to demolish Duke *Lancaster*. I dare say your Lady will recollect his Figure. I look'd upon the Mansion, Walls, and Terraces; the Plantations, and Slopes, which Nature has made to Command a variety of Valleys and rising Woods, with a Veneration mixt with a Pleasure, that represented her to me in those puerile Amusements, which engaged her so many Years ago in this Place. I fancy'd I saw her sober over a Sampler, or gay over a joint-ed Baby. I dare say she did one thing more, even in those early Times, *remember'd her Creator in the Days of her Youth.*

You describe so well your Hermitical state of Life, that none of the antient Anchorites could go beyond you for a Cave in a Rock with a fine Spring, or any of the Accomodations that besit a Solitary. Only I don't remember to have read, that any of those venerable and holy Personages took with them a Lady, and begat Sons and Daughters. You must
modestly

modestly be content to be accounted a Patriarch. But were you a little younger, I should rather rank you with Sir *Amadis*, and his Fellows. If Piety be so Romantic, I shall turn Hermit in good earnest; for I see one may go so far as to be Poetical, and hope to save one's Soul at the same time. I really wish myself something more, that is, a Prophet; for I wish I were as *Hubakkuk*, to be taken by the Hair of the Head, and visit *Daniel* in his Den. You are very obliging in saying, I have now a whole Family upon my Hands, to whom to discharge the Part of a Friend. I assure you I like 'em all so well, that I will never quit my Hereditary Right to them: You have made me your's, and consequently them mine. I still see them walking on my Green at *Twickenham*, and gratefully remember (not only their green Gowns) but the Instructions they gave me how to slide down and trip up the steepest Slopes of my Mount.

Pray think of me sometimes, as I shall often of you; and know me for what I am, that is,

Yours.



To the same.

Twickenham, Oct. 21. 1721.

Dear Sir,

YOUR very kind and obliging manner of enquiring after me, among the first Concerns of Life, at your Resuscitation, should have been sooner answer'd and acknowledg'd. I sincerely rejoice at your recovery from an Illness which gave me less Pain than it did you, only from my Ignorance of it. I should have else been seriously and deeply affected in the Thought of your Danger by a Fever. I think it a fine and natural Thought, which I lately read in a private Letter of *Montaigne*, giving an account of the last Words of an intimate Friend of his: "Adieu my Friend! the Pain I feel will soon be over; but I grieve for that you are to feel, which is to last you for Life."

I join with your Family in giving God thanks for lending us a worthy Man somewhat longer. The Comforts you receive from their Attendance put me in mind of what old *Fletcher* of *Saltaune* said one Day to me: "Alas, I have nothing to do but to die: I am a poor Individual; no Creature to wish or to fear for my Life or Death: 'Tis the only reason I have to repent being a single Man; now I grow old, I am like a Tree without a Prop, and without young Trees of my own shedding to grow round me for Company and Defence".

I hope the Gout will soon go after the Fever, and all evil Things remove far from you. But pray tell me, when will you move towards us? If you had an Interval to get hither, I care not what fixes you afterwards, except the Gout. Pray come, and never stir from us again. Do away your dirty Acres,

Acres, cast 'em to dirty People, such as in the Scripture-Phrase *possess the Land*. Shake off your Earth like the noble Animal in *Milton*.

*The tawny Lyon, pawing to get free
His hinder Parts, he springs as broke from Bonds,
And rampant shakes his brinded Main: the Ounce,
The Lizard, and the Tyger, as the Mole
Rising, the crumbled Earth above them throw
In Hillocks.*

But I believe *Milton* never thought, these fine Verses of his should be apply'd to a Man selling a parcel of dirty Acres; tho' in the main I think it may have some resemblance; for God knows, this little Space of Ground nourishes, buries, and confines us, as that of *Eden* did those Creatures, till we can shake it loose, at least in our Affections and Desires.

Believe, dear Sir, I truly love and value you: Let Mrs *Blount* know that she is in the List of my *Memento Domine's Famulorum Famularumque's*, &c. My poor Mother is far from well, declining; and I am watching over her, as we watch an expiring Taper, that even when it looks brightest, wastes fastest. I am (as you will see from the whole Air of this Letter) not in the gayest nor easiest Humour, but always with Sincerity,

Dear Sir,

Yours.

To the same.

June 27, 1723.

Dear Sir,

YOU may truly do me the Justice to think no man is more your sincere Well-wisher than myself, or more the sincere Well-wisher of your whole Family; with all which, I cannot deny but I have a mixture of Envy to you all, for loving one another so well; and for enjoying the sweets of that life, which can only be tasted by People of good will.

*They from all Shades the Darkneſs can exclude,
And from a Deſart baniſh Solitude.*

Torbay is a Paradise, and a Storm is but an Amusement to such People. If you drink Tea upon a Promontory that overhangs the Sea, it is preferable to an Assembly; and the whistling of the Wind better Music to contented and loving Minds, than the Opera to the Spleenful, Ambitious, Disſeas'd, Diſtaſted, and Diſtracted Souls, which this World affords: nay, this World affords no other. Happy they! who are baniſh'd from us; but happier they, who can baniſh themselves, or more properly, baniſh the World from them!

Alas! I live at *Twickenham*;

I take that Period to be very ſumblime, and to include more than a hundred Sentences that might be writ to expreſs Diſtraction, Hurry, Multiplication of Nothings, and all the fatiguing perpetual Buſineſs of having no Buſineſs to do. You'll wonder

der I reckon translating the *Odyſſey* as nothing. But whenever I think ſeriously (and of late I have met with ſo many Occaſions of thinking ſeriously, that I begin never to think otherwiſe) I cannot but think theſe things very idle; as idle, as if a Beaſt of Burden ſhould go on jingling his Bells, without bearing any thing valuable about him, or ever ſerving his Maſter.

*Life's vain Amuſements, amidſt which we dwell;
Not weigh'd, or underſtood by the grim God of Hell!*

Said a Heathen Poet, as he is translated, by a Chriſtian Biſhop, who has, firſt by his Exhortations, and ſince by his Example, taught me to *think* as becomes a Reſonable Creature. — But he is gone! He carry'd away more Learning, than is left in this Nation behind him; but he left us more in the noble Example of bearing Calamity well. 'Tis true, we want Literature very much; but pray God we don't want Patience more! if theſe Precedents are to prevail.

I remember I promis'd to write to you, as ſoon as I ſhould hear you were got home. You muſt look on this as the firſt Day I've been myſelf, and paſs over the Mad Interval un-imputed to me. How punctual a Correoſpondent I ſhall hence-forward be able, or not able, to be, God knows; but he knows I ſhall ever be a punctual and grateful Friend, and all the good Wiſhes of ſuch an one will ever attend you.

To the same.

Dear Sir,

June 2, 1725.

YOU shew your self a just Man and a Friend in those Gueſſes and Suppoſitions you make at the poſſible reaſons of my Silence, every one of which is a true one. As to forgetfulneſs of you or your's, I aſſure you, the promiſcuous Converſations of the Town ſerve only to put me in mind of better, and more quiet, to be had in a Corner of the World (undifturb'd, innocent, ſerene, and ſenſible) with ſuch as you. Let no Acceſs of any Diſtruſt make you think of me differently in a cloudy day, from what you do in the moſt ſun-ſhiny Weather. Let the young Ladies be aſſured I make nothing new in my Gardens without wiſhing to ſee the Print of their Fairy Steps in every part of 'em. I have put the laſt Hand to my Works of this kind, in happily finiſhing the ſubterraneous Way and Grotto. I there found a Spring of the cleareſt Water, which falls in a perpetual Rill, that ecchoes thro' the Cavern day and night. From the River Thames you ſee thro' my Arch up a Walk of the Wilderneſs to a kind of open Temple, wholly compos'd of Shells in the Ruſtic Manner; and from that diſtance under the Temple you look down thro' a ſloping Arcade of Trees, and ſee the Sails on the River paſſing ſuddenly and vaniſhing, as thro' a Perſpective Glaſs. When you ſhut the Doors of this Grotto, it becomes, on the inſtant, from a luminous Room, a *Camera obſcura*; on the Walls of which all the Objects of the River, Hills, Woods, and Boats, are forming a moving Picture in their viſible Radiations: And when you have a mind to light it up, it affords you a very different Scene: it is finiſhed with Shells interſperſed with Pieces of Looking-

Looking-Glass in angular Forms ; and in the Ceiling is a Star of the same Material, at which when a Lamp (of an orbicular Figure of thin Alabaster) is hung in the middle, a thousand pointed Rays glitter and are reflected over the Place. There are connected to this Grotto by a narrower Passage two Porches with Niches and Seats ; one toward the River, of smooth Stones, full of Light, and open ; the other toward the Arch of Trees, rough with Shells, Flints, and Iron Ore. The Bottom is paved with simple Pebble, as the adjoining Walk up the Wilderness to the Temple, is to be Cockleshells, in the natural Taste, agreeing not ill with the little dripping Murmur, and the Aquatic Idea of the whole Place. It wants nothing to complete it but a good Statue with an Inscription, like that beautiful antique one which you know I am so fond of :

*Hujus Nympha loci, sacri custodia fontis
Dormio, dum blandæ sentio murmur aquæ.
Parce meum, quisquis tangis cava marmora, somnum
Rumpere ; seu bibas, sive lavere, tace.*

Nymph of the Grot, these sacred Springs I keep,
And to the Murmur of these Waters sleep.
Whoe'er thou art, ah gently tread the Cave,
Ah bathe in silence, or in silence lave.

You'll think I have been very poetical in this Description, but it is pretty near the Truth. I wish you were here to bear Testimony how little it owes to Art, either the Place itself, or the Image I give of it.

I am, &c.

To

To the same.

Dear Sir,

Sept. 13, 1725.

I Should be asham'd to own the receipt of a very kind Letter from you, two whole Months from the date of this; if I were not more asham'd to tell a Lye, or to make an Excuse, which is worse than a Lye (for being built upon some probable Circumstance, it makes use of a degree of Truth to falsify with: It is a *Lye Guarded*). Your Letter has been in my Pocket in constant wearing, till that, and the Pocket, and the Suit, are worn out; by which means, I have read it forty times, and I find by so doing, that I have not enough consider'd, and reflected upon many others you have oblig'd me with; for true Friendship, as they say of good Writing, will bear reviewing a thousand times, and still discover new Beauties.

I have had a Fever, a short one, but a violent: I am now well. So it shall take up no more of this Paper.

I begin now to expect you in Town, to make the Winter to come more tolerable to us both. The Summer is a kind of Heaven, when we wander in a Paradisaical Scene of Nature among Groves and Gardens; but at this Season, we are like our poor first Parents turn'd out of that agreeable tho' solitary life, and forc'd to look about for more people to help to bear our labours, to get into warmer Houses, and hive together in Cities.

I hope you are long since perfectly restor'd, and risen from your Gout, happy in the delights of a contented Family, smiling at Storms, laughing at Greatness, and merry over a Christmas-fire, exercising all the Functions of an old Patriarch in Charity and Hospitality. I will not tell Mrs B. what

I think

I think she is doing, for I conclude it is her opinion, that he only ought to know it for whom it is done; and she will allow herself to be far enough advanc'd above a fine Lady, not to desire to shine before Men.

Your Daughters perhaps may have some other Thoughts, which even their Mother must excuse them for, because she is a Mother. I will not however suppose those Thoughts get the better of their Devotions, but rather excite 'em, and assist the warmth of them; while their Prayer may be, that they may raise up and breed as irreproachable a young Family as their Parents have done. In a Word, I fancy you all well, easy, and happy, just as I wish you; and next to that I wish you all with me.

Next to God, is a good Man: Next in dignity, and next in value. *Minuiste eum paullo minus ab Angelis.* If therefore I wish well to the good and the deserving, and desire They only shou'd be my Companions and Correspondents; I must very soon, and very much think of you. I want your Company, and your Example. Pray make haste to Town, so as not again to leave us. Discharge the Load of Earth that lies on you, like one of the Mountains under which the Poets say the Giants (that is, the *Men of the Earth*) are whelmed. Leave Earth to the Sons of Earth: your conversation is in Heaven. Which that it may be accomplish'd in us all, is the Prayer of him who maketh this short Sermon. Value (to you) Three Pence. Adieu.

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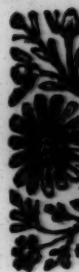
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The Right Honourable
CHARLES late Earl of HALIFAX



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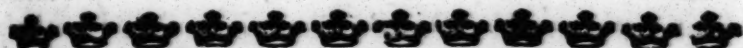
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LETTERS

OF

*Sir WILLIAM TRUMBULL,
Mr STEELE, Mr ADDISON, and
Mr POPE. From 1711, to 1715.*



* *Sir WILLIAM TRUMBULL to
Mr POPE.*



HAVE this moment receiv'd the Favour of your's of the 8th Instant; and will make you a true Excuse, (tho' perhaps no very good one) that I deferr'd the troubling you with a Letter, when I sent back your Papers, in hopes of seeing you at *Binfield* before this time. If I had met with any Fault in your performance, I should freely now (as I have done too presumptuously in conversation with you) tell you my Opinion; which I have frequently ventur'd to give you, rather in compliance with your Desires, than that I could think

* Secretary of State to King *William* the Third.

it reasonable. For I am not yet satisfy'd upon what Grounds I can pretend to judge of Poetry, who never have been practis'd in the Art. There may possibly be some happy Genius's, who may judge of some of the natural Beauties of a Poem, as a Man may of the Proportions of a Building, without having read *Vitruvius*, or knowing any thing of the Rules of Architecture: But this, tho' it may sometimes be in the right, must be subject to many Mistakes, and is certainly but a superficial Knowledge; without entring into the Art, the Methods, and the particular Excellencies of the whole Composure, in all the parts of it.

Besides my want of Skill, I have another Reason why I ought to suspect myself, by reason of the great Affection I have for you, which might give too much bias, to be kind to every thing that comes from you; but after all, I must say (and I do it with an old-fashion'd Sincerity) that I entirely approve of your Translation of those pieces of *Homer*, both as to the Versification and the true Sense that shines thro' the whole; nay, I am confirm'd in my former Application to you, and give me leave to renew it upon this occasion, that you wou'd proceed in translating that incomparable Poet, to make him speak good *English*, to dress his admirable Characters in your proper, significant, and expressive Conceptions, and to make his Works as useful and instructive to this degenerate Age, as he was to our Friend *Horace*, when he read him at *Præneste*, *Qui, quid sit pulchrum, quid turpe, quid utile, quid non, &c.* I break off with that *quid non?* with which I confess I am charm'd.

Upon the whole matter, I entreat you to send this presently to be added to the Miscellanies, and I hope it will come time enough for that purpose.

I have nothing to say of my Nephew *B's* Observations, for he sent them to me so late, that I had

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not time to consider them; I dare say he endeavour'd very faithfully (tho' he told me very hastily) to execute your Commands.

All I can add, is, that if your Excess of Modesty shou'd hinder you from publishing this Essay, I shall only be sorry that I have no more Credit with you, to persuade you to oblige the Public, and very particularly, dear Sir,

Your most faithful,

April 9, 1708.

humble Servant,

W. TRUMBULL.

Mr POPE to the Hon. J. C. Esq;

JUNE 15, 1711.

SEND you *Dennis's* Remarks on the * *Essay*, which equally abound in just Criticisms and fine Railleries: The few Observations in my hand in the Margins, are what a Morning's Leisure permitted me to make, purely for your Perusal. For I am of opinion, that such a Critic as you will find him by the latter part of his Book, is but one way to be properly answer'd; and that way I wou'd not take after what he informs me in his Preface, that he is at this time persecuted by Fortune. This I knew not before; if I had, his Name had been spar'd in the *Essay*, for that only Reason. I can't conceive what Ground he has for so excessive a Resentment; nor imagine how those † three Lines can be call'd a Reflection on his *Person*, which only describe him.

* On Criticism.

† But *Appius* rends at each word you speak,
And stares tremendous with a threatening Eye,
Like some fierce Tyrant in old Tapestry.

subject a little to Anger on some Occasions. I have heard of Combatants so very furious, as to fall down themselves with that very Blow which they design'd to lay heavy on their Antagonists. But if Mr *Dennis's* Rage proceeds only from a Zeal to discourage young and unexperienc'd Writers from scribbling, he shou'd frighten us with his Verse not Prose: For I have often known, that when all the Precepts in the World would not reclaim a Sinner, some very sad Example has done the Business*. Yet to give this Man his due, he has objected to one or two Lines with Reason, and I will alter 'em in Case of another Edition; I will make my Enemy do me a Kindness where he meant an Injury, and so serve instead of a Friend. What he observes at the Bottom of Page 20th of his Reflections, was objected to by yourself, and had been mended but for the Hastē of the Press: 'Tis right *Hibernian*, and I confess it what the *English* call a *Bull* in the Expression, though the Sense be manifest enough: Mr *Dennis's* Bulls are seldom in the Expression, they are always in the Sense.

I shall certainly never make the least Reply to him, not only because you advise me, but because I have ever been of Opinion, that if a Book can't answer for itself to the Public, 'tis to no sort of Purpose for it's Author to do it. If I am wrong in any Sentiment of that *Essay*, I protest sincerely, I don't desire all the World should be deceiv'd (which wou'd be of very ill Consequence) meerly that I myself may be thought right (which is of very little Consequence). I'd be the first to recant, for the Benefit of others, and the Glory of myself; for (as I take it) when a Man owns himself to have been in an Error, he does but tell you in other Words, that he is wiser than he was. But I have

* This Thought we find afterwards put into Verse in the *Dunciad*, Book I.

had an Advantage by the publishing that Book of D——'s, which I otherwise should never have known: It has been the Occasion of making me Friends, and open Abettors, of several Gentlemen of known Sense and Wit; and of proving to me what I have till now doubted, that my Writings are taken some Notice of by the World in general, or I should never be attack'd thus in particular. I have read that 'twas a Custom among the *Romans*, while a General rode in Triumph, to have common Soldiers in the Streets that rail'd at him and reproach'd him; to put him in mind, that though his Services were in the main approved and rewarded, yet he had Faults enough to keep him humble.

You will see by this, that whoever sets up for Wit in these Days, ought to have the Constancy of a Primitive Christian, and be prepar'd to suffer Martyrdom in the Cause of it. But sure this is the first Time that a Wit was attack'd for his Religion, as you'll find I am most zealously in this Treatise: And you know, Sir, what Alarms I have had from the *opposite Side on this Account. Have I not Reason to cry out, with the poor Fellow in *Virgil*,

— — *quid jam misero mihi denique restat!*
Cui neque apud Danaos usquam locus: insuper ipsi
Dardanidæ infensi pœnas cum sanguine poscunt.

'Tis however my Happiness that you, Sir, are impartial,

Jove was alike to Latian and to Phrygian,
For you well know, that Wit's of no Religion.

The manner in which Mr D. takes to pieces several particular Lines, detach'd from their natural Places, may shew how easy it is, to a Caviller, to give a new Sense, or a new Nonsense, to any Thing.

* See the ensuing Letters.

And indeed his Constructions are not more wrested from the genuine Meaning, than theirs who objected to the heterodox Parts, as they call'd 'em.

Our Friend the Abbé is not of that sort, who with the utmost Candour and Freedom, has modestly told me what others thought, and shewn himself one (as he very well expresses it) rather of a Number than a Party. The only Difference between us in Relation to the Monks, is, that he thinks most sorts of Learning flourish'd among 'em, and I am of Opinion, that only some sort of Learning was barely kept alive by 'em: He believes, that in the most natural and obvious Sense, that Line (*A second Deluge Learning over-run*) will be understood of Learning in general; and I fancy 'twill be understood only (as 'tis meant) of polite Learning, Criticism, Poetry, &c. which is the only Learning concern'd in the Subject of the *Essay*. It is true, that the *Monks* did preserve what Learning there was, about *Nicholas* the Fifth's Time; but those who succeeded fell into the Depth of Barbarism, or at least stood at a Stay while others rose from thence; insomuch, that even *Erasmus* and *Reuchlin* could hardly laugh them out of it. I am highly oblig'd to the *Abbé's* Zeal in my Commendation, and Goodness in not concealing what he thinks my Error. And his testifying some Esteem for the Book, just at a Time when his Brethren rais'd a Clamour against it, is an Instance of great Generosity and Candour, which I shall ever acknowledge.

Yours, &c.

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To the same.

JUNE 18, 1711.

IN your last you inform'd me of the mistaken Zeal of some People, who seem to make it no less their Business to persuade Men they are erroneous, than Doctors do that they are sick; only that they may magnify their own Cure, and triumph over an imaginary Distemper. The Simile objected to in my *Essay*,

(Thus Wit, like Faith, by each Man is apply'd
To one small Sect, and all are damn'd beside.)

plainly concludes at this second Line, where stands a full Stop: And what follows (*Meanly they seek, &c.*) speaks only of *Wit*, (which is meant by *that Blessing*, and *that Sun*) for how can the Sun of *Faith* be said to *sublime the Southern Wits*, and to *ripen the Genius's of Northern Climates*? I fear these Gentlemen understand Grammar as little as they do Criticism; and perhaps out of good Nature to the Monks, are willing to take from 'em the Censure of Ignorance, and to have it to themselves. The Word *They* refers (as I am sure I meant, and as I thought every one must have known) to those Critics there spoken of, who are partial to some particular Set of Writers, to the Prejudice of all others. And the very Simile itself, if twice read, may convince them, that the Censure here of damning, lies not on our Church at all, unless they call our Church *one small Sect*: And the cautious Words, (*by each Man*) manifestly show it a general Reflection on all such (whoever they are) who entertain those narrow and limited Notions of the Mercy of the Almighty; which the Reform'd Ministers

and Presbyterians are as guilty of as any People living.

Yet after all, I promise you, Sir, if the Alteration of a Word or two will gratify any Man of sound Faith though weak Understanding, I will (though it were from no other Principle than that of common good Nature) comply with it. And if you please but to particularize the Spot where their Objection lies, (for it is in a very narrow Compass) that Stumbling-Block, though it be but a little Pebble, shall be removed out of their way. If the Heat of these good Disputants (who, I am afraid, being bred up to wrangle in the Schools, cannot get rid of the Humour all their Lives) shou'd proceed so far as to personal Reflections upon me, I assure you notwithstanding I will do, or say nothing, however provok'd (for some People can no more provoke than oblige) that is unbecoming the Character of a true Catholic. I will set before me the Example of that great Man, and great Saint, *Erasmus*; who, in the midst of Calumny, proceeded with all the Calmness of Innocence, and the unrevenging Spirit of primitive Christianity. However I wou'd advise them to suffer the mention of *him* to pass unregarded, lest I should be forc'd to do that for his Reputation, which I wou'd never do for my own; I mean, to vindicate so great a Light of our Church from the Malice of past Times, and the Ignorance of the present, in a Language which may extend farther than that in which the Trifle about Criticism is written. I wish these Gentlemen wou'd be contented with finding fault with me only, who will submit to 'em right or wrong, as far as I only am concern'd; I have a greater Regard to the quiet of Mankind than to disturb it for Things of so little Consequence as my Credit and my Sense. A little Humility can do a Poet no hurt, and a little Charity wou'd do a Priest none: For, as St *Austin* finely

finely says, *Ubi Charitas, ibi Humilitas; ubi Humilitas, ibi Pax.*

Your's, &c.

To the same.

JULY 19, 1711.

THE Concern which you more than seem to be affected with for my Reputation, by the several Accounts you have so obligingly given of what Reports and Censures the holy *Vandals* have thought fit to pass upon me, makes me desirous of telling so good a Friend my whole Thoughts of this Matter; and of setting before you, in a clear Light, the true State of it.

I have ever believ'd the best Piece of Service one cou'd do to our Religion, was openly to express our Detestation and Scorn of all those mean Artifices and *Piæ fraudes*, which it stands so little in need of, and which have laid it under so great a Scandal among it's Enemies.

Nothing has been so much a Scarecrow to them, as that too peremptory and seemingly-uncharitable Assertion of an utter *Impossibility* of *Salvation* to all but ourselves; *invincible* Ignorance excepted, which indeed some People define under so great Limitations, and with such Exclusions, that it seems as if that Word were rather invented as a Salvo, or Expedient, not to be thought too bold with the Thunder-Bolts of God (which are hurl'd about so freely on almost all Mankind by the Hands of Ecclesiastics) than as a real Exception to almost-universal Damnation. For, besides the small Number of the truly faithful in our Church, we must again subdivide; the *Jansenist* is damped by the *Jesuit*, the *Jesuit* by

the *Jansenist*, the *Scotist* by the *Thomist*, and so forth.

There may be Errors I grant, but I can't think 'em of such Consequence as to destroy utterly the Charity of Mankind; the very greatest Bond in which we are engag'd by God to one another. Therefore I own to you, I was glad of any Opportunity to express my Dislike of so shocking a Sentiment as those of the Religion I profess are commonly charg'd with; and I hop'd, a slight Insinuation, introduc'd so easily by a casual Similitude only, cou'd never have given Offence; but on the contrary must needs have done good; in a Nation and Time, where we are the smaller Party, and consequently most misrepresented, and most in need of Vindication.

For the same Reason, I took Occasion to mention the *Superstition* of some Ages after the Subversion of the *Roman Empire*, which is too manifest a Truth to be deny'd, and does in no sort reflect upon the present Professors of our Faith who are free from it. Our Silence in these Points may with some Reason make our Adversaries think we allow and persist in those Bigottries; which yet in reality all good and sensible Men despise, though they are persuaded not to speak against 'em; I can't tell why, since now 'tis no way the Interest even of the worst of our Priesthood (as it might have been then) to have them smothered in Silence: For as the opposite Sects are now prevailing, 'tis too late to hinder our Church from being slander'd; 'tis our Business now to show it is slander'd unjustly, and to vindicate ourselves from being thought Abettors of what they charge us with. This can't so well be brought about with serious Faces; we must laugh with them at what deserves it; and then we need not doubt of being clear'd, ev'n in their Opinions.

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As to Particulars: You cannot but have observ'd that at first the whole Objection against the Simile of Wit and Faith lay to the Word *They*: When that was beyond Contradiction removed (the very Grammar serving to confute 'em), then the Objection lies against the *Simile itself*; or if that Simile will not be objected to (Sense and common Reason being indeed a little stubborn, and not apt to give way to every Body), next the mention of *Superstition* must become a Crime (as if *Religion* and she were Sisters, or that it were a Scandal upon the Family of *Christ*, to say a Word against the Devil's Bastard). Afterwards, more Mischief is discover'd in a Place that seem'd innocent at first, the two Lines about *Schismatics*, at the Bottom of Page 24. An ordinary Man wou'd imagine the Author plainly declar'd against those Schismatics, for quitting the true Faith out of Contempt of the Understanding of some few of it's Believers: But these Believers are call'd *Dull*, and because I say that *those Schismatics* think *some* Believers *dull*, therefore these charitable Interpreters of my meaning will have it, that *I* think *all* Believers *dull*. I was telling lately Mr — these Objections: Who assured me I had said nothing which a Catholic need to disown, and I have Cause to know that Gentleman's Fault (if he has any) is not want of Zeal: He put a Notion into my Head, which I confess I can't but perfectly acquiesce in; that when a Set of People are piqu'd at any Truth which they think to their own Disadvantage, their Method of Revenge on the Truth-Speaker is to attack his Reputation a By-way, and not openly to object to the Place they are really gall'd by: What these therefore (in his Opinion) are in Earnest angry at, is, that *Erasmus* whom their Tribe oppress'd and persecuted, shou'd be vindicated after an Age of Obloquy by one of their own People, willing to utter an honest Truth in Behalf of the Dead, whom

no Man sure will flatter, and to whom few will do justice. Others, you know, were as angry that I mention'd Mr *Walsh* with Honour; who as he never refused to any one of merit of any Party the Praise due to him, so honestly deserv'd it from all others, tho' of ever so different Interests or Sentiments. May I be ever guilty of this sort of Liberty, and Latitude of Principle! which gives us the Hardiness of speaking well of those whom Envy oppresses ev'n after Death. As I wou'd always speak well of my living Friends when they are absent, nay, because they are absent; so would I much more of the Dead, in that eternal Absence; and the rather, because I expect no Thanks for it.

Thus, Sir, you see I do in my Conscience persist in what I have written; yet in my Friendship I will recant and alter whatever you please, in case of a second Edition (which I think the Book will not so soon arrive at, for *Tonson's* Printer told me he drew off a thousand Copies in this first Impression, and I fancy a Treatise of this Nature, which not one Gentleman in threescore even of a liberal Education can understand, can hardly exceed the Vent of that Number). You shall find me a true Trojan in my Faith, and Friendship, in both which I will persevere to the End.

Your, &c.

*To General—— upon his having translated
into French Verse the Essay on Criticism.*

IF I could as well express, or (if you will allow me to say it) translate the Sentiments of my Heart, as you have done those of my Head, in your excellent Version of my Essay; I should not only
appear

appear the best Writer in the World, but what I much more desire to be thought, the most your Servant of any Man living. 'Tis an Advantage very rarely known, to receive at once a great Honour and a great Improvement. This, Sir, you have afforded me, having at the same Time made others take my Sense, and taught me to understand my own; if I may call that my own, which is indeed more properly your's: Your Verses are no more a Translation of mine, than *Virgil's* are of *Homer*, but are, like his, the justest Imitation, and the noblest Commentary.

In putting me into a *French* Dress, you have not only adorned my Outside, but mended my Shape; and if I am now a good Figure, I must consider you have naturaliz'd me into a Country which is famous for making every Man a fine Gentleman. It is by your means, that (contrary to most young Travellers) I am come back much better than I went out.

I cannot but wish we had a Bill of Commerce for Translation established the next Parliament; we could not fail of being Gainers by that, nor of making ourselves amends for all we have lost by the War. Nay, tho' we should insist upon the *demolishing* of *Baileau's* Works; the *French*, as long they have Writers of your Form, might have as good an Equivalent.

Upon the whole, I am really as proud, as our Ministers can be, of the Terms I have gain'd from abroad; and I design, like them, to publish speedily to the World the Benefits accruing from them; for I cannot resist the Temptation of Printing your admirable Translation here*; to which, if you will be so obliging to give me leave to prefix your Name, it will be the only Addition you can make to the Honour already done me. I am, Your, &c.

* This was never done, for the two printed *French* Versions are neither of this Hand. The one was the Work of Monsieur *Robinson*, private Secretary to King *George I.* printed in 4to at *Amsterdam* and at *London* 1717. The other by the *Abbé Rejnel*, in 8vo. with a large Preface and Notes, at *Paris* 1730.

The Honourable J. C. to Mr POPE.

MAY 23, 1712.

I AM very glad, for the sake of the Widow, and for the credit of the Deceas'd, that † *Betterton's* Remains are fallen into such Hands as may render 'em reputable to the one and beneficial to the other. Besides the public Acquaintance I long had with that poor Man, I also had a slender Knowledge of his Parts and Capacity by private Conversation, and ever thought it Pity, he was necessitated by the Straitness of his Fortune, to act (and especially to his latest Hours) an imaginary and fictitious Part, who was capable of exhibiting a real one, with Credit to himself and Advantage to his Neighbour.

I hope your Health permitted you to execute your Design of giving us an Imitation of *Pollio*; I am satisfy'd 'twill be doubly *divine*, and I shall long to see it. I ever thought Church-Music the most ravishing of all harmonious Compositions, and must also believe sacred Subjects, well handled, the most inspiring of all Poetry.

But where hangs the *Lock* now? (tho' I know that rather than draw any just Reflection upon your self, of the least Shadow of Ill-nature, you would freely have suppress'd one of the best of Poems) I hear no more of it—Will it come out in *Lintot's* Miscellany or not? I wrote to Lord *Petre* upon the Subject of the *Lock*, some time since, but have as yet had no Answer, nor indeed do I know when he'll be in *London*. I have since I saw you corresponded with Mrs *W*. I hope she is now with her

† A Translation of some Part of *Chaucer's Canterbury Tales*, the *Prologues*, &c. printed in a Miscellany with some Works of Mr *Pope*, in 2 Vol. 12mo. By *B. Lintot*.

Aunt

Aunt, and that her Journey thither was something facilitated by my writing to that Lady as pressingly as possible, not to let any thing whatsoever obstruct it. I sent her obliging Answer to the Party it most concern'd; and when I hear Mrs *W.* is certainly there, I will write again to my Lady, to urge as much as possible the effecting the only thing that in my opinion can make her Niece easy. I have run out my Extent of Paper, and am,

Your, &c.

Mr POPE's Answer.

MAY 28, 1712.

IT is not only the Disposition I always have of conversing with you, that makes me so speedily answer your obliging Letter, but the Apprehension lest your charitable Intent of writing to my Lady *A.* on Mrs *W.*'s Affair should be frustrated, by the short Stay she makes there. She went thither on the 25th with that Mixture of Expectation and Anxiety, with which People usually go into unknown or half-discover'd Countries, utterly ignorant of the Dispositions of the Inhabitants, and the Treatment they are to meet with. The Unfortunate of all people are the most unfit to be left alone; yet we see the World generally takes care they shall be so. Whereas if we took a considerate Prospect of human Nature, the Business and Study of the Happy and Easy should be to divert and humour, as well as comfort and pity, the Distress'd. I cannot therefore excuse some near Allies of mine for their Conduct of late towards this Lady, which has given me a great deal of Anger as well as Sorrow. All I shall say to you of 'em at present is, that they have not been my Relations these two Months:
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The Consent of Opinions in our Minds is certainly a nearer Tye than can be contracted by all the Blood in our Bodies ; and I am proud of finding I have something congenial with you. Will you permit me to confess to you, that all the Favours and kind Offices you have shown towards me, have not so strongly cemented me your's, as the Discovery of that generous and manly Compassion you manifested in the Case of this unhappy Lady ? I am afraid to insinuate to you how much I esteem you : Flatterers have taken up the Style which was once peculiar to Friends, and an honest Man has now no way left to express himself, besides the common one of Knaves : So that true Friends now-a-days differ in their Address from Flatterers, much as right Mastiffs do from Spaniels, and show themselves by a dumb surly sort of Fidelity, rather than by their complaisant and open Kindness.— Will you never leave commending my Poetry ? In fair Truth, Sir, I like it but too well myself already.—Expose me no more, I beg you, to the great Danger of Vanity, (the Rock of all Men, but most of young Men) and be kindly content for the future, when you wou'd please me thoroughly, to say only you like what I write.

Your, &c.

Mr STEELE to Mr POPE.

JUNE 1, 1712.

I AM at a Solitude, an House between *Hampstead* and *London*, wherein Sir *Charles Sedley* dy'd. This Circumstance set me a thinking and ruminating upon the Employments in which Men of Wit exercise themselves. It was said of Sir *Charles*, who breath'd his last in this Room,

Sedley

Sedley has that prevailing gentle Art,
 Which can with a resistless Charm impart,
 The loosest Wishes to the chastest Heart;
 Raise such a Conflict, kindle such a Fire
 Between declining Virtue and Desire,
 Till the poor vanquish'd Maid dissolves away
 In Dreams all Night, in Sighs and Tears all Day.

This was an happy Talent to a Man of the Town,
 but I dare say, without presuming to make uncharitable Conjectures on the Author's present Condition, he would rather have had it said of him that he had pray'd,

— Oh thou my Voice inspire,
 Who touch'd Isaiah's hallow'd Lips with Fire

I have turn'd to every Verse and Chapter, and think you have preserv'd the sublime heavenly Spirit throughout the whole, especially at — *Hark a glad Voice*—and — *The Lamb with Wolves shall graze*— There is but one Line which I think below the Original,

He wipes the Tears for ever from our Eyes.

You have express'd it with a good and pious, but not with so exalted and poetical a Spirit as the Prophet. *The Lord God will wipe away Tears from off all Faces.* If you agree with me in this, alter it by way of Paraphrase or otherwise, that when it comes into a Volume it may be amended. Your Poem is already better than the *Pollio*. I am,

Your, &c.

Mr

Mr POPE to Mr STEELE.

JUNE 18, 1712.

YOU have oblig'd me with a very kind Letter, by which I find you shift the Scene of your Life from the Town to the Country, and enjoy that mix'd State which wise Men both delight in, and are qualify'd for. Methinks the Moralists and Philosophers have generally run too much into Extremes in commending intirely either Solitude, or public Life. In the former, Men for the most part grow usefess by too much Rest, and in the latter are destroy'd by too much Precipitation; as Waters lying still, putrify and are good for nothing, and running violently on do but the more Mischief in their passage to others, and are swallow'd up and lost the sooner themselves. Those indeed who can be useful to all States, should be like gentle Streams, that not only glide thro' lonely Vallies and Forests amidst the Flocks and the Shepherds, but visit populous Towns in their Course, and are at once of Ornament and Service to them. But there are another sort of People who seem design'd for Solitude, such I mean as have more to hide than to show: As for my own part, I am one of those of whom *Seneca* says, *Tam umbratiles sunt, ut putent in turbido esse quicquid in luce est* *. Some Men like some Pictures, are fitter for a Corner than a full Light; and I believe such as have a natural Bent to Solitude (to carry on the former Similitude) are like Waters which may be forc'd into Fountains and exalted into a great Height, may make a noble Figure and a louder

* These foregoing Similitudes our Author had put into Verse some Years before, and inserted into Mr *Wycherley's* Poem on *Mix'd Life*. We find him apparently in the Versification of them, as they are since printed in *Wycherley's* Posthumous Works, 8vo, page 3d and 4th.

Noise,

Noise, but after all they would run more smoothly, quietly and plentifully, in their own natural Course upon the Ground. The Consideration of this would make me very well contented with the Possession only of that Quiet which *Cowley* calls the *Companion of Obscurity*. But whoever has the Muses too for his Companions, can never be idle enough to be uneasy. Thus, Sir, you see I would flatter myself into a good Opinion of my own way of living. *Plutarch* just now told me, that 'tis in human Life as in a Game of Tables, where a Man may wish for the highest Cast; but if his Chance be otherwise, he is even to play it as well as he can, and to make the best of it, I am,

Your, &c.

Mr POPE to Mr STEELE.

JUNE 15, 1712.

YOU formerly observ'd to me, that nothing made a more ridiculous Figure in a Man's Life, than the Disparity we often find in him sick and well: Thus one of an unfortunate Constitution is perpetually exhibiting a miserable Example of the Weakness of his Mind, and of his Body, in their Turns. I have had frequent Opportunities of late to consider myself in these different Views, and I hope have receiv'd some Advantage by it, if what *Mr Waller* says be true, that

*The Soul's dark Cottage, batter'd and decay'd,
Lies in new Light thro' Chinks that Time has made.*

Then surely Sickness, contributing no less than old age to the shaking down this scaffolding of the Body, may discover the inward Structure more plainly.

plainly. Sicknefs is a fort of early old Age; it teaches us a diffidence in our earthly State, and inspires us with the Thoughts of a Future, better than a thousand Volumes of Philosophers and Divines. It gives so warning a Concuffion to those props of our Vanity, our Strength and Youth, that we think of fortifying ourselves within, when there is so little Dependance upon our Out-works. Youth at the very best is but a betrayer of Human Life in a gentler and smother manner than Age: 'Tis like a Stream that nourishes a Plant upon a Bank, and causes it to flourish and blossom to the Sight, but at the same Time is undermining it at the Root in secret. My Youth has dealt more fairly and openly with me, it has afforded several Prospects of my Danger, and given me an Advantage not very common to young Men, that the Attractions of the World have not dazzled me very much; and I begin where most People end, with a full Conviction of the emptinefs of all sorts of Ambition, and the unsatisfactory Nature of all human Pleasures. When a smart fit of Sicknefs tells me this scurvy Tenement of my Body will fall in a little Time, I am e'en as unconcern'd as was that honest *Hibernian*, who being in bed in the great Storm some Years ago, and told the House would tumble over his Head, made answer, What care I for the House? I am only a Lodger. I fancy 'tis the best time to die when one is in the best Humour, and so excessively weak as I now am, I may say with Conscience, that I am not at all uneasy at the Thought that many Men, whom I never had any Esteem for, are likely to enjoy this World after me. When I reflect what an inconsiderable little Atom every single Man is, with respect to the whole Creation, methinks 'tis a shame to be concern'd at the removal of such a trivial Animal as I am. The Morning after my Exit, the Sun will rise as bright as ever, the Flowers sinell as sweet, the Plants spring as green, the

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the World will proceed in it's old Course, People will laugh as heartily, and marry as fast as they were us'd to do. The memory of Man, (as it is elegantly express'd in the Wisdom of Solomon) passeth away as the remembrance of a Guest that tarrieth but one day. There are reasons enough, in the fourth Chapter of the same Book, to make any young Man contented with the prospect of Death. *For honourable Age is not that which standeth in length of Time, or is measured by number of Years. But Wisdom is the gray hair to Men, and an unspotted Life is old Age. He was taken away speedily, lest Wickedness should alter his Understanding, or Deceit beguile his Soul, &c.* I am

Your, &c.

Mr POPE to Mr STEELE.

Nov. 7. 1712.

I Was the other Day in company with five or six Men of some Learning; where chancing to mention the famous Verses which the Emperor *Adrian* spoke on his death-bed, they were all agreed that 'twas a piece of Gaiety unworthy of that Prince in those Circumstances. I could not but differ from this Opinion: Methinks it was by no means a gay, but a very serious Soliloquy to his Soul at the point of his Departure; in which sense I naturally took the Verses at my first reading them when I was very young, and before I knew what Interpretation the World generally put upon them.

*Animula vagula, blandula,
Hospes comesque corporis,
Quæ nunc abibis in loca?
Pallidula, rigida, nudula,
Nec (ut soles) dabis joca!*

“ Alas,

" Alas, my soul! Thou pleasing Companion of
 " Body, thou fleeting Thing that art now deserting
 " it! Whither art thou flying? To what unknown
 " Scene? All trembling, fearful, and pensive,
 " Now what is become of thy former Wit and
 " Humour? Thou shalt jest and be gay no more."

I confess I cannot apprehend where lies the trifling
 in all this? 'Tis the most natural and obvious Re-
 flection imaginable to a dying Man: And if we con-
 sider the Emperor was a Heathen, that Doubt con-
 cerning the future Fate of his Soul will seem so far
 from being the effect of want of Thought, that
 'twas scarce reasonable he should think otherwise;
 not to mention that here is a plain Confession included
 of his belief in it's Immortality. The diminutive
 Epithets of *vagula*, *blandula*, and the rest, appear
 not to me as Expressions of Levity, but rather of
 Endearment and Concern; such as we find in *Catullus*,
 and the Authors of *Hendeca-syllabi* after him, where
 they are used to express the utmost Love and Ten-
 derness for their Mistresses.— If you think me right
 in my Notion of the last Words of *Adrian*, be
 pleased to insert it in the *Spectator*, if not, to sup-
 press it. I am

Your, &c.

ADRIANI morientis ad ANIMAM,

Translated.

A H fleeting Spirit! wand'ring Fire,
 That long hast warm'd my tender Breast,
 Must thou no more this Frame inspire?
 No more a pleasing, chearful Guest?

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*Whither, ah whither art thou flying !
 To what dark, undiscover'd Shore ?
 Thou seem'st all trembling, shiv'ring, dying,
 And Wit and Humour are no more !*

Mr STEELE to Mr POPE.

Nov. 12. 1712.

I HAVE read over your *Temple of Fame* twice, and cannot find any thing amiss of weight enough to call a Fault, but see in it a thousand thousand Beauties. Mr *Addison* shall see it to-morrow : After his perusal of it, I will let you know his Thoughts. I desire you would let me know whether you are at leisure or not ? I have a Design which I shall open a Month or two hence, with the Assistance of the few like yourself. If your Thoughts are unengaged, I shall explain myself further. I am

Your, &c.

Mr POPE to Mr STEELE.

Nov. 16. 1712.

YOU oblige me by the Indulgence you have shewn the Poem I sent you, but will oblige me much more by the kind Severity I hope for from you. No Errors are so trivial, but they deserve to be mended ; but since you say you see nothing that may be call'd a Fault, can you but think it so, that I have confined the attendance of * Guardian Spirits to Heaven's Favourites only ? I could point you to

* This is not now to be found in the *Temple of Fame*, of which Poem he speaks here.

several, but 'tis my business to be informed of those Faults I *do not* know, and as for those I *do*, not to talk of 'em, but to correct 'em. You speak of that Poem in a Style I neither merit, nor expect; but I assure you, if you freely mark or dash out, I shall look upon your blots to be it's greatest Beauties. I mean, if Mr *Addison* and your self shou'd like it in the Whole; otherwise the trouble of Correction is what I would not take, for I was really so diffident of it, as to let it lie by me these † two Years, just as you now see it. I am afraid of nothing so much as to impose any thing on the World which is unworthy of it's Acceptance.

As to the last period of your Letter, I shall be very ready and glad to contribute to any design that tends to the advantage of Mankind, which I am sure all your's do. I wish I had but as much capacity as leisure, for I am perfectly idle (a sign I have not much capacity).

If you will entertain the best Opinion of me, be pleas'd to think me your friend. Assure Mr *Addison* of my most faithful Service, of every one's Esteem he must be assur'd already. *I am*

Your, &c.

Mr POPE to Mr STEELE.

Nov. 29, 1712.

I AM sorry you publish'd that Notion about *Adrian's Verses* as mine; had I imagin'd you wou'd use my Name, I shou'd have express'd my sentiments with more modesty and diffidence. I only sent it to have your Opinion, and not to publish my own, which

† Hence it appears this Poem was writ before the Author was 25 Years old.

I dif

I distrust. But I think the Supposition you draw from the Notion of *Adrian's* being addicted to Magic, is a little uncharitable, ("that he might fear" no sort of Deity; good or bad") since in the third Verse he plainly testifies his Apprehension of a future State, by being solicitous *whither* his Soul was going? As to what you mention of his using gay and ludicrous Expressions, I have owned my Opinion to be that the Expressions are not so, but that diminutives are often in the *Latin* Tongue used as marks of tenderness and concern.

Anima is no more than my Soul, *Animula* has the Force of my dear Soul. To say *Virgo Bellâ* is not half so endearing as *Virguncula Bellula*, and had *Augustus* only call'd *Horace Lepidum Hominem*, it had amounted to no more than that he thought him a pleasant Fellow: 'Twas the *Homunculum* that express'd the Love and Tenderness that great Emperor had for him. And perhaps I should myself be much better pleas'd, if I were told you call'd me your little Friend, than if you complimented me with the Title of a great Genius, or an eminent Hand (as *Jacob* does all his Authors). I am

Your, &c.

Mr POPE to

DEC. 5, 1712.

YOU have at length comply'd with the Request I have often made you, for you have shown me, I must confess, several of my Faults in the Sight of those Letters. Upon a Review of them, I find many things that would give me Shame, if I were not more desirous to be thought honest than

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prudent:

prudent : so many things freely thrown out, such Lengths of unreserv'd Friendship, Thoughts just warm from the Brain, without any polishing or Dress, the very *Disfhabille* of the Understanding. You have prov'd yourself more tender of another's Embryo's than the fondest Mothers are of their own, for you have preserv'd every thing that I mis-carry'd of. Since I know this, I shall, in one respect be more afraid of writing to you than ever, at this careless rate, because I see my evil Works may again rise in judgment against me : Yet in another respect I shall be less afraid, since this has given me such a Proof of the extreme Indulgence you afford to my slightest Thoughts. The Revival of these Letters has been a kind of Examination of Conscience to me ; so fairly and faithfully have I set down in 'em from time to time the true and undistinguish'd State of my Mind. But I find that these, which were intended as Sketches of my Friendship, give as imperfect Images of it, as the little Landscapes we commonly see in black and white, do of a beautiful Country ; they can represent but a very small part of it, and that depriv'd of the Life and Lustre of Nature. I perceive that the more I endeavoured to render manifest the real Affection and Value I ever had for you, I did but injure it by representing less and less of it : as Glasses which are design'd to make an Object very clear, generally contract it. Yet as when people have a full Idea of a thing, first, upon their own Knowledge, the least Traces of it serve to refresh the Remembrance, and are not displeasing on that Score : So I hope the Foreknowledge you had of my Esteem for you, is the Reason that you do not dislike my Letters.

They will not be of any great Service (I find) in the Design I mention'd to you : I believe I had better steal from a richer Man, and plunder your Letters,

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ters (which I have kept as carefully as I would Letters Patents, since they intitle me to what I more value than Titles of Honour). You have some Cause to apprehend this Usage from me, if what some say be true, that I am a great Borrower; however, I have hitherto had the Luck, that none of my Creditors have challeng'd me for it; and those who say it are such, whose Writings no Man ever borrow'd from, so have the least Reason to complain: Their Works are granted on all hands to be but too much their own.— Another has been pleas'd to declare, that my Verses are corrected by other Men: I verily believe theirs were never corrected by any Man: But, indeed, if mine have not, 'twas not my Fault, I have endeavour'd my utmost that they should. But these things are only whisper'd, and I will not incroach upon *Bays's* Province and *Pen-Whispers*, so hasten to conclude

Your, &c.

Sir WILLIAM TRUMBULL to
Mr POPE.

MARCH 6, 1713.

I THINK a hasty Scribble shows more what flows from the Heart, than a Letter after *Balzac's* Manner in studied Phrases; therefore I will tell you as fast as I can, that I have receiv'd your Favour of the 26th past, with your kind Present of *The Rape of the Lock*. You have given me the truest Satisfaction imaginable, not only in making good the just Opinion I have ever had of your Reach of Thought, and my Idea of your comprehensive

Genius ; but likewise in that Pleasure I take as an *English* Man to see the *French*, even *Boileau* himself in his *Lutrin*, outdone in your Poem, for you descend,, *leviorem plectro*, to all the nicer Touches, that your own Observation and Wit furnish, on such a Subject as requires the finest Strokes, and the liveliest Imagination. But I must say no more (tho' I could a great deal) on what pleases me so much; and henceforth I hope you will never condemn me of Partiality, since I only swim with the Stream, and approve what all Men of good Taste (notwithstanding the jarring of Parties) must and do universally applaud. I now come to what is of vast moment, I mean the Preservation of your Health, and beg of you earnestly to get out of all Tavern-Company, and fly away *tanquam ex incendio*. What a Misery it is for you to be destroy'd by the foolish Kindness ('tis all one whether real or pretended) of those who are able to bear the Poison of bad Wine, and to engage you in so unequal a Combat? As to *Homer*, by all I can learn your Business is done; therefore come away and take a little time to breathe in the Country. I beg now for my own sake, but much more for your's; methinks Mr ——— has said to you more than once,

Heu fuge, nate dea, teque his, ait, eripe flammis!

I am,

Your, &c.

Mr

Mr POPE to Sir WILLIAM
TRUMBULL.

MARCH 12, 1713.

THOUGH any thing you write is sure to be a Pleasure to me, yet I must own your last Letter made me uneasy: You really use a Style of Compliment, which I expect as little as I deserve it. I know 'tis a common Opinion, that a young Scrib-
bler is as ill pleas'd to hear Truth of a young Lady. From the Moment one sets up for an Author, one must be treated as ceremoniously, that is, as un-
faithfully,

As a King's Favourite, or as a King.

This Proceeding, join'd to that natural Vanity which first makes a Man an Author, is certainly enough to render him a Coxcomb for Life. But I must grant it is but a just Judgment upon Poets, that they whose chief Pretence is Wit, shou'd be treated just as they themselves treat Fools, that is, be cal-
l'd with Praises. And I believe, Poets are the only poor Fellows in the World whom any body will flatter.

I would not be thought to say this, as if the obliging Letter you sent me deserv'd this Imputation, only it put me in mind of it; and I fancy one may apply to one's Friend what *Cæsar* said of his Wife; *It was not sufficient that he knew her to be chaste him-
self, but she shou'd not be so much as suspected by
others.*

As to the wonderful Discoveries, and all the good News you are pleas'd to tell me of myself, I treat it as you, who are in the Secret, treat common News, groundless Reports of Things at a distance, which I,

who look into the true Springs of the Affair at home, in my own Breast, know to have no Foundation at all. For *Fame*, tho' it be, as *Milton* finely calls it, *The last Infirmity of noble Minds*, is scarce so strong a Temptation as to warrant our Loss of Time here: It can never make us lie down contentedly on a Death-bed (as some of the Ancients are said to have done with that Thought). You, Sir, have yourself taught me, that an easy Situation at that hour, can proceed from no Ambition less noble than that of an eternal Felicity, which is unattainable by the strongest Endeavours of the Wit, but may be gain'd by the sincere Intentions of the Heart only. As in the next World, so in this, the only solid Blessings are owing to the Goodness of the Mind, not the Extent of the Capacity: Friendship here is an Emanation from the same Source as Beatitude there: the same Benevolence and grateful Disposition that qualifies us for the one, if extended farther, makes us partakers of the other. The utmost Point of my Desires in my present State terminates in the Society and Good-will of worthy Men, which I look upon as no ill Earnest and Fore-taste of the Society and Alliance of happy Souls hereafter.

The Continuance of your Favours to me is what not only makes me happy, but causes me to set some Value upon myself as a part of your Care. The Instances I daily meet with of these agreeable awakenings of Friendship, are of too pleasing a Nature not to be acknowledg'd whenever I think of you.

I am,

Your, &c.

To the same.

APRIL 30, 1713.

I HAVE been almost every Day employ'd in following your Advice, and amusing myself in Painting, in which I am most particularly oblig'd to Mr *Jervas*, who gives me daily Instructions and Examples. As to poetical Affairs, I am content at present to be a bare Looker-on, and from a Practitioner turn an Admirer, which is (as the World goes) not very usual. *Cato* was not so much the Wonder of *Rome* in his Days, as he is of *Britain* in ours; and tho' all the foolish Industry possible has been us'd to make it thought a Party-play, yet what the Author once said of another may the most properly in the world be apply'd to him, on this Occasion:

*Envy itself is dumb, in Wonder lost,
And Factions strive who shall applaud him most.*

The numerous and violent Claps of the Whig-party on the one side of the Theatre, were echo'd back by the Tories on the other; while the Author sweated behind the Scenes with Concern, to find their Applause proceeding more from the Hand than the Head. This was the Case too of the Prologue-writer, who was clapp'd into a stanch Whig, at almost every two Lines. I believe you have heard, that after all the Applauses of the opposite Faction, my Lord *Bolingbroke* sent for *Booth*, who play'd *Cato*, into the Box, between one of the Acts, and presented him with fifty Guineas, in acknowledgment (as he express'd it) for defending the Cause of *Liberty* so well against a perpetual Dictator. The Whigs are unwilling to be distanc'd this way, (as 'tis said)

and therefore design a Present to the same *Cato* very speedily ; in the mean time they are getting ready as good a Sentence as the former on their side : So betwixt them, 'tis probable that *Cato* (as Dr Garth express'd it) *may have something to live upon, after he dies.* I am

Your, &c.

MR POPE to MR ADDISON.

JULY 30, 1713.

I AM more joy'd at your Return than I should be at that of the Sun, so much as I wish for him this melancholy wet Season ; but 'tis his Fate too, like yours, to be displeasing to Owls and obscene Animals, who cannot bear his Lustre. What put me in mind of these Night-birds was *John Dennis*, whom I think you are best reveng'd upon, as the Sun was in the Fable upon those Batts and beastly Birds above-mention'd, only by *shining on*. I am so far from esteeming it any Misfortune, that I congratulate you upon having your share in that, which all the great Men and all the good Men that ever liv'd have had their Part of, Envy and Calumny. To be uncensur'd, and to be obscure, is the same thing. You may conclude from what I here say, that 'twas never in my Thoughts to have offer'd you my Pen in any direct Reply to such a Critic, but only in some little Raillery ; not in Defence of you, but in Contempt of him *. But indeed your Opinion, that 'tis entirely to be neglected, would have been my own, had it been my own

* This relates to the Paper occasion'd by *Dennis's* Remarks upon *Cato*, call'd, *Dr Norris's Narrative of the Franny of John Den* . . .

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Case: But I felt more warmth here than I did when first I saw his Book against myself (tho' indeed in two Minutes it made me heartily merry). He has written against every thing the World has approv'd these many Years: I apprehend but one danger from Dennis's disliking our Sense, that it may make us think so very well of it, as to become proud and conceited, upon his Disapprobation.

I must not here omit to do Justice to Mr——, whose Zeal in your concern is worthy a Friend, and Honourer of you. He writ to me in the most pressing Terms about it, tho' with that just contempt of the Critic that he deserves. I think in these Days one honest Man is oblig'd to acquaint another who are his Friends; when so many mischievous Insects are daily at work to make People of Merit suspicious of each other; that they may have the Satisfaction of seeing them look'd upon no better than themselves.
I am

Your, &c.

Mr ADDISON to Mr POPE.

OCT. 26. 1713.

I Was extreamly glad to receive a Letter from you, but more so upon reading the Contents of it. The * Work you mention will I dare say very sufficiently recommend itself, when your Name appears with the Proposals: And if you think I can any way contribute to the forwarding of them, you cannot lay a greater Obligation upon me, than by employing me in such an Office. As I have an Ambition of having it known that you are my Friend, I shall

* The Translation of the *Iliad*.

be very proud of showing it by this, or any other Instance. I question not but your Translation will enrich our Tongue and do Honour to our Country: For I conclude of it already from those Performances with which you have obliged the Public. I would only have you consider how it may most turn to your Advantage. Excuse my Impertinence in this Particular, which proceeds from my Zeal for your Ease and Happiness. The Work wou'd cost you a great deal of Time, and unless you undertake it will, I am afraid, never be executed by any other, at least I know none of this Age that is equal to it besides yourself.

I am at present wholly immersed in Country Business, and begin to take Delight in it. I wish I might hope to see you here some time, and will not despair of it, when you engage in a Work that will require Solitude and Retirement. *I am*

Your, &c.

Mr ADDISON to Mr POPE.

Nov. 2. 1713.

I HAVE receiv'd your Letter, and am glad to find that you have laid so good a Scheme for your great Undertaking. I question not but the Prose will require as much care as the Poetry, but the Variety will give your self some Relief, and more pleasure to your Readers.

You gave me leave once to take the Liberty of a Friend, in advising you not to content yourself with one half of the Nation for your Admirers, when you might command them all! If I might take the Freedom to repeat it, I would on this Occasion. I think you are very happy that you are out of the Fray,

Fray, and I hope all your Undertakings will turn to the better Account for it.

You see how I presume on your Friendship in taking all this Freedom with you, but I already fancy that we have lived many Years together, in an unreserved Conversation, and that we may do many more, is the sincere Wish of

Your, &c.

Mr POPE to Mr ADDISON.

YOUR last is the more obliging, as it hints at some little Niceties in my Conduct, which your Candour and Affection prompt you to recommend to me, and which (so trivial as things of this Nature seem) are yet of no slight Consequence, to People whom every Body talks of, and every Body as he pleases. 'Tis a sort of Tax that attends an Estate in *Parnassus*, which is often rated much higher than in Proportion to the small Possession an Author holds. For indeed an Author who is once come upon the Town, is enjoy'd without being thanked for the Pleasure, and sometimes ill-treated by those very Persons that first debauch'd him. Yet to tell you the bottom of my Heart, I am no way displeas'd that I have offended the Violent of all Parties already; and at the same Time I assure you conscientiously, I feel not the least Malevolence or Resentment against any of those who misrepresent me, or are dissatisfied with me. This Frame of Mind is so easy, that I am perfectly content with my Condition.

As I hope and would flatter myself, that you know me and my Thoughts so entirely as never to be mistaken in either, so 'tis a Pleasure to me that you guess'd so right in regard to the Author of that

Guardian

Guardian you mentioned. But I am sorry to find it has taken Air that I have some hand in those Papers because I write so very few as neither to deserve the Credit of such a Report with some People, nor the Disrepute of it with others. An honest *Jacobite* spoke to me the Sense or Nonsense of the weak Part of his Party very fairly, that the good People took it ill of me, that I writ with *Steele*, tho' upon never so indifferent Subjects.—— This I know you will laugh at as well as I do: Yet I doubt not but many little Calumniators and Persons of sower Dispositions will take Occasion hence to bespatter me. I confess I scorn narrow Souls, of all Parties, and if I renounce my Reason in religious Matters, I'll hardly do it in any other.

I can't imagine whence it comes to pass that the few *Guardians* I have written are so generally known for mine; that in particular which you mention I never discovered to any Man but the Publisher, 'till very lately: Yet almost every Body I met told me of it.

The true Reason that Mr *Steele* laid down the Paper, was a Quarrel between him and *Jacob Tenson*. He stood engaged to his Bookseller, in Articles of Penalty, for all the *Guardians*; and by desisting two Days, and altering the Title of the Paper to that of the *Englishman*, was quit of his Obligation: These Papers being printed by *Buckley*.

As to his taking a more politic Turn, I cannot any way enter into that Secret, nor have I been let into it, any more than into the rest of his Politics. Tho' 'tis said, he will take into these Papers also several Subjects of the politic Kind, as before: But I assure you as to myself, I have quite done with 'em, for the Future. The little I have done, and the great Respect I bear Mr *Steele*, as a Man of Wit, has rendered me a suspected Whig to some of the Violent,

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but (as old *Dryden* said before me) 'tis not the Violent I design to please.

I generally employ the Mornings in Painting with Mr *Jervas**; and the Evenings in the Conversation of such, as I think can most improve my Mind, of whatever Party or Denomination they are. I ever must set the highest Value upon Men of truly great, that is, honest, Principles, with equal Capacities. The best way I know of overcoming Calumny and Misconstruction, is by a vigorous Perseverance in every thing we know to be right, and a total Neglect of all that can ensue from it. 'Tis partly from this Maxim that I depend upon your Friendship, because I believe it will do justice to my Intention in every thing; and give me leave to tell you, that (as the World goes) this is no small Assurance I repose in you. *I am*

Your, &c.

To the same.

DEC. 14. 1713.

I HAVE been lying in wait for my own Imagination, this Week and more, and watching what Thoughts came up in the Whirl of the Fancy, that were worth communicating to you in a Letter. But I am at length convinc'd that my rambling Head can produce nothing of that sort; so I must e'en be contented with telling you the old Story, that I love you heartily. I have often found by Experience, that Nature and Truth, tho' never so low or vulgar, are yet pleasing when openly and artlessly represented; it would be diverting to me,

* See Mr *Pope's* Epistle to him in Verse, writ about this time.

to read the very Letters of an Infant, could it write it's innocent Inconsistencies and Tautologies just as it thought 'em. This makes me hope a letter from me will not be unwelcome to you, when I am conscious I write with more unreservedness than ever Man wrote, or perhaps talk'd to another. I trust your good Nature with the whole range of my Follies, and really love you so well, that I would rather you should pardon me than esteem me, since one is an act of Goodness and Benevolence, the other a kind of constrained Deference.

You can't wonder my Thoughts are scarce consistent, when I tell you how they are distracted. Ev'ry Hour of my Life, my Mind is strangely divided; this Minute perhaps I am above the Stars, with a thousand Systems round about me, looking forward into a vast Abyss, and losing my whole Comprehension in the boundless space of Creation, in dialogues with *W*—— and the Astronomers; the next Moment I am below all Trifles, grovelling with *T*—— in the very Center of Nonsense. Now I am recreated with the brisk Sallies and quick turns of Wit, which Mr *Steele* in his liveliest and freest Humours darts about him; and now levelling my Application to the insignificant Observations and quirks of *Grammar* of Mr—— and *D*——

Good God! What an incongruous animal is Man? How unsettled is his best Part, his Soul; and how changing and variable in his Frame of Body? The constancy of the one shook by every Notion, the Temperament of the other affected by every blast of Wind! What is Man altogether, but one mighty Inconsistency! Sickness and Pain is the lot of one half of us; Doubt and Fear the Portion of the other! What a Bustle we make about passing our Time, when all our space is but a Point? What Aims and Ambitions are crowded into this little instant

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instant of our Life, which (as *Shakeſpear* finely words it) is *rounded with a Sleep*? Our whole extent of Being no more, in the Eyes of him who gave it, than a ſcarce perceptible moment of Duration. Thoſe Animals whoſe circle of living is limited to three or four Hours, as the Naturaliſts aſſure us, are yet as long-lived and poſſeſs as wide a Scene of Action as Man, if we conſider him with an Eye to all Space, and all Eternity. Who knows what Plots, what Atchievements a Mite may perform in his Kingdom of a grain of Duſt, within his Life of ſome Minutes? And of how much leſs Conſideration than even this, is the Life of Man in the ſight of that God, who is from Ever, and for Ever!

Who that thinks in this Train, but muſt ſee the World and it's contemptible Grandeurs leſſen before him at every Thought? 'Tis enough to make one remain ſtupify'd, in a Poize of Inaction, void of all Deſires, of all Deſigns, of all Friendſhips.

But we muſt return (thro' our very Condition of being) to our narrow ſelves, and thoſe things that affect our Selves; our Paſſions, our Interests, flow in upon us, and unphilophize us into meer Mortals. For my part, I never return ſo much into my ſelf, as when I think of you, whoſe Friendſhip is one of the beſt Comforts I have for the Inſignificancy of my ſelf. *I am*

Your, &c.

To the ſame.

JAN. 30. 1713-4.

YOUR Letter ſound me very buſy in my grand Undertaking, to which I muſt wholly give myſelf up for ſome time, unleſs when I ſnatch an Hour
to

to please my self with a distant Conversation with you and a few others, by writing. 'Tis no comfortable prospect to be reflecting, that so long a Siege as that of *Troy* lies upon my hands, and the Campaign above half over, before I have made any Progress. Indeed the *Greek* Fortification upon a near Approach does not appear so formidable as it did, and I am almost apt to flatter my self, that *Homer* secretly seems inclined to a Correspondence with me, in letting me into a good Part of his Intentions. There are indeed a sort of underling Auxiliars to the Difficulty of a Work, called Commentators and Critics, who wou'd frighten many People by their number and bulk, and perplex our progress under pretence of fortifying their Author. These lie very low in the Trenches and Ditches they themselves have digged, encompassed with dirt of their own heaping up, but I think there may be found a Method of coming at the main Works by a more speedy and gallant Way than by mining under Ground, that is, by using the Poetical Engines, Wings, and flying over their Heads.

While I am engag'd in the Fight, I find you are concern'd how I shall be paid, and are solicitous that I may not have the ill Fate of many discarded Generals, to be first envy'd and malign'd, then perhaps prais'd, and lastly neglected. The former (the constant Attendant upon all great and laudable Enterprizes) I have already experienc'd. Some have said I am not a Master in the *Greek*, who either are so themselves or are not: If they are not, they can't tell; and if they are, they can't without having catechized me. But if they can read (for I know some Critics can, and others cannot) there are fairly lying before them, some Specimens of my Translation from this Author in the *Miscellanies*, which they are heartily welcome to. I have met with as much

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Malignity another way, some calling me a Tory, because the Heads of that Party have been distinguishingly favourable to me; some a Whig, because I have been favoured with Your's, Mr *Congreve's*, and Mr *Craggs* his Friendship, and of late with my Lord *Hallifax's* Patronage. How much more natural a Conclusion might be formed, by any good-natur'd Man, that a Person who has been well used by all sides, has been offensive to none. This miserable Age is so sunk between Animosities of Party, and those of Religion, that I begin to fear, most Men have Politics enough to make (thro' Violence) the best Scheme of Government a bad one; and Faith enough to hinder their own Salvation. I hope for my own Part, never to have more of either than is consistent with common Justice and Charity, and always as much as becomes a Christian and honest Man. Tho' I find it an unfortunate thing to be bred a *Papist* here, where one is obnoxious to four Parts in five as being so too much, and to the fifth Part as being so too little; I shall yet be easy under both their mistakes, and be what I more than seem to be, for I suffer for it. God is my Witness, that I no more envy you Protestants your Places and Possessions, than I do our Priests their Charity or Learning. I am ambitious of nothing but the good Opinion of good Men, on both sides; for I know that one Virtue of a free Spirit is more worth, than all the Virtues put together of all the narrow-soul'd People in the World.

I am

Your, &c.

The Rev. Dean BERKLEY to Mr POPE.

Leghorne, MAY 1. 1714.

AS I take Ingratitude to be a greater Crime than Impertinence, I chuse rather to run the Risque of being thought guilty of the latter, than not to return you my Thanks for a very agreeable Entertainment you just now gave me. I have accidentally met with your *Rape of the Lock* here, having never seen it before. Style, Painting, Judgment, Spirit, I had already admired in others of your Writings; but in this I am charmed with the Magic of your *Invention*, with all those Images, Allusions, and inexplicable Beauties, which you raise so surprizingly, and at the same time so naturally, out of a Trifle. And yet I cannot say that I was more pleased with the reading of it, than I am with the Pretext it gives me to renew in your Thoughts the Remembrance of one who values no Happiness beyond the Friendship of Men of Wit, Learning, and good Nature.

I remember to have heard you mention some half-formed Design of coming to *Italy*. What might we not expect from a Muse that sings so well in the bleak Climate of *England*, if she felt the same warm Sun, and breath'd the same Air with *Virgil* and *Horace*?

There are here an incredible Number of Poets, that have all the Inclination but want the Genius, or perhaps the Art, of the Ancients. Some among them who understand *English*, begin to relish our Authors; and I am informed that at *Florence* they have translated *Milton* into *Italian Verse*. If one who knows so well how to write like the old *Latin* Poets, came among them; it wou'd probably be a Means

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Means to retrieve them from their cold, trivial Conceits, to an Imitation of their Predecessors.

As Merchants, Antiquaries, Men of Pleasure, &c. have all different Views in travelling; I know not whether it might not be worth a Poet's while, to travel, in order to store his Mind with strong Images of Nature.

Green Fields and Groves, flow'ry Meadows and purling Streams, are no where in such Perfection as in *England*: But if you wou'd know lightsome Days, warm Suns, and blue Skies, you must come to *Italy*; and to enable a Man to describe Rocks and Precipices, it is absolutely necessary that he pass the *Alps*.

You will easily perceive that it is Self-Interest makes me so fond of giving Advice to one who has no need of it. If you came into these Parts, I shou'd fly to see you. I am here (by the Favour of my good Friend the Dean of *St Patrick's*) in Quality of Chaplain to the Earl of *Peterborough*; who about three Months since left the greatest Part of his Family in this Town. God knows how long we shall stay here. *I am*

Your, &c.

Mr P O P E to the Honourable—

JUNE 8, 1714.

THE Question you ask in Relation to Mr *Ad-*
and *Philips*, I shall answer in a few Words. Mr *Philips* did express himself with much Indignation against me one Evening at *Button's* Coffee-house (as I was told) saying, that I was entered into a Cabal with Dean *Swift* and others to write against the *Whig-Interest*, and in particular to undermine
his

his own Reputation, and that of his Friends *Steele* and *Addison*. But Mr *Philips* never open'd his Lips to my Face, on this or any like Occasion, tho' I was almost every Night in the same Room with him, nor ever offer'd me any Indecorum. Mr *Addison* came to me a Night or two after *Philips* had talk'd in this idle Manner, and assur'd me of his Disbelief of what had been said, of the Friendship we shou'd always maintain, and desir'd I wou'd say nothing further of it. My Lord *Hallifax* did me the Honour to stir in this Matter, by speaking to several People to obviate a false Asperſion, which might have done me no ſmall Prejudice with one Party. However, *Philips* did all he could, ſecretly to continue the Report with the *Hanover* Club, and kept in his Hands the Subſcriptions paid for me to him, as Secretary to that Club. The Heads of it have ſince given him to underſtand, that they take it ill; but (upon the Terms I ought to be with a Man whom I think a Scoundrel) I wou'd not even ask him for this Money, but commiſſioned one of the *Players*, his Equals, to receive it. This is the whole Matter; but as to the ſecret Grounds of *Philips's* Malignity, they will make a very pleaſant Hiſtory when we meet. Mr *Congreve* and ſome others have been much diverted with it, and moſt of the Gentlemen of the *Hanover* Club have made it the Subject of their Ridicule on their Secretary. It is to this Management of *Philips*, that the World owes Mr *Gay's* *Poſtorals*. The ingenious Author is extreamly your Servant, and would have comply'd with your kind Invitation, but that he is juſt now appointed Secretary to my Lord *Clarendon*, in his Embaſſy to *Hanover*.

I am ſenſible of the Zeal and Friendſhip with which I am ſure you will always defend your Friend in his Abſence, from all thoſe little Tales and Calumnies,

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lumnies, which a Man of any Genius or Merit is born to. I shall never complain while I am happy in such noble Defenders, and in such contemptible Opponents. May their Envy and Ill-nature ever increase, to the Glory and Pleasure of those they wou'd injure; may they represent me what they will, as long as you think me what I am,

Your, &c.

To the same.

JULY 13, 1714.

YOU mention the Account I gave you some time ago of the things which *Philips* said in his Foolishness; but I can't tell from any thing in your Letter, whether you receiv'd a long one from me about a Fortnight since. It was principally intended to thank you for the last obliging Favour you did me; and perhaps for that Reason you pass it in silence. I there launched into some Account of my temporal Affairs, and intend now to give you some Hints of my spiritual. The Conclusion of your Letter draws this upon you, where you tell me, you *pray'd* for me: Your proceeding, Sir, is contrary to that of most other Friends, who never talk of praying for a Man after they have done him a Service, but only when they will do him none. Nothing can be more kind than the Hint you give me of the Vanity of human Sciences, which I assure you I am daily more and more convinc'd of; and indeed I have for some Years past, look'd upon all of 'em no better than Amusements. To make them the ultimate End of our Pursuit, is a miserable and short Ambition, which
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will drop from us at ev'ry little Disappointments here, and even in case of no Disappointments here, will infallibly desert us hereafter. The utmost Fame they are capable of bestowing, is never worth the Pains they cost us, and the Time they lose us. If you attain the Top of your Desires that way, all those who envy you will do you harm; and of those who admire you, few will do you good. The unsuccessful Writers are your declared Enemies, and probably the successful your secret ones: For those hate not more to be excelled, than these to be rivalled. And at the upshot, after a Life of perpetual Application, to reflect that you have been doing nothing for yourself, and that the same or less Industry might have gain'd you a Friendship that can never deceive or end, a Satisfaction which Praise cannot bestow, nor Vanity feel, and a Glory which (though in one Respect like Fame, not to be had 'till after Death) yet shall be felt and enjoy'd to Eternity. These, dear Sir, are unfeignedly my Sentiments, whenever I think at all; for half the things that employ our Heads deserve not the Name of Thoughts, they are only stronger Dreams or Impressions upon the Imagination: Our Schemes of Government, our Systems of Philosophy, our golden Worlds of Poetry, are all but so many shadowy Images, and airy Prospects, which arise to us but so much the livelier and more frequent, as we are more o'ercast with the Darkness, and disturb'd with the Fumes of human Vanity.

The same thing that makes old Men willing to leave this World, makes me willing to leave Poetry, Long-Habit, and Weariness of the same Track. *Homer* will work a Cure upon me; fifteen thousand Verses are equivalent to fourscore Years, to make one old in Rhime: And I shou'd be sorry and ashamed, to go on jingling to the last Step, like a

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Waggoner's Horse, in the same Road, and so leave my *Bells* to the next silly Animal that will be proud of 'em. That Man makes a mean Figure in the Eyes of Reason, who is measuring Syllables and coupling Rhimes, when he should be mending his own Soul, and securing his own Immortality. If I had not this Opinion, I should be unworthy even of those small and limited Parts which God has given me; and unworthy of the Friendship of such a Man as you. I am

Your, &c.

To the same.

JULY 25, 1714.

I Have no better Excuse to offer you, that I have omitted a Task naturally so pleasing to me as conversing upon Paper with you; but that my Time and Eyes have been wholly employ'd upon *Homer*, whom I almost fear I shall find but one way of imitating, which is in his Blindness. I am perpetually afflicted with Headachs, that very much affect my Sight; and indeed since my coming hither I have scarce pass'd an Hour agreeably, except that in which I read your Letter. I would seriously have you think, you have no Man who more truly knows to place a right Value on your Friendship, than he who least deserves it on all other Accounts than his due Sense of it. But let me tell you, you can hardly guess what a Task you undertake, when you profess yourself my Friend; there are some *Tories* who will take you for a *Whig*; some *Whigs* who will take you for a *Tory*; some *Protestants* who will esteem you a rank *Papist*, and some *Papists* who will account you a *Heretic*.

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I find, by dear Experience, we live in an Age, where 'tis criminal to be moderate; and where no Man can be allow'd to be just to all Men. The Notions of Right and Wrong are so far strain'd, that perhaps to be in the Right so very violently, may be of worse Consequence than to be easily and quietly in the Wrong. I really wish all Men so well, that I am satisfy'd but few can wish me so; but if those few are such as tell me they do, I am content; for they are the best People I know: While you believe me what I profess as to Religion, I can bear any thing the Bigotted may say; while Mr *Congreve* likes my Poetry, I can endure *Dennis* and a thousand more like him; while the most honest and moral of each Party think me no ill Man, I can easily support it, tho' the most violent and mad of all Parties rose up to throw Dirt at me.

I must expect an hundred Attacks upon the Publication of my *Homer*. Whoever in our Times would be a Professor of Learning above his Fellows, ought at the very first to enter the World with the Constancy and Resolution of a primitive Christian, and be prepar'd to suffer all sorts of public Persecution. It is certainly to be lamented, that if any Man does but endeavour to distinguish himself, or gratify others by his Studies, he is immediately treated as a common Enemy, instead of being look'd upon as a common Friend; and assaulted as generally, as if his whole Design were to prejudice the State, and ruin the Public. I will venture to say, no Man ever rose to any degree of Perfection in writing, but thro' Obstinacy and an inveterate Resolution against the Stream of Mankind; so that if the World has receiv'd any Benefit from the Labours of the Learned, it was in it's own Despite. For when first they essay their Parts, all People in general are prejudic'd against

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against new Beginners ; and when they have got a little above Contempt, then some particular Persons who were before unfortunate in their own Attempts, are sworn Foes to them, only because they succeed.—Upon the whole, one may say of the best Writers, that they pay a severe Fine for their Fame, which it is always in the Power of the most worthless Part of Mankind to levy upon them when they please.

I am, &c.

To Mr J E R V A S.

JULY 28, 1714.

I AM just enter'd upon the old Way of Life again, Sleep and musing. It is my Employment to revive the Old of past Ages to the present, as it is your's to transmit the Young of the present, to the future. I am copying the great Master in one Art, with the same Love and Diligence with which the Painter hereafter will copy you in another.

Thus I should begin my Epistle to you, if it were a *dedicatory* one. But as it is a friendly Letter, you are to find nothing mention'd in your own Praise but what only one in the World is witness to, your particular good-natur'd Offices to me. Whatever Mankind in general would allow you, that I am not to give you to your Face ; and if I were to do it in your Absence, the World would tell me I am too partial to be permitted to pass any Judgment of you.

So you see me cut out from any thing but common Acknowledgments, or common Discourse. The first you wou'd take ill, tho' I told you but half what I ought ; so, in short, the last only remains.

And as for the last, what can you expect from a Man who has not talk'd these five Days? Who is withdrawing his Thoughts as far as he can, from all the present World, it's Customs, and it's Manners, to be fully possess'd and absorp'd in the past? When People talk of going to Church, I think of Sacrifices and Libations; when I see the Parson, I address him as *Chryses*, Priest of *Apollo*; and instead of the Lord's Prayer, I begin,

— *God of the Silver Bow, &c.*

While you in the World are concern'd about the *Protestant* Succession, I consider only how *Menelaus* may recover *Helen*, and the *Trojan* War be put to a speedy Conclusion. I never inquire if the Queen be well or not, but heartily wish to be at *Hector's* Funeral. The only Things I regard in this Life, are, whether my Friends are well? Whether my Translation go well on? Whether *Dennis* be writing Criticisms? Whether any body will answer him, since I don't? And whether *Lintott* be not yet broke?

I am, &c.

To the same.

AUGUST 16, 1714.

I Thank you for your good Offices which are numberless. *Homer* advances so fast, that he begins to look about for the Ornaments he is to appear in, like a modish modern Author,——

— *Picture in the Front,*
With Bays and wicked Ryme upon't.

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I have the greatest Proof in nature at present of the amusing Power of Poetry ; for it takes me up so intirely, that I scarce see what passes under my Nose, and hear nothing that is said about me. To follow Poetry as one ought, one must forget Father and Mother, and cleave to it alone. My *Réverie* has been so deep, that I have scarce had an Interval to think myself uneasy in the want of your Company I now and then just miss you as I step into Bed ; this minute indeed I want extremely to see you, the next I shall dream of nothing but the taking of *Troy*, or the Recovery of *Briseis*.

I fancy no Friendship is so likely to prove lasting as ours, because I am pretty sure there never was a Friendship of so easy a Nature. We neither of us demand any mighty Things from each other ; what Vanity we have, expects it's Gratification from other People. It is not I, that am to tell you what an Artist you are, nor is it you that are to tell me what a Poet I am ; but 'tis from the World abroad we hope (piously hope) to hear these Things. At home we follow our Business, when we have any ; and think and talk most of each other when we have none. 'Tis not unlike the happy Friendship of a stay'd Man and his Wife, who are seldom so fond as to hinder the Business of the House from going on all Day, or so indolent as not to find Consolation in each other every Evening. Thus well-meaning Couples hold in Amity to the last, by not expecting too much from human Nature ; while romantic Friendships, like violent Loves, begin with Disquiets, proceed to Jealousies, and conclude in Animosities. I have liv'd to see the fierce Advancement, the sudden Turn, and the abrupt Period, of three or four of these enormous Friendships, and am perfectly convinc'd of the Truth of a Maxim we once agreed in, That nothing hinders the constant

Agreement of People who live together, but meer Vanity ; a secret insisting upon what they think their Dignity or Merit, and an inward Expectation of such an Over-measure of Deference and Regard, as answers to their own extravagant false Scale ; and which no body can pay, because none but themselves can tell, exactly, to what pitch it amounts.

I am, &c.

MR POPE to EDWARD BLUNT, Esq;

AUG. 27, 1714.

Whatever Studies on the one hand, or Amusements on the other, it shall be my Fortune to fall into, I shall be equally incapable of forgetting you in any of 'em. The Task I undertook *, tho' of Weight enough in itself, has had a voluntary Increase, by the enlarging my Design of the *Notes*; and the Necessity of consulting a Number of Books has carry'd me to *Oxford*: But I fear, thro' my Lord *Harcourt's* and Dr *Clarke's* Means, I shall be more conversant with the Pleasures and Company of the Place, than with the Books and Manuscripts of it.

I find still more Reason to complain of the Negligence of the Geographers in their Maps of *old Greece*, since I look'd upon two or three more noted Names in the public Libraries here. But with all the Care I am capable of, I have some Cause to fear the Engraver will prejudice me in a few Situations. I have been forc'd to write to him in so high a Style, that were my Epistle intercepted, it would raise no small Admiration in an

* The Translation of *Homer's Iliad*.

ordinary Man. There is scarce an Order in it of less Importance, than to remove such and such Mountains, alter the Course of such and such Rivers, place a large City on such a Coast, and raze another in another Country. I have set Bounds to the Sea, and said to the Land, *Thus far shalt thou advance, and no further* *. In the mean time, I who talk and command at this rate, am in danger of losing my Horse, and stand in some Fear of a Country Justice. To disarm me, indeed, may be but prudential, considering what Armies I have at present on Foot, and in my Service: A hundred thousand *Grecians* are no contemptible Body; for all that I can tell, they may be as formidable as four thousand *Priests*; and they seem proper Forces to send against those in *Barcelona*. That Siege deserves as fine a Poem as the *Iliad*, and the machining part of Poetry would be the juster in it, as they say the Inhabitants expect Angels from Heaven to their Assistance. May I venture to say, who am a *Papist*, and say to you who are a *Papist*, that nothing is more astonishing to me, than that People so greatly warm'd with a Sense of Liberty, should be capable of harbouring such weak Superstition, and that so much Bravery and so much Folly can inhabit the same Breasts?

I could not but take a Trip to *London*, on the Death of the *Queen*, mov'd by the common Curiosity of Mankind, who leave their own Business to be looking upon other Mens. I thank God, that as for myself, I am below all the Accidents of State-changes by my Circumstances, and above them by my Philosophy. Common Charity of man to man, and universal good Will to all, are the Points I have

* This relates to the Map of ancient Greece, laid down by our Author in his Observations on the second *Iliad*.

most at heart ; and I am sure those are not to be broken for the sake of any Governors, or Government. I am willing to hope the best, and what I more wish than my own or any particular man's Advancement, is, that this Turn may put an end entirely to the Divisions of *Whig* and *Tory*; that the Parties may love each other as well as I love them both ; or at least hurt each other as little as I would either ; and that our own People may live as quietly as we shall certainly let theirs ; that is to say, that want of *Power* itself in us may not be a surer Prevention of Harm, than want of *Will* in them. I am sure, if all *Whigs* and all *Tories* had the Spirit of one *Roman Catholic* that I know, it would be well for all *Roman Catholics* ; and if all *Roman Catholics* had always had that Spirit, it had been well for all others, and we had never been charg'd with so wicked a Spirit as that of Persecution.

I agree with you in my Sentiment of the State of our Nation since this Change: I find myself just in the same situation of Mind you describe as your own, heartily wishing the Good, that is, the Quiet of my Country, and hoping a total End of all the unhappy Divisions of Mankind by Party-spirit, which at best is but the Madness of many for the Cain of a few.

I am, &c.

Mr JERVAS to Mr POPE.

AUGUST 20. 1714.

I HAVE a Particular to tell you at this time, which pleases me so much, that you must expect a more than ordinary Alacrity in every Turn. You know I cou'd keep you in suspense for twenty
Lines,

Lines, but I will tell you directly that Mr *Addison* and I have had a Conversation, that it would have been worth your while to have been plac'd behind the Wainscot, or behind some half-length Picture to have heard. He assur'd me that he wou'd make use not only of his Interest, but of his Art, to do you some Service; he did not mean his Art of Poetry, but his Art at Court; and he is sensible that nothing can have a better Air for himself, than moving in your Favour, especially since Insinuations were spread, that he did not care you should prosper too much as a Poet. He protests that it shall not be his Fault, if there is not the best Intelligence in the World, and the most hearty Friendship, &c. He owns he was afraid Dr *Swift* might have carry'd you too far among the Enemy during the Heat of the Animosity, but now all is safe, and you are escap'd even in his Opinion. I promis'd in your Name, like a good Godfather, not that you should renounce the Devil and all his Works, but that you would be delighted to find him your Friend merely for his own sake; therefore prepare yourself for some Civilities.

I have done *Homer's* Head, shadow'd and heighten'd carefully; and I inclose the Out-line of the same Size, that you may determine whether you wou'd have it so large, or reduc'd to make room for a Feuillage, or Laurel, round the Oval, or about the Square of the Busto? Perhaps there is something more solemn in the Image itself, if I can get it well perform'd.

If I have been instrumental in bringing you and Mr *Addison* together with all Sincerity, I value myself upon it as an acceptable piece of Service to such a one as I know you to be.

Your, &c.

I 5

Mr

Mr POPE's Answer.

AUG. 27, 1714.

I AM just arriv'd from *Oxford*, very well diverted and entertain'd there —all very honest Fellows— much concern'd for the Queen's Death. No Panegyrics ready yet for the King.

I admire your *Whig-principles* of Resistance exceedingly, in the Spirit of the *Barcelonians*. I join in your Wish for them. Mr *Addison's* Verses on Liberty, in his Letter from *Italy*, would be a good Form of Prayer, in my Opinion. *O Liberty! thou Goddess heavenly bright! &c.*

What you mention'd of the friendly Office you endeavour'd to do betwixt Mr *Addison* and me, deserves Acknowledgments on my Part. You thoroughly know my Regard to his Character, and my Propensity to testify it by all ways in my Power. You as thoroughly know the scandalous Meanness of that Proceeding which was us'd by *Philips*, to make a Man I so highly value, suspect my Dispositions toward him. But as, after all, Mr *Addison* must be the Judge in what regards himself, and has seem'd to be no very just one to me; so I must own to you I expect nothing but Civility from him, how much soever I wish for his Friendship: And as for any Offices of real Kindness or Service which it is in his Power to do me, I should be ashamed to receive 'em from any man who had no better Opinion of my Morals, than to think me a Party-man; nor of my Temper, than to believe me capable of maligning or envying another's Reputation as a Poet. So I leave it to Time to convince him as to both, to shew him the shallow Depths of those half-witted Creatures who misinform'd him, and to prove that I

am

am incapable of endeavouring to lessen a Person whom I would be proud to imitate, and therefore ashamed to flatter. In a word, Mr *Addison* is sure of my Respect at all times, and of my real Friendship whenever he shall think fit to know me for what I am.

For all that pass'd betwixt Dr *Swift* and me, you know the whole (without Reserve) of our Correspondence: The Engagements I had to him were such as the actual Services he had done me, in relation to the Subscription for *Homer*, oblig'd me to. I must have leave to be grateful to him, and to any one who serves me, let him be never so obnoxious to any Party: nor did the *Tory-party* ever put me to the Hardship of asking this Leave, which is the greatest Obligation I owe to it; and I expect no greater from the *Whig-party* than the same Liberty.

— A curse on the Word *Party*, which I have been forc'd to use so often in this Period! I wish the present Reign may put an End to the Distinction, that there may be no other for the future than that of Honest and Knave, Fool, and Men of Sense; these two sorts must always be Enemies, but for the rest, may all People do as you and I, believe what they please and be Friends.

I am, &c.

Mr POPE to Mr ADDISON.

OCTOB. 10. 1714.

I HAVE been acquainted by one of my Friends who omits no Opportunities of gratifying me, that you have lately been pleas'd to speak of me in a manner which nothing but the real Respect I have

for you can deserve. May I hope that some late Malevolencies have lost their Effect? Indeed it is neither for me, nor my Enemies, to pretend to tell you whether I am your Friend or not; but if you would judge by Probabilities, I beg to know which of your poetical Acquaintance has so little Interest in pretending to be so? Methinks no Man should question the real Friendship of one who desires no real Service: I am only to get as much from the *Whigs*, as I got by the *Tories*, that is to say, Civility; being neither so proud as to be insensible of any good Office, nor so humble, as not to dare heartily to despise any Man who does me an Injustice.

I will not value myself upon having ever guarded all the Degrees of Respect for you; (for to say the truth) all the World speaks well of you, and I should be under the necessity of doing the same, whether I car'd for you or not.

As to what you have said of me, I shall never believe that the Author of *Cato* can speak one thing and think another. As a Proof that I account you sincere, I beg a Favour of you: it is, that you would look over the two first Books of my Translation of *Homer*, which are now in the Hands of my Lord *Halifax*. I am sensible how much the Reputation of any poetical Work will depend upon the Character you give it: 'Tis therefore some Evidence of the Trust I repose in your good Will, when I give you this Opportunity of speaking ill of me with Justice, and yet expect you will tell me your truest Thoughts, at the same time that you tell others your most favourable ones.

I have a farther Request, which I must press with Earnestness. My Bookseller is reprinting the *Essay on Criticism*, to which you have done too much Honour

Honour in your *Spectator* of N^o 253. The period in that Paper, where you say, "I have admitted some Strokes of ill Nature into that *Essay*," is the only one I could wish omitted of all you have written: but I wou'd not desire it shou'd be so, unless I had the Merit of removing your Objection: I beg you but to point out those Strokes to me, and you may be assur'd they shall be treated without Mercy.

Since we are upon Proofs of Sincerity (which I am pretty confident will turn to the Advantage of us both in each other's Opinion) give me leave to name another Passage in the same *Spectator*, which I wish you wou'd alter. It is where you mention an Observation upon *Homer's* Verses of *Sisyphus's* Stone, * *never having been made before by any of the Critics*: I happen'd to find the same in *Dionysius of Halicarnassus's* Treatise, περὶ Συρδιστικῆς Οροματων, who treats very largely upon these Verses. I know you will think fit to soften your Expression, when you see the Passage; which you must needs have read, though it be since slipp'd out of your Memory.

I am,

with the utmost Esteem,

Your, &c.

* These Words are since left out in Mr *Tickell's* Edition, but were extant in all during Mr *Addison's* Life.

Mr

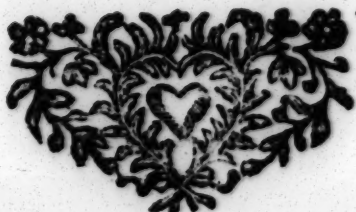
Mr POPE to the Earl of
HALIFAX.

My LORD,

Dec. 1, 1714.

I AM oblig'd to you both for the Favours you have done me, and for those you intend me. I distrust neither your Will nor your Memory, when it is to do good: and if ever I become troublesome or solicitous, it must not be out of Expectation, but out of Gratitude. Your Lordship may either cause me to live agreeably in the Town, or contentedly in the Country, which is really all the difference I set between an easy Fortune and a small one. It is indeed a high Strain of Generosity in you, to think of making me easy all my Life, only because I have been so happy as to divert you some few Hours: But if I may have leave to add, it is because you think me no Enemy to my native Country, there will appear a better Reason; for I must of consequence be very much, (as I sincerely am)

My Lord, &c.



LETTERS

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Mr William Congreve



LETTERS

OF

Mr POPE to Mr CONGREVE.

JAN. 16. 1714-15.

METHINKS when I write to you, I am making a Confession, I have got (I can't tell how) such a Custom of throwing myself out upon Paper without reserve. You were not mistaken in what you judg'd of my Temper of Mind when I writ last. My Faults will not be hid from you, and perhaps it is no Dispraise to me that they will not. The Cleanness and Purity of one's Mind is never better prov'd, than in discovering it's own Faults at first View: As when a Stream shows the Dirt at it's bottom, it shows also the Transparency of the Water.

My Spleen was not occasion'd, however, by any thing an * abusive, angry Critic could write of me.

* *Dennis*, who writ an abusive Pamphlet this Year, intituled, *Remarks on Mr Pope's Homer*.

I take

I take very kindly your heroic manner of Congratulation upon this Scandal; for I think nothing more Honourable, than to be involved in the same Fate with all the Great and the Good that ever lived; that is, to be envy'd and censur'd by bad Writers.

You do no more than answer my Expectations of you, in declaring how well you take my Freedom in sometimes neglecting, as I do, to reply to your Letters so soon as I ought; those who have a right Taste of the substantial Part of Friendship, can waive the Ceremonial. A Friend is the only one that will bear the Omission; and one may find who is not so, by the very Trial of it.

As to any Anxiety I have concerning the Fate of my *Homer*, the Care is over with me. The World must be the Judge, and I shall be the first to consent to the Justice of it's Judgment, whatever it be. I am not so arrant an Author, as even to desire, that if I am in the wrong, all Mankind should be so.

I am mightily pleas'd with a Saying of Monsieur *Tourreil*: "When a Man writes, he ought to animate himself with the Thoughts of pleasing all the World: But he is renounce that Desire or Hope, the very Moment the Book goes out of his Hands."

I write this from *Binfield*, whither I came yesterday, having past a few Days in my Way with my Lord *Bolingbroke*: I go to *London* in three days Time, and will not fail to pay a visit to Mr *M*—, whom I saw not long since at my Lord *Halifax*'s. I hoped from thence he had some hopes of Advantage from the present Administration: For few People (I think) but I, pay respects to great Men without any Prospects. I am in the fairest Way in the World of being not worth a Groat, being born both a *Papist* and a *Poet*. This puts me in mind of re-

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acknowledging your continued Endeavours to enrich me: But I can tell you 'tis to no purpose, for without the *Opes*, *Æquum animum mi ipse parabo*.

I am

Your, &c.

Mr POPE to Mr CONGREVE.

MARCH 19. 1714-15.

THE Farce of the *What-d'ye-call it*, has occasioned many different Speculations in the Town. Some look'd upon it as meer Jest upon the Tragic Poets, others as a Satire upon the late War. Mr *Cromwell* hearing none of the Words, and seeing the Action to be Tragical, was much astonished to find the Audience laugh; and says, the Prince and Princess must doubtless be under no less amazement on the same Account. Several Templers; and others of the more Vociferous kind of Critics, went with a Resolution to hiss, and confess'd they were forced to laugh so much, that they forgot the Design they came with. The Court in general has in a very particular Manner come into the Jest, and the three first Nights, (notwithstanding two of them were Court-nights) were distinguish'd by very full Audiences of the first Quality. The common People of the Pit and Gallery receiv'd it at first with great Gravity and Sedateness, some few with Tears; but after the third Day they also took the Hint, and have ever since been very loud in their Claps. There are still some sober Men who cannot be of the general Opinion, but the Laughters are so much the Majority, that one or two Critics seem determin'd to undeceive the Town at their proper Cost, by writing grave Dissertations against

againſt it: To encourage them in which laudable Deſign, it is reſolv'd a *Preface* ſhall be prefixt to the *Farce*, in Vindication of the Nature and Dignity of this new way of Writing.

Yeſterday Mr *Steele's* Affair was decided: I am ſorry I can be of no other Opinion than your's, as to his whole Carriage and Writings of late. But certainly he has not only been puniſh'd by others, but ſuffer'd much even from his own Party in the Point of Character, nor (I believe) receiv'd any amends in that of Intereſt, as yet; whatever may be his Proſpects for the Future.

This Gentleman, among a Thouſand others, is a great Inſtance of the Fate of all who are carried away by Party-ſpirit, of any ſide. I wiſh all violence may ſucceed as ill; but am really amazed that ſo much of that ſowre and pernicious Quality ſhou'd be joined with ſo much natural good humour as I think Mr *Steele* is poſſeſs'd of.

I am, &c.

To Mr CONGREVE.

APRIL 7. 1715.

MR *Pope* is going to Mr *Fervas's*, where Mr *Addiſon* is fitting for his Picture; in the mean Time amidſt Clouds of Tobacco at a Coffee-Houſe I write this Letter. There is a grand Revolution at *Will's*, *Morrice* has quitted for a Coffee-Houſe in the City, and *Titcomb* is reſtor'd to the great Joy of *Cromwell*, who was at a great Loſs for a Perſon to converſe with upon the Fathers and Church Hiſtory; the Knowledge I gain from him, is intirely in Painting and Poetry; and Mr *Pope* owes all his skill

skill in Astronomy to him and Mr. *Whiston*, so celebrated of late for his discovery of the Longitude, in an extraordinary Copy of Verses*. Mr *Rowe's Jane Gray* is to be play'd in *Easter-Week*, when Mrs *Oldfield* is to personate a Character directly opposite to female Nature; for what Woman ever despis'd Sovereignty? You know *Chaucer* has a Tale where a Knight saves his Head, by discovering it was the thing which all Women most coveted. Mr *Pope's Homer* is retarded by the great Rains that have fallen of late, which causes the Sheets to be long a drying; this gives Mr *Lintot* great uneasiness, who is now endeavouring to corrupt the Curate of his Parish to pray for fair Weather, that his Work may go on. There is a Six-penny *Criticism* lately publish'd upon the Tragedy of the *What-d'ye-call-it*, wherein he with much Judgment and Learning calls me a Block-head, and Mr *Pope* a Knave. His grand Charge is against the *Pilgrims Progress* being read, which he says is directly levell'd at *Cato's* reading *Plato*; to back this censure, he goes on to tell you, that the *Pilgrims Progress* being mentioned to be the eighth Edition, makes the Reflection evident, the Tragedy of *Cato* having just eight times (as he quaintly expresses it) *visited the Press*. He has also endeavour'd to show, that every particular passage of the Play alludes to some fine part of Tragedy, which he says I have injudiciously and profanely abused†. Sir *Samuel Garth's* Poem upon my Lord *Clare's* House, I believe, will be publish'd in the *Easter-Week*.

Thus far Mr *Gay*— who has in his Letter fore-stall'd all the Subjects of Diversion; unless it shou'd

* Called, *An Ode on the Longitude*, in *Swift's* and *Pope's* Miscellanies.

† This curious Piece was intituled, *A compleat Key to the What-d'ye-call-it*. It was written by one *Griffin* a Player, alluded by *Lewis Theobald*.

be one to you to say, that I sit up till two o'Clock over *Burgundy* and *Champagne*; and am become so much a Rake, that I shall be ashamed in a short Time to be thought to do any sort of Business. I fear I must get the Gout by Drinking, purely for a fashionable Pretence to sit still long enough to translate four Books of *Homer*. I hope you'll by that time be up again, and I may succeed to the Bed and Couch of my Predecessor: Pray cause the Stuffing to be repaired, and the Crutches shortened for me. The Calamity of your Gout is what all your Friends, that is to say all that know you, must share in; we desire you in your turn to condole with us, who are under a Persecution, and much afflicted with a Dis-temper which proves grievous to many Poets, a *Criticism*. We have indeed some relieving Intervals of laughter, (as you know there are in some Diseases) and it is the Opinion of divers good Guessers, that the last Fit will not be more violent than advantageous; for Poets assail'd by Critics, are like Men bitten by *Tarantula's*, they dance on so much the faster.

Mr *Thomas Burnet* hath play'd the Precursor to the coming of *Homer*, in a Treatise called *Homerides*. He has since risen very much in his Criticisms, and after assailing *Homer*, made a daring Attack upon the * *What-d'ye-call-it*. Yet is there not a Proclamation issued for the burning of *Homer* and the *Pope* by the common Hangman; nor is the *What-d'ye-call-it* yet silenc'd by the Lord Chamberlain. They shall survive the Conflagration of his Father's Works, and live after they and he are damned (for that the B—p of *S.* already is so, is the Opinion of Dr *Sacheverel* and the Church of *Rome*).

I am, &c.

* In one of his Papers call'd *The Grumbler*, long since dead.

Mr

Mr POPE to the Earl of B ----.

My LORD,

IF your Mare could speak, she wou'd give you an Account of the extraordinary Company she had on the Road; which since she cannot do, I will.

It was the enterprizing Mr *Lintott*, the redoubtable Rival of Mr *Tonson*, who, mounted on a Stone-horse, (no disagreeable Companion to your Lordship's Mare) overtook me in *Windsor-Forest*. He said he heard I design'd for *Oxford*, the Seat of the Muses, and would, as my Bookseller, by all means, accompany me thither.

I ask'd him where he got his Horse? He answered, he got it of his Publisher: "For that Rogue
" my Printer (said he) disappointed me: I hoped
" to put him in good humour by a Treat at the
" Tavern, of a brown Fricassee of Rabbits, which
" cost two Shillings, with two Quarts of Wine, besides my Conversation; I thought myself cock-
" sure of his Horse, which he readily promised me,
" but said, that Mr *Tonson* had just such another
" design of going to *Cambridge*, expecting there
" the Copy of a *Comment upon the Revelations*;
" and if Mr *Tonson* went, he was pre-engaged to
" attend him, being to have the Printing of the
" said Copy."

So in short, I borrow'd this Stone-horse of my Publisher, which he had of Mr *Oldmixon* for a Debt; he lent me too the pretty Boy you see after me; he was a smutty Dog yesterday, and cost me near two hours to wash the Ink off his Face: But the Devil is a fair-condition'd Devil, and very forward in his Catechise: If you have any more Bags, he shall carry them.

I thought

I thought Mr *Lintott*'s civility not to be neglected, so gave the Boy a small bag, containing three Shirts and an *Elzevir Virgil*; and mounting in an instant proceeded on the Road, with my Man before, my courteous Stationer beside, and the aforefaid Devil behind.

Mr *Lintott* began in this manner. "Now, damn them! What if they should put it into the News-paper, how you and I went together to Oxford? Why what would I care? If I should go down into *Suffex*, they would say I was gone to the Speaker. But what of that? If my Son were but big enough to go on with the Business, by G—d I would keep as good company as old *Jacob*."

Hereupon I enquir'd of his Son. "The Lad (says he) has fine Parts, but is somewhat sickly, much as you are—I spare for nothing in his Education at *Westminster*. Pray don't you think *Westminster* to be the best School in England? most of the late Ministry came out of it, so did many of this Ministry; I hope the Boy will make his Fortune."

Don't you design to let him pass a Year at Oxford? To what purpose? (said he) the Universities do but make Pedants, and I intend to breed him a Man of Business."

As Mr *Lintott* was talking, I observ'd he sat uneasy on his Saddle, for which I express'd some Solicitude: Nothing, says he, I can bear it well enough; but since we have the Day before us, methinks it would be very pleasant for you to rest a while under the Woods. When we were alighted, "See here, what a mighty pretty *Horace* I have in my Pocket: What if you amus'd yourself in turning an Ode, till we mount again? Lord! if you pleas'd, what a clever *Miscellany* might

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"you make at leisure Hours." Perhaps I may, (said I) if we ride on; the Motion is an aid to my Fancy; a round Trot very much awakens my Spirits. Then jog on apace, and I'll think as hard as I can.

Silence ensu'd for a full Hour; after which Mr *Lintott* lugg'd the Reins, stop't short, and broke out, "Well, Sir, how far have you gone?" I answer'd seven Miles. "Z—ds, Sir, said *Lintott*, "I thought you had done seven Stanza's. *Oldsworth* in a Ramble round *Wimbleton-hill*, would translate a whole Ode in half this Time. I'll say that for *Oldsworth*, (tho' I lost by his *Timothy's*) he translates an Ode of *Horace* the *quickest* of any Man in *England*. I remember Dr *King* would write Verses in a Tavern three Hours after he could n't speak; and there's Sir *Richard* in that rumbling old Chariot of his, between *Fleet-ditch* and *St Giles's Pound* shall make you half a *Job*."

Pray Mr *Lintott* (said I) now you talk of Translators, what is your method of managing them? "Sir (reply'd he) those are the saddest pack of Rogues in the World: In a hungry Fit, they'll swear they understand all the Languages in the Universe: I have known one of them take down a *Greek Book* upon my Counter and cry, Ay this is *Hebrew*, I must read it from the latter End. By G—d I can never be sure in these Fellows, for I neither understand *Greek*, *Latin*, *French*, nor *Italian* my self. But this is my way: I agree with them for ten Shillings per Sheet, with a Proviso, that I will have their doings corrected by whom I please; so by one or other they are led at last to the true Sense of an Author; my Judgment giving the Negative to all my Translators." But how are you secure that those Cor-

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rectors may not impose upon you? “ Why I get
 “ any civil Gentleman, (especially any *Scotchman*)
 “ that comes into my Shop, to read the Original to
 “ me in *English*; by this I know whether my first
 “ Translator be deficient, and whether my Cor-
 “ rector merits his money or no.

“ I’ll tell you what happened to me last Month:
 “ I bargain’d with S ——— for a new Version of
 “ *Lucretius* to publish against *Tonson’s*; agreeing to
 “ pay the Author so many Shillings at his producing
 “ so many Lines. He made a great Progress in a
 “ very short Time, and I gave it to the Corrector to
 “ compare with the *Latin*; but he went directly to
 “ *Creech’s* Translation, and found it the same Word
 “ for Word, all but the first Page. Now, what
 “ d’ye think I did? I arrested the *Translator* for a
 “ Cheat; nay, and I stopt the *Corrector’s* Pay too,
 “ upon this Proof that he had made use of *Creech*
 “ instead of the Original.

Pray tell me next how you deal with the Critics.
 “ Sir (said he) nothing more easy. I can silence
 “ the most formidable of them; the rich one’s for
 “ for a Sheet a-piece of the blotted Manuscript,
 “ which costs me nothing. They’ll go about with
 “ it to their Acquaintance, and pretend they had it
 “ from the Author, who submitted to their Cor-
 “ rection: This has given some of them such an
 “ Air, that in Time they come to be consulted
 “ with, and dedicated to, as the top Critics of the
 “ Town.— As for the poor Critics, I’ll give you
 “ one Instance of my management, by which you
 “ may guess at the rest. A lean Man that look’d
 “ like a good Scholar, came to me t’other Day; he
 “ turn’d over *Homer*, shook his Head, shrugg’d up
 “ his Shoulders, and pish’d at every Line of it;
 “ One would wonder (says he) at the strange Pre-
 “ sumption of Men; *Homer is no such easy task,*
 “ that

“ that every *Stripling*, every *Verseifier*—— he was
 “ going on when my Wife called to Dinner: Sir, said
 “ I, will you please to eat a *Piece of Beef* with me?
 “ Mr *Lintott*, said he, *I am sorry you should be at*
 “ *the Expence of this great Book, I am really con-*
 “ *cern'd on your Account*—— Sir, I am much ob-
 “ lig'd to you: If you can dine upon a *Piece of*
 “ *Beef*, together with a *Slice of Pudding*—— Mr *Lin-*
 “ *tott, I do not say but Mr Pope, if he would con-*
 “ *descend to advise with Men of Learning*—— Sir,
 “ the *Pudding* is upon the Table, if you please to
 “ go in—— My Critic complies, he comes to a
 “ Taste of your Poetry, and tells me in the same
 “ Breath, that the *Book* is commendable and the
 “ *Pudding* excellent.

Now, Sir, (concluded Mr *Lintott*) in return to
 the Frankness I have shown, pray tell me, “ Is it
 “ the Opinion of your Friends at Court, that my
 “ Lord *L*—— will be brought to the Bar or not?”
 I told him I heard *not*, and I hoped it, my Lord
 being one I had particular Obligations to. “ That
 “ may be (reply'd Mr *Lintott*) but by G——d if he
 “ is not, I shall lose the printing of a very good
 “ Trial.”

These, my Lord, are a few Traits by which
 you may discern the Genius of my Friend Mr *Lin-*
tott, which I have chosen for the subject of a Let-
 ter. I dropt him as soon as I got to *Oxford*, and
 paid a Visit to my Lord *Carleton* at *Middleton*.

The Conversations I enjoy here are not to be
 prejudiced by my Pen, and the Pleasures from them
 only to be equal'd when I meet your Lordship. I
 hope in a few Days to cast myself from your Horse
 at your Feet.

I am, &c.

Dr PARNELLE to Mr POPE.

JUNE 27, 1715.

I Am writing you a long Letter, but all the tediousness I feel in it is, that it makes me, during the time, think more intently of my being far from you. I fancy if I were with you, I cou'd remove some of the Uneasiness which you may have felt from the Opposition of the World, and which you should be ashamed to feel, since it is but the Testimony which one part of it gives you that your Merit is unquestionable: What wou'd you have otherwise from Ignorance, Envy, or those Tempers which vie with you in your own way? I know this in Mankind, that when our Ambition is unable to attain it's End, it is not only wearied, but exasperated too at the Vanity of it's Labours; then we speak ill of happier Studies, and sighing condemn the Excellence which we find above our reach.—

My * *Zoilus* which you us'd to write about, I finished last Spring, and left in Town; I waited till I came up to send it you, but not arriving here before your Book was out, imagin'd it a lost Piece of Labour. If you will still have it, you need only write me Word.

I have here seen the *First Book* of *Homer*, which came out at a Time when it cou'd not but appear as a kind of setting up against you. My Opinion is, that you may, if you please, give *them thanks who writ it*. Neither the Numbers nor the Spirit have an equal mastery with your's; but what surprises me more, is, that, a Scholar being concern'd, there should happen to be some Mistakes in the

* Printed for B. Lintott 1715, 8vo. under this Title.

Author's Sense; such as putting the Light of *Pallas's* Eyes into the Eyes of *Achilles*; making the Taunt of *Achilles* to *Agamemnon*, (that he should have Spoils when *Troy* should be taken) to be a cool and serious Proposal: The translating what you call *Ablution* by the Word *Offals*, and so leaving *Water* out of the Rite of Lustration, &c. but you must have taken notice of all this before. I write no to inform you, but to shew I always have you at heart.

I am, &c.

*From a Letter of the Rev. Dr BERKLEY,
Dean of Londonderry.*

JULY 7, 1715.

— Some Days ago, three or four Gentlemen and myself exerting that Right which all Readers pretend to over Authors, sat in Judgment upon the two new Translations of the first *Iliad*. Without Partiality to my Countrymen, I assure you they all gave the Preference where it was due; being unanimously of Opinion, that your's was equally just to the sense with Mr —'s, and without Comparison more easy, more poetical, and more sublime. But I will say no more on such a thread-bare Subject, as your late Performance is at this time.

I am, &c.

*Extract from a Letter from Mr GAY to
Mr POPE.*

JULY 8, 1715.

— I have just set down Sir *Samuel Garth* at the Opera. He bid me tell you, that every body is pleas'd with your Translation, but a few at *Button's*; and that Sir *Richard Steele* told him, that Mr *Addison* said *Tickell's* Translation was the best that ever was in any Language*. He treated me with extream Civility, and out of Kindness gave me a squeeze by the fore Finger—— I am inform'd that at *Button's* your Character is made very free with as to Morals, and Mr *A*—— says, that your Translation and *Tickell's* are both very well done, but that the latter has more of *Homer*.

*I am, &c.**Extract from a Letter of Dr ARBUTHNOT
to Mr POPE.*

JULY 9, 1715.

— I congratulate you upon Mr *Tickell's* first Book. I does not indeed want it's merit; but I was strangely disappointed in my Expectation of a Translation nicely true to the Original; whereas in those Parts where the greatest Exactness seems to be demanded, he has been the least careful, I

* Sir *Richard Steele* afterwards, in his Preface to an Edition of the *Drummer*, a Comedy by Mr *Addison*, shews it to be his Opinion, that "not Mr *Tickell* but Mr *Addison* himself was the Person " that translated this Book."

mean

mean the History of *ancient Ceremonies and Rites*, &c. in which you have with great Judgment been exact.

I am, &c.

Mr POPE to the Honourable JAMES
CRAGGS, Esq;

JULY 15, 1715.

I Lay hold of the Opportunity given me by my Lord Duke of *Shrewsbury*, to assure you of the Continuance of that Esteem and Affection I have long born you, and the Memory of so many agreeable Conversations as we have passed together. I wish it were a Compliment to say such Conversations as are not to be found on this side of the Water: For the Spirit of Dissension is gone forth among us: Nor is it a Wonder that *Button's* is no longer *Button's*, when *Old England* is no longer *Old England*, that Region of Hospitality, Society, and good Humour. Party affects us all, even the Wits, though they gain as little by Politicks as they do by their Wit. We talk much of fine Sense, refined Sense, and exalted Sense; but for Use and Happiness give me a little common Sense. I say this in regard to some Gentlemen, professed Wits of our Acquaintance, who fancy they can make Poetry of Consequence at this time of Day, in the midst of this raging Fit of Politicks. For they tell me, the busy Part of the Nation are not more divided about *Whig* and *Tory*, than these idle Fellows of the Feather about Mr *Tickel's* and my Translation. I (like the *Tories*) have the Town in general, that is the Mob, on my side; but 'tis usual

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with

with the smaller Party to make up in Industry what they want in Number and that's the Case with the little Senate of *Cato*. However, if our Principles be well considered, I must appear a brave *Whig*, and Mr *Tickel* a rank *Tory*; I translated *Homer* for the Public in general, he to gratify the inordinate Desires of one Man only. We have, it seems, a great *Turk* in Poetry, who can never bear a Brother on the Throne; and has his Mutes too, a Set of Noddors, Winkers, and Whisperers, whose Business is to strangle all other Offsprings of Wit in their Birth. The new Translator of *Homer* is the humblest Slave he has, that is to say, his first Minister; let him receive the Honours he gives him, but receive them with fear and trembling: Let him be proud of the Approbation of his absolute Lord; I appeal to the People, as my rightful Judges and Masters; and if they are not inclined to condemn me, I fear no arbitrary high-flying Proceedings from the small Court-Faction at *Button's*. But after all I have said of this great Man, there is no Rupture between us: We are each of us so civil and obliging, that neither thinks he is obliged. And I for my part treat with him, as we do with the *Grand Monarch*; who has too many great Qualities not to be respected, though we know he watches any Occasion to oppress us.

When I talk of *Homer*, I must not forget the early present you made me of *Monsieur de la Motte's* Book. And I can't conclude this Letter without telling you a melancholy Piece of News which affects our very Entrails——is dead, and Soupes are no more! You see I write in the old familiar Way. "This is not to the Minister, but to the Friend."—However, it is some Mark of uncommon Regard to the Minister, that I steal an Expression from a Secretary of State.

I am, &c.

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Mr POPE to Sir WILLIAM TRUMBULL.

Dec. 16, 1715.

IT was one of the Enigma's of Pythagoras, *When the Winds rise worship the Echo*. A modern Writer explains this to signify, "*When popular Tumults begin, retire to Solitudes, or such Places where Echo's are commonly found; Rocks, Woods, &c.*". I am rather of Opinion it should be interpreted, "*When Rumours increase, and when there is Abundance of Noise and Clamour, believe the second Report.*" This I think agrees more exactly with the *Echo*, and is the more natural Application of the Symbol. However it be, either of these Precepts is extreamly proper to be followed at this Season; and I cannot but applaud your Resolution of continuing in what you call your Cave in the Forest, this Winter; and preferring the Noise of breaking Ice to that of breaking Statesmen, the Rage of Storms to that of Parties, and Fury and Ravage of Floods and Tempests, to the Precipitancy of some, and the Ruins of others, which I fear will be our daily Prospect in *London*.

I sincerely wish myself with you, to contemplate the Wonders of God in the Firmament, rather than the Madriess of Men on the Earth. But I never had so much Cause as now to complain of my poetical Star, that fixes me at this tumultuous Time to attend the gingling of Rhymes, and the measuring of Syllables: To be almost the only Trifler in the Nation; and as ridiculous as the Poet in *Petronius*, who while all the rest in the Ship were labouring or praying for Life, was scratching his Head in a little Room, to write a fine Description of the Tempest.

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You

You tell me you like the sound of no Arms; but those of *Achilles*: For my part I like them as little as the others. I list'd myself in the Battles of *Homer*, and I am no sooner in War, but, like most other Folks, I wish myself out again.

I heartily join with you in wishing Quiet to our native Country; Quiet in the State, which, like Charity in Religion, is too much the Perfection and Happiness of either, to be broken or violated on any Pretence or Prospect whatsoever: Fire and Sword, and Fire and Faggot, are equally my Aversion. I can pray for opposite Parties, and for opposite Religions, with great Sincerity. I think to be a Lover of one's Country is a glorious Elogy, but I do not think it so great an one, as to be a Lover of Mankind.

Mr *Y*— and I sometimes celebrate you under these Denominations, and join your Health with that of the whole World; a truly Catholic Health; which far excels the poor narrow-spirited, ridiculous Healths now in Fashion, to *this Church*, on *that Church*: Whatever our Teachers may say, they must give us leave at least to *wish* generously. These, dear Sir, are my general Dispositions, but whenever I pray or wish for Particulars, you are one of the first in the Thoughts and Affections of

Your, &c.

Sir W. TRUMBULL's Answer.

JAN. 19, 1715-16.

I Should be ashamed of my long Idleness, in not acknowledging your kind Advice about *Echo*, and your most ingenious Explanation of it, relating to popular

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popular Tumults; which I own to be very useful: and yet give me leave to tell you, that I keep myself to a shorter Receipt of the same *Pythagoras*, which is *Silence*; and this I shall observe, if not the whole Time of his Discipline, yet at least till your return into this country. I am oblig'd further to this method, by the most severe Weather I ever felt; when tho' I keep as near by the Fire as may be, yet *gelidus concrevit frigore Sanguis*: And often I apprehend the Circulation of the Blood begins to be stopp'd. I have further great losses (to a poor Farmer) of my poor Oxen — *Intereunt pecudes, stant circumfusa pruinis Corpora Magna Boum*, &c.

Pray comfort me if you can, by telling me that your second Volume of *Homer* is not frozen; for it must be express'd very poetically to say now, that the Presses *sweat*.

I cannot forbear to add a piece of Artifice I have been guilty of, on occasion of my being obliged to congratulate the Birth-day of a Friend of mine: When finding I had no Materials of my own, I very frankly sent him your Imitation of *Martial's* Epigram on *Antonius primus*.^{*} This has been applauded so much, that I am in danger of commencing Poet, perhaps Laureat, (pray desire my good Friend Mr *Rosse* to enter a Caveat) provided you will further increase

^{*} *Jam numerat placido felix Antonius ævo*, &c.

Sir William Trumbull was born at *Easthamsted* in *Berkshire*: He was Fellow of *All Souls College* in *Oxford*, follow'd the Study of the Civil Law, and was sent, by King *Charles the Second*, Judge-Advocate to *Tangier*, thence Envoy to *Florence*, *Turin*, &c. and in his way back, Envoy Extraordinary to *France*: from thence, sent by King *James the Second* Ambassador to the *Ottoman Porte*. Afterwards he was made Lord of the Treasury, then Secretary of State with the Duke of *Sbretsbury*, which Office he resign'd in 1697. He retir'd to *Easthamsted*, in *Windsor Forest*, and died in the Place of his Nativity in December, 1716, aged 77 Years. Our Author celebrated that Retirement in his Poem on the Forest, and address to him his first Pastoral at 16 Years of Age.

my Stock in this Bank. In which proceeding I have laid the Foundation of my Estate, and as *honestly* as many others have begun theirs. But now being a little Tender, as young beginners often are, I offer to you (for I have concealed the true Author) whether you will give me Orders to declare who is the Father of this fine Child, or not? Whatever you determine, my Fingers, Pen, and Ink are so frozen, that I cannot thank you more at large. You will forgive this and all other Faults of, *Dear Sir,*

Your, &c.

To Mr JERVAS in Ireland.

JULY 9. 1716.

THO', as you rightly remark, I pay my Tax but once in half a Year, yet you shall see by this Letter upon the neck of my last, that I pay a double Tax, as we Non-Jurors ought to do. Your Acquaintance on this side the Sea are under terrible Apprehensions, from your long long stay in *Ireland*, that you may grow too Polite for them; for we think (since the great Success of so damn'd a Play as the Non-Juror) that Politeness is gone over the Water. But others are of Opinion it has been longer among you, and was introduced much about the same Time with *Frogs*, and with equal Success. Poor *Poetry*! the little that's left of it here longs to cross the Seas, and leave *Eusden* in full and peaceable Possession of the *British* Laurel: And we begin to wish you had the Singing of our Poets, as well as the Croaking of our Frogs, to yourselves in *Sæcula Sæculorum*. It would be well in exchange, if *Parnelle*, and two or three more of your Swans, would come hither, especially

especially that Swan, who like a true Modern one, does not sing at all, Dr *Swift*. I am (like the rest of the World) a Sufferer by his Idleness. Indeed I hate that any Man should be idle, while I must Translate and Comment: And I may the more sincerely wish for good Poetry from others, because I am become a Person out of the Question; for a Translator is no more a Poet, than a Taylor is a Man.

You are doubtless persuaded of the Validity of that famous Verse,

'Tis Expectation makes a Blessing dear.

but why would you make your Friends sonder of you than they are? There's no manner of need of it—— We begin to expect you no more than *Anti-christ*. A Man that hath absented himself so long from his Friends, ought to be put into the Gazette.

Every Body here has great need of you. Many Faces have died for ever for want of your Pencil, and blooming Ladies have wither'd in expecting your return. Even *Frank* and *Betty* (that constant Pair) cannot console themselves for your Absence; I fancy they will be forced to make their own Picture in a pretty Babe, before you come home: 'Twill be a noble Subject for a Family Piece. Come then, and having peopled *Ireland* with a World of beautiful Shadows, come to us, and see with that Eye (which, like the Eye of the World, creates Beauties by looking on them) see, I say, how *England* has altered the Airs of all it's Heads in your Absence; and with what sneaking City Attitudes our most celebrated Personages appear in the meer mortal Works of our Painters.

Mr *Fortescue* is much your's; *Gay* commemorates you; and lastly (to climb by just Steps and Degrees)
my

my Lord *Burlington* desires you may be put in mind of him. His Gardens flourish, his Structures rise, his Pictures arrive, and (what is far nobler and more valuable than all) his own good Qualities daily extend themselves to all about him: Whereof, I, the meanest, (next to some *Italian* Chymists, Fiddlers, Bricklayers, and Opera-makers) am a living Instance.

To the same.

Nov. 14. 1716.

IF I had not done my utmost to lead my Life so pleasantly as to forget all Misfortunes, I should tell you I reckoned your Absence no small one; but I hope you have also had many good and pleasant Reasons to forget your Friends on this side the World. If a wish could transport me to you, and your present Companions, I could do the same. Dr *Swift*, I believe, is a very good Landlord, and a chearful Host at his own Table; I suppose he has perfectly learnt himself, what he has taught so many others, *Rapto non insanire lagena*. Else he would not make a proper Host for your humble Servant, who (you know) tho' he drinks a Glass as seldom as any Man, contrives to break one as often. But 'tis a Consolation to me, that I can do this, and many other Enormities, under my own Roof.

But that you and I are upon equal Terms of all friendly Laziness, and have taken an inviolable Oath to each other, always to do what we will; I should reproach you for so long a Silence. The best Amends you can make for saying nothing to me, is by saying all the good you can of me, which is, that I heartily love and esteem the Dean, and Dr *Parnelle*.

Gay

Gay is your's and theirs. His Spirit is awakened very much in the Cause of the Dean, which has broke forth in a courageous Couplet or two upon Sir *Richard Bl*—— he has printed it with his name to it, and bravely assigns no other Reason, than that the said Sir *Richard* has abused Dr *Swift*. I have also suffered in the like Cause, and shall suffer more; unless *Parnelle* sends me his *Zoilus* and *Bookworm* (which the Bishop of *Clogher*, I hear, greatly extols) it will be shortly, *Concurrere Bellum atque Virum*.— I love you all as much as I despise most Wits in this dull Country. *Ireland* has turned the Tables upon *England*; and if I have no Poetical Friend in my own Nation, I'll be as proud as *Scipio*, and say, (since I am reduced to Skin and Bone) *Ingrata patria, ne ossa quidem habeas*.

To the same.

Nov. 20. 1716.

THAT you have not heard from me of late, ascribe not to the usual Laziness of your Correspondent, but to a ramble to *Oxford*, where your Name is mentioned with Honour, even in a Land flowing with Tories. I had the good Fortune there to be often in the Conversation of Dr *Clarke*: He entertained me with several Drawings, and particularly with the Original Designs of *Inigo Jones's Whitehall*. I there saw and revered some of your first Pieces; which future Painters are to look upon as we Poets do on the *Culex* of *Virgil*, and *Batrachom* of *Homer*.

Having named this latter Piece, give me leave to ask what is become of Dr *Parnelle* and his Frogs? *Oblitusque meorum, obliviscendus & illis*, might be *Horace's*

Horace's wish, but will never be mine, while I have such *meorums* as Dr *Parnelle* and Dr *Swift*. I hope the Spring will restore you to us, and with you all the Beauties and Colours of Nature. Not but I congratulate you on the Pleasure you must take in being admired in your own Country, which so seldom happens to Prophets and Poets. But in this you have the Advantage of Poets; you are Master of an Art that must prosper and grow rich, as long as People love, or are proud of themselves, or their own Persons. However, you have stay'd long enough, methinks, to have painted all the numberless Histories of old *Ogygia*. If you have begun to be Historical, I recommend to your hand the story which every pious *Irishman* ought to begin with, that of St *Patrick*: To the end you may be obliged (as Dr *P.* was, when he translated the *Batrachomyomachia*.) to come into *England* to copy the Frogs, and such other Vermine as were never seen in that land since the Time of that Confessor.

I long to see you a History Painter. You have already done enough for the Private, do something for the Public; and be not confined, like the rest, to draw only such silly Stories as our own Faces tell of us. The Ancients too expect you should do them right; those Statues from which you learned your beautiful and noble Ideas, demand it as a piece of Gratitude from you, to make them truly known to all Nations, in the Account you intend to write of their *Characters*. I hope you think more warmly than ever of that noble design.

As to your enquiry about your House, when I come within the Walls, they put me in mind of those of *Carthage* where your Friend, like the wandering *Trojan*,

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Animum Pictura pascit inani.

For the spacious Mansion, like a *Turkish* Caravanse-rah, entertains the Vagabond with only bare Lodging. I rule the Family very ill, keep bad Hours, and lend out your Pictures about the Town. See what it is to have a Poet in your House! *Frank* indeed does all he can in such a Circumstance, for considering he has a wild Beast in it, he constantly keeps the Door chain'd. Every time it is open'd, the Links rattle, the rusty Hinges roar, the House seems so sensible that you are it's support, that it is ready to drop in your Absence; but I still trust my self under it's Roof, as depending that Providence will preserve so many *Raphaels*, *Titians*, and *Guido's*, as are lodg'd in your Cabinet. Surely the Sins of one Poet can hardly be so heavy, as to bring an old House over the Heads of so many Painters. In a word, your House is falling, but what of that? I am only a Lodger.

Mr Secretary CRAGGS to Mr POPE.

Paris, Sept. 2. 1716.

LAST Post brought me the favour of your Letter of the 10th *Aug. O. S.* It would be taking too much upon me to decide, that 'twas a witty one; I never pretended to more judgment than to know what pleases me, and can assure you, it was a very agreeable one. The proof I can give you of my sincerity in this Opinion, is, that I hope and desire you would not stop at this, but continue more of them.

I am

I am in a Place where Pleasure is continually flowing. The Princes set the Example, and the Subjects follow at a distance. The Ladies are of all parties, by which means the Conversation of the Men is very much softened and fashioned from those blunt disputes on Politics, and rough Jest, we are so guilty of, while the Freedom of the Women takes away all Formality and Constraint. I must own, at the same Time, these Beauties are a little too artificial for my Taste; you have seen a *French Picture* the Original is more painted, and such a crust of Powder and Essence in their Hair; that you can see no difference between black and red. By refusing Stays, and indulging themselves at a Table, they are run out of all Shape; but as to that, they may give a good Reason, they prefer Conveniency to Parade, and are by this means as ready, as they are generally willing to be charitable.

I am surpriz'd to find I have wrote so much Scandal; I fancy I am either setting up for a Wit, or imagine I must write in this Style to a Wit; I hope you'll prove a good natur'd one, and not only let me hear from you sometimes, but forgive the small Encouragement you meet with. If you'll complet your Favours, pray give my humble Services to Lords *W—ck*, *St—*, and *H—y*. I have had my hopes and fears they would have abused me before this Time; I am sure it is not my business to meddle with a nest of Bees (I speak only of the Honey). I won't trouble my self to finish finely, a true Compliment is better than a good one, and I can assure you without any, that I am very sincerely,

SIR, Your, &c.

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The Reverend Dean *BERKLEY,
to Mr POPE.

Naples, Oct. 22. N. S. 1717.

I Have long had it in my Thoughts to trouble you with a Letter, but was discouraged for want of something that I could think worth sending fifteen hundred Miles. *Italy* is such an exhausted Subject, that, I dare say, you'd easily forgive my saying nothing of it; and the Imagination of a Poet is a thing so nice and delicate, that it is no easy matter to find out Images capable of giving Pleasure to one of the few, who (in any Age) have come up to that Character. I am nevertheless lately returned from an Island, where I passed three or four Months, which, were it set out in it's true Colours, might methinks amuse you agreeably enough for a Minute or two. The Island *Inarime* is an Epitome of the whole Earth, containing within the compass of eighteen Miles, a wonderful variety of Hills, Vales, ragged Rocks, fruitful Plains, and barren Mountains, all thrown together in a most romantic Confusion. The Air is in the hottest Season constantly refreshed by cool breezes from the Sea. The Vales produce excellent Wheat and *Indian* Corn, but are mostly covered with Vineyards, intermixt with Fruit-trees. Besides the common kinds, as Cherries, Apricots, Peaches, &c. they produce Oranges, Limes, Almonds, Pomegranates, Figs, Water Melons, and many other Fruits unknown to our Climates, which lie every where open to the Passenger. The Hills are the greater part covered to the top with Vines, some

* Afterwards Bishop of Cloyne in Ireland, a celebrated Metaphysician, Author of the Dialogues of *Hylas* and *Philonectes*, the *Minute Philosopher*, &c.

with

with Chesnut Groves, and others with thickets of Myrtle and Lentiscus. The Fields on the Northern side are divided by hedge-rows of Myrtle. Several Fountains and Rivulets add to the Beauty of this Landscape, which is likewise set off by the Variety of some barren Spots, and naked Rocks. But that which crowns the Scene, is a large Mountain, rising out of the middle of the Island (once a terrible *Volcano*, by the Ancients called *Mons Epomeus*) it's lower parts are adorned with Vines and other Fruits, the middle affords Pasture to flocks of Goats and Sheep, and the top is a sandy pointed Rock, from which you have the finest Prospect in the World, surveying at one view, besides several pleasant Islands lying at your Feet, a Tract of *Italy* about three hundred Miles in length, from the Promontory of *Antium*, to the Cape of *Palinurus*. The greater part of which hath been sung by *Homer* and *Virgil*, as making a considerable part of the Travels and Adventures of their two Heroes. The Islands *Caprea*, *Prochyta*, and *Parthenope*, together with *Cajeta*, *Cumæ*, *Monte*, *Miseno*, the Habitations of *Circe*, the *Syrens*, and the *Lestrigones*, the Bay of *Naples*, the Promontory of *Minerva*, and the whole *Campagna felice*, make but a part of this noble Landscape; which would demand an Imagination as warm, and Numbers as flowing as your own, to describe it. The Inhabitants of this delicious Isle, as they are without Riches and Honours, so are they without the Vices and Follies that attend them; and were they but as much Strangers to Revenge, as they are to Avarice or Ambition, they might in fact answer the poetical Notions of the Golden Age. But they have got, as an alloy to their Happiness, an ill habit of murdering one another on slight Offences. We had an Instance of this the second Night after our Arrival; a Youth of eighteen, being shot dead

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dead by our Door: And yet by the sole Secret of minding our own Business, we found a Means of living securely among these dangerous People. Would you know how we pass the Time at *Naples*? Our chief Entertainment is the Devotion of our Neighbours. Besides the gayety of their Churches (where Folks go to see what they call *una Bella Devotione* (i. e.) a sort of Religious Opera) they make Fireworks almost every Week out of Devotion; the Streets are often hung with Arras out of Devotion; and (what is still more strange) the Ladies invite Gentlemen to their Houses, and treat them with Music and Sweetmeats, out of Devotion; in a word, were it not for this Devotion of it's Inhabitants, *Naples* would have little else to recommend it, beside the Air and Situation. Learning is in no very thriving State here, as indeed no where else in *Italy*. However, among many pretenders, some Men of Taste are to be met with. A Friend of mine told me not long since, that being to visit *Salvini* at *Florence*, he found him reading your *Homer*. He liked the Notes extremely, and could find no other fault with the Version, but that he thought it approached too near a Paraphrase; which shews him not to be sufficiently acquainted with our Language. I wish you Health to go on with that noble Work, and when you have that, I need not wish you Success. You will do me the Justice to believe, that whatever relates to your Welfare, is sincerely wished, by

Yours, &c.

Mr

Mr POPE to ---

DEC. 12. 1713.

THE old project of a Window in the Bosom, to render the Soul of Man visible, is what every honest Friend has manifold Reason to wish for; yet even that would not do in our case, while you are so far separated from me, and so long. I begin to fear you'll die in *Ireland*, and that the Denunciation will be fulfilled upon you, *Hibernus es, & in Hiberniam reverteris*—I shou'd be apt to think you in *Sancho's* case; some Duke has made you Governor of an Island, or wet place, and you are administering Laws to the wild *Irish*. But I must own, when you talk of *Building* and *Planting*, you touch my String; and I am as apt to pardon you, as the Fellow that thought himself *Jupiter* would have pardon'd the other Madman who call'd himself his Brother *Neptune*. Alas, Sir, do you know whom you talk to? One that had been a Poet, was degraded to a Translator, and at last thro' meer dullness is turn'd an Architect. You know *Martial's* Censure—*Præconem facito, vel Architectum*. However, I have one way left, to plan, to elevate, and to surprize (as *Bays* says). The next you may expect to hear, is that I am in Debt.

The History of my Transplantation and Settlement which you desire, would require a Volume, were I to enumerate the many Projects, Difficulties, Vicissitudes, and various Fates attending that important part of my Life: Much more should I describe the many Draughts, Elevations, Profiles, Perspectives, &c. of every Palace and Garden propos'd, intended, and happily rais'd, by the strength of that Faculty wherein all great Genius's excel, Imagination.

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At last, the Gods and Fate have fix'd me on the Borders of the *Thames*, in the Districts of *Richmond* and *Twickenham*. It is here I have pass'd an entire Year of my Life, without any fix'd abode in *London*, or more than casting a transitory Glance (for a day or two at most in a Month) on the Pumps of the Town. It is here I hope to receive you, Sir, return'd in Triumph from eternizing the *Ireland* of *this Age*. For you my Structures rise; for you my Colonades extend their Wings; for you my Groves aspire, and Roses bloom. And, to say truth, I hope Posterity (which no doubt will be made acquainted with all these things) will look upon it as one of the principal Motives of my Architecture, that it was a Mansion prepar'd to receive you, against your own should fall to dust, which is destin'd to be the Tomb of poor——and——and the immortal Monument of the Fidelity of two such Servants, who have excell'd in Constancy the very Rats of your Family.

What more can I tell you of my self? so much, and yet all put together so little, that I scarce care, or know, how to do it. But the very Reasons that are against putting it upon Paper, are as strong for telling it you in Person; and I am uneasy to be so long deny'd the Satisfaction of it.

At present I consider you bound in by the *Irish* Sea, like the Ghosts in *Virgil*,

— *Tristi palus inamabilis unda*

Alligat, & novies Styx circumfusa coerces!

and I can't express how I long to renew our old Intercourse and Conversation, our morning Conferences in bed in the same Room, our evening Walks in the Park, our amusing Voyages on the Water, our philosophical Suppers, our Lectures, our Dissertations, our Gravities, our Reveries, our Fooleries,

our what not? — This awakens the memory of some of those who have made a part in all these. Poor *Parnelle*, *Garth*, *Rowe*! You justly reprove me for not speaking of the Death of the last: *Parnelle* was too much in my mind, to whose Memory I am erecting the best Monument I can. What he gave me to publish, was but a small part of what he left behind him, but it was the best, and I will not make it worse by enlarging it. I'd fain know if he be buried at *Chester*, or *Dublin*; and what care has been, or is to be, taken for his Monument, &c. Yet I have not neglected my Devoirs to Mr *Rowe*; I am writing this very day his Epitaph for *Westminster-Abbey*— After these, the best natur'd of Men, Sir *Samuel Garth*, has left me in the truest Concern for his Loss. His Death was very Heroical, and yet unaffected enough to have made a Saint, or a Philosopher famous: But ill Tongues, and worse Hearts have branded even his last Moments, as wrongfully as they did his Life, with Irreligion. You must have heard many Tales on this Subject; but if ever there was a good Christian, without knowing himself to be so, it was Dr *Garth*.

I am, &c.

LETTERS

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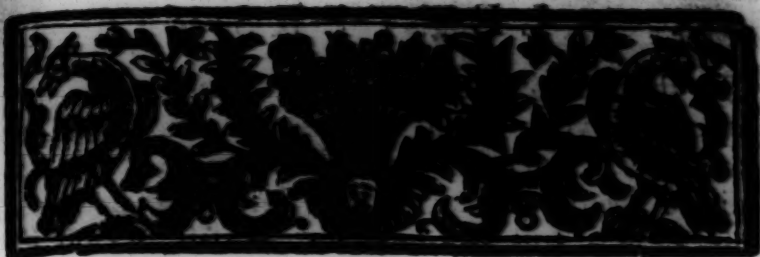
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LETTERS

OF

Mr POPE to Mr GAY.

From 1712 to 1730.



S I R,

Nov. 13, 1712.



YOU writ me a very kind Letter some Months ago, and told me you were then upon the point of taking a Journey into *Devonshire*. That hinder'd my answering you, and I have since several times enquir'd of you, without any Satisfaction ; for so I call the Knowledge of your Welfare, or of any thing that concerns you. I pass'd two Months in *Sussex*, and since my Return have been again very ill. I writ to *Lintot* in hopes of hearing of you, but had no Answer to that Point. Our Friend Mr *Cromwell* too has been silent all this Year ; I believe he has been displeas'd at some or other of my Freedoms ; which I very innocently take, and most with those I think most my Friends.

But this I know nothing of; perhaps he may have open'd to you: And, if I know you right, you are of a Temper to cement Friendships, and not to divide them. I really much love Mr *Cromwell*, and have a true Affection for yourself, which if I had any Interest in the World, or Power with those who have, I should not be long without manifesting to you. I desire you will not, either out of Modesty, or a vicious Distrust of another's Value for you, (those two eternal Foes to Merit) imagine that your Letters and Conversation are not always welcome to me. There's no Man more intirely fond of good Nature or Ingenuity than myself, and I have seen too much of those Qualities in Mr *Gay* to be any thing less than his

Binfield, Nov. 13,

1712.

most affectionate Friend,

and real Servant,

A. P O P E.

Dec. 24, 1712.

Dear S I R,

I T has been my good Fortune within this month past, to hear more things that have pleas'd me than (I think) almost in all my time beside. But nothing, upon my word has been so home-felt a Satisfaction as the News you tell me of yourself: And you are not in the least mistaken, when you congratulate me upon your own good Success; for I have more People to be happy out of, than any ill-natur'd man can boast. I may with Honesty

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Mr POPE to Mr GAY. 245

affirm to you, that notwithstanding the many Inconveniencies and Disadvantages they commonly talk of in the *Res angusti domi*, I have never found any other, than the Inability of giving People of Merit the only certain Proof of our Value for them, in doing 'em some real Service. For, after all, if we could but think a little, Self-love might make us Philosophers, and convince us, *Quantuli indiget Natura!* Ourselves are easily provided for; 'tis nothing but the Circumstantials, and the Apparatus or Equipage of human Life that costs so much the furnishing. Only what a luxurious Man wants for Horses and Foot-men, a good-natur'd Man wants for his Friends or the Indigent.

I shall see you this Winter with much greater Pleasure than I could the last; and I hope as much of your Time as your Attendance on the Duchess will allow you to spare to any Friend, will not be thought lost upon one who is as much so as any Man. I must also put you in mind, tho' you are now Secretary to this Lady, that you are likewise Secretary to Nine other Ladies, and are to write sometimes for them too. He who is forc'd to live wholly upon those Ladies Favours, is indeed in as precarious a Condition as any He who does what *Chaucer* says—for *Sustenance*; but they are very agreeable Companions, like other Ladies, when a Man only passes a Night or so with them at his Leisure, and away.

I am

Your, &c.

Aug. 23, 1713.

Dear Sir,

JUST as I receiv'd your's, I was set down to write to you with some Shame that I had so long deferr'd it. But I can hardly repent my Neglect, when it gives me the Knowledge how little you insist upon Ceremony, and how much a greater Share in your Memory I have than I deserve. I have been near a Week in *London*, where I am like to remain, till I become, by Mr *J*——'s help, *Elegans Formarum Spectator*. I begin to discover Beauties that were till now imperceptible to me. Every Corner of an Eye, or Turn of a Nose or Ear, the smallest Degree of Light or Shade on a Cheek, or in a Dimple, have Charms to distract me. I no longer look upon Lord *Plausible* as ridiculous, for admiring a Lady's fine Tip of an Ear, and pretty Elbow (as the *Plain-dealer* has it), but am in some Danger even from the Ugly and Disagreeable, since they may have their retir'd Beauties, in one Trait or other about 'em. You may guess in how uneasy a State I am, when every Day the Performances of others appear more beautiful and excellent, and my own more despicable. I have thrown away three Dr *Swifts*, each of which was once my Vanity; two Lady *Bridgewaters*, a Duchess of *Montague*, besides half a dozen Earls, and one Knight of the Garter. I have crucify'd *Christ* over again in Effigy, and made a *Madona* as old as her Mother *St Anne*. Nay, what is yet more miraculous, I have rivall'd *St Luke* himself in Painting, and as 'tis said an Angel came and finish'd his Piece, so you would swear a Devil put the last hand to mine, 'tis so begrim'd and smutt'd. However, I comfort myself with a Christian Reflection, that I have not broken the Command-

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Mr POPE to Mr GAY. 247

ment, for my Pictures are not the Likeness of any thing in Heaven above, or in Earth below, or in the Waters under the Earth. Neither will any body adore or worship them, except the *Indians* should have a Sight of 'em, who, they tell us, worship certain Pagods, or Idols, purely for their Ugliness.

I am very much recreated and refreshed with the News of the Advancement of the *Fan*, which I doubt not will delight the Eye and Sense of the Fair, as long as that agreeable Machine shall play in the Hands of Posterity. I am glad your *Fan* is mounted so soon, but I would have you varnish and glaze it at your Leisure, and polish the Sticks as much as you can. You may then cause it to be born in the Hands of both Sexes, no less in *Britain*, than it is in *China*; where it is ordinary for a *Mandarine* to fan himself cool after a Debate, and a Statesman to hide his Face with it when he tells a grave Lie.

I am, &c.

May 4, Binsfield, 1714.

Dear GAY,

SINCE by your Letter we find you can be content to breathe in Smoak, to walk in Crouds, and divert yourself with Noise, nay, and to make fine Pictures of this way of Life, we should give you up as one abandon'd to a wrong Choice of Pleasures. We have, however, so much Compassion on you, as to think of inviting you to us, where your Taste for Books, Friendship, and Ease may be indulg'd. But if you do not come, pray leave to tempt us with your Description of the Court; for indeed Humanity is frail, and we can-

not but remember some particular Honours which we have enjoy'd in Conversation; bate us this one Point, and we stand you, still untir'd with one another, and fresh to the Pleasures of the Country. If you wou'd have any News from us, know that we are well at present: This I am sure wou'd have been allow'd by you as News from either of us a Fortnight ago. In return to this, send us every thing you imagine diverting, and pray forget not my Commissions. Give my Respects to the Dean, Dr *Arbuthnot*, Mr *Ford*, and the Provost. Dear *Gay*, adieu.

Your affectionate Friend,

bumble Servant,

THO. PARNELLE.

Dear Mr GAY,

ABOVE all other News, send us the best, that of your good Health, if you enjoy it; which Mr *Harcourt* made us very much fear. If you have any Design either to amend your Health, or your Life, I know no better Expedient than to come hither, where you should not want room though I lay myself in a Truckle-bed under the Doctor. You might here converse with the old *Greeks*, be initiated into all their Customs, and learn their Prayers by heart as we have done: The Doctor, last *Sunday*, intending to say an *Our Father*, was got half way in *Chryses'* Prayer to *Apollo*. The ill Effects of Contention and squabbling, so lively describ'd in the first *Iliad*, make Dr *Parnelle* and myself continue in the most exemplary

Union

Mr POPE to Mr GAY. 249

Union in every thing. We deserve to be worshipp'd by all the poor, divided, factious, interested Poets of this World.

As we rise in our Speculations daily, we are grown so grave, that we have not condescended to laugh at any of the idle things about us this Week : I have contracted a Severity of Aspect from deep Meditation on high Subjects, equal to the formidable Front of black-brow'd *Jupiter*, and become an awful Nod as well, when I assent to some grave and weighty Proposition of the Doctor, or inforce a Criticism of my own. In a word, *Y—g* himself has not acquir'd more Tragic Majesty in his Aspect by reading his own Verses, than I by *Homer's*.

In this State, I cannot consent to your Publication of that ludicrous trifling Burlesque you write about. Dr *Parnelle* also joins in my Opinion, that it will by no means be well to print it.

Pray give (with the utmost Fidelity and Esteem) my hearty Service to the Dean, Dr *Arbuthnot*, Mr *Ford*, and to Mr *Fortescue*. Let them also know at *Button's* that I am mindful of them. I am, divine Bucoliast !

Thy loving Countryman.

OCT. 23.

Dear Sir,

I HAVE been perpetually troubled with Sickness of late, which has made me so melancholy, that the Immortality of the Soul has been my constant Speculation, as the Mortality of my Body my constant Plague. In good Earnest, *Seneca* is nothing to a Fit of Illness.

Dr *Parnelle* will honour *Tonson's* Miscellany with some very beautiful Copies, at my Request. He

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enters heartily into our Design ; I only fear his Stay in Town may chance to be but short. Dr *Swift* much approves what I propos'd, even to the very Title, which I design shall be, *The Works of the Unlearned*, publish'd monthly, in which whatever Book appears that deserves Praise, shall be depreciated ironically, and in the same manner that modern Critics take to undervalue Works of Value, and to commend the high Productions of *Grubstreet*.

I shall go into the Country about a month hence, and shall then desire to take along with me your Poem of the *Fan*, to consider it at full Leisure. I am deeply engag'd in Poetry, the Particulars whereof shall be deferr'd till we meet.

I am very desirous of seeing Mr *Fortescue* when he comes to Town, before his Journey ; if you can any way acquaint him of my Desire, I believe his good Nature will contrive a way for our meeting. I am ever, with all Sincerity, dear, Sir,

Your, &c.

Sept. 23, 1714.

Dear Mr GAY,

WELCOME to your native Soil ! welcome to your Friends ! thrice welcome to me ! whether return'd in Glory, blest with Court-Interest, the Love and Familiarity of the Great, and fill'd with agreeable Hopes ; or melancholy with Dejection, contemplative of the Changes of Fortune, and doubtful for the future : Whether return'd a triumphant *Whig*, or a desponding *Tory*, equally All Hail ! equally belov'd and welcome to me ! If happy, I am to share in your Elevation ; if unhappy, you have still a warm Corner in my Heart, and a Re-

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treat at *Binfield* in the worst of Times at your Service. If you are a *Tory*, or thought so by any Man, I know it can proceed from nothing but your Gratitude to a few People, who endeavour'd to serve you, and whose Politics were never your Concern. If you are a *Whig*, as I rather hope, and as I think your Principles and mine (as Brother Poets) had ever a Bias to the Side of Liberty, I know you will be an honest Man and an inoffensive one. Upon the whole, I know you are incapable of being so much of either Party as to be good for nothing. Therefore once more, whatever you are, or in whatever State you are, All Hail !

One or two of our old Friends complain'd, they had heard nothing from you since the *Queen's* Death; I told 'em, no Man living lov'd Mr Gay better than I, yet I had not once written to him in all his Voyage. This I thought a convincing Proof, how truly one may be a Friend to another without telling him so every Month. But they had Reasons too themselves to alledge in your Excuse, as Men who really value one another will never want such as make their Friends and themselves easy. The late universal Concern in Public Affairs, threw us all into a hurry of Spirits; even I, who am more a Philosopher than to expect any thing from any Reign, was born away with the Current, and full of the Expectation of the Successor: During your Journeys I knew not whither to aim a Letter after you, that was a sort of shooting flying: add to this the Demand *Homer* had upon me, to write fifty Verses a Day, besides learned Notes, all which are at a Conclusion for this Year. Rejoice with me, O my Friend, that my Labour is over; come and make merry with me in much Feasting, for I to thee, and thou to me. We will feed among the Lilies. By the Lilies, I mean the Ladies,

dies, with whom I hope you have fed to Satiety : Hast thou passed thro' many Countries, and not tasted the Delights thereof? Hast thou not left to thy Issue in divers Lands, that *German Gays* and *Dutch Gays* may arise, to write Pastorals, and sing their Songs in strange Countries? Are not the *Blouzelinda's* of the *Hague* as charming as the *Rosalinda's* of *Britain*? Or have the two great Pastoral Poets of our Nation renounced Love at the same time? For *Philips*, *Immortal Philips*, *Hanover Philips*, hath deserted, yea, and in a rustic manner, kicked his *Rosalinda*.—Dr *Parnelle* and I have been inseparable ever since you went. We are now at the *Bath*, where (if you are not, as I heartily hope, better engag'd) your coming would be the greatest Pleasure to us in the World. Talk not of Expences: *Homer* shall support his Children. I beg a Line from you directed to the Post-house in *Bath*. Poor *Parnelle* is in an ill State of Health.

Pardon me if I add a word of Advice in the poetical way. Write something on the King, or Prince, or Princess. On whatsoever Foot you may be with the Court, this can do no Harm—I shall never know where to end, and am confounded in the many things I have to say to you, tho' they all amount but to this, that I am entirely, as ever,

Your, &c.

London, Nov. 8, 1718.

Dear Sir,

I AM extremely glad to find by a Letter of your's to Mr *Fortescue*, that you have receiv'd one from me; and I beg you to keep, as the greatest of Curiosities,

Mr POPE to Mr GAY. 253

fities, that Letter of mine which you receiv'd and I never writ.

But the truth is, that we were made here to expect you in a short time, that I was upon the Ramble most part of the Summer, and have concluded the Season in Grief, for the Death of my poor Father.

I shall not enter into a Detail of my Concerns and Troubles, for two Reasons ; because I am really afflicted and need no Airs of Grief, and because they are not the Concerns and Troubles of any but myself. But I think you (without too great a Compliment) enough my Friend, to be pleas'd to know he died easily, without a Groan, or the Sickness of two Minutes ; in a word, as silently and peacefully as he liv'd.

Sic mihi contingat vivere, sicque mori !

I am not in the Humour to say gay Things, nor in the Affectation of avoiding them. I can't pretend to entertain either Mr *Pulteney* or you, as you have done both my Lord *Burlington* and me, by your Letter to Mr *Lowndes*. I am only sorry you have no greater Quarrel to Mr *Lowndes*, and wish you paid some hundreds a Year to the Land-tax. That Gentleman is lately become an inoffensive Person to me too ; so that we may join heartily in our Addresses to him, and (like true Patriots) rejoice in all that Good done to the Nation and Government, to which we contribute nothing ourselves.

I should not forget to acknowledge your Letter sent from *Aix* ; you told me then, that Writing was not good with the Waters, and I find, since you are of my Opinion, that 'tis as bad without the Waters. But I fancy, it is not writing but thinking, that is so bad with the Waters and then you might write without any manner

manner of Prejudice, if you writ like our Brother Poets of these Days.

I have no Story to tell that is worth your hearing : You know I am no Man of Intrigue ; but the Duchefs of *Hamilton* has one which ſhe ſays is worth my hearing, that relates to Mr *Pulteney* and yourſelf ; and which ſhe promiſes, if you won't tell me, ſhe will. Her Grace has won in a Raffle a very fine Tweezercaſe ; at the Sight of which my Tweezercaſe, and all other Tweezercaſes on the Globe, *bide their diminifh'd Heads*.

That Duchefs, Lord *Warwick*, Lord *Stanhope*, Mrs *Bellenden*, Mrs *Lepell*, and I can't tell who elſe, had your Letters. Dr *Arbutnot* and I expect to be treated like Friends. I would ſend my Services to Mr *Pulteney*, but that he is out of Favour at Court ; and make ſome Compliment to Mrs *Pulteney*, if ſhe were not a Whig. My Lord *Burlington* tells me ſhe has as much outſhin'd all the *French Ladies*, as ſhe did the *Engliſh* before : I am ſorry for it, becauſe it will be detrimental to our holy Religion, if heretical Women ſhould eclipse thoſe Nuns and orthodox Beauties, in whoſe Eyes alone lie all the Hopes we can have, of gaining ſuch fine Gentlemen as you to our Church.

Your, &c.

I wiſh you Joy of the Birth of the young Prince, becauſe he is the only Prince we have, from whom you have had no Expectations, and no Diſappointments.

Dear Sir,

I Think it obliging in you to deſire an Account of my Health. The truth is, I have never been in a worſe State in my Life, and find whatever I have

Mr POPE to Mr GAY. 255

have try'd as a Remedy, so ineffectual, that I give myself entirely over. I wish your Health may be set perfectly right by the Waters, and be assur'd I not only wish that, and every thing else for you, as common Friends wish, but with a Zeal not usual among those we call so. I am always glad to hear often from you ; always glad to see you, whatever Accidents or Amusements have interven'd to make me do either less than usual. I not only frequently think of you, but constantly do my best to make others do it, by mentioning you to all your Acquaintance. I desire you to do the same for me to those you are now with : Do me what you think Justice in regard to those who are my Friends ; and if there are any, whom I have unwillingly deserv'd so little of, as to be my Enemies, I don't desire you to forfeit their Opinion or your own Judgment in any case. Let Time convince those who know me not, that I am an inoffensive Person ; tho' (to say truth) I don't care how little I am indebted to Time, for the World is hardly worth living in, at least to one that is never to have Health a Week together. I have been made to expect Dr *Arbuthnot* in Town this Fortnight, or else I had written to him. If he, by never writing to me, seems to forget me, I consider I do the same seemingly to him, and yet I don't believe he has a more sincere Friend in the World than I am ; therefore I will think him mine. I am his, Mr *Congreve's*, and

Your, &c.

London, Sept. 11, 1722.

Dear GAY,

I Thank you for remembering me. I would do my best to forget myself, but that I find your Idea is so closely connected to me that I must forget

get both together, or neither. I'm sorry I could not have a Glympse either of you, or of the Sun, (your Father) before you went for *Bath*. But now it pleases me to see him, and hear of you. Pray put Mr *Congreve* in mind, that he has one on this side of the World who loves him; and that there are more Men and Women in the Universe, than Mr *Gay* and my Lady *Duchess of M.* There are Ladies in about *Richmond* that pretend to value him and yourself; and one of 'em at least may be thought to do it without Affectation, namely Mrs *Howard*. As for Mrs *Blounts* (whom you mercifully make mention of) they are gone, or going to *Sussex*. I hope Mrs *Pulteney* is the better for the *Bath*, tho' I have little Charity and few good Wishes for the Ladies, the Destroyers of their best Friends the Men. Pray tell her, she has forgot the first Commission I ever troubled her with, and therefore it shall be the last (the very thing I fear she desires). Dr *Arbuthnot* is a strange Creature; he goes out of Town, and leaves his Bastards at other Folks Doors. I have long been so far mistaken in him as to think him a Man of Morals as well as of Politics. Pray let him know I made a very unfashionable Enquiry t'other day of the Welfare of his Wife and Family: Things that (I presume) are below the Consideration of a Wit and an *Ombre*-player. They are in perfect Health. Tho' Mrs *A—*'s Navel has been burnt, I hope the Doctor's own Belly is in absolute Ease and Contentment. Now I speak of those Regions about the *Abdomen*, pray, dear *Gay*, consult with him and Dr *Cheyne* to what exact pitch your's may be suffer'd to swell, not to outgrow theirs, who are, yet, your Betters. Pray tell Dr *Arbuthnot*, that even Pigeon-pyes, and Hogs-puddings are thought dangerous by our Governours; for those that have been sent to the Bishop of *Roche-*
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Mr POPE to Mr GAY. 257

Sir, are open'd and prophanely pry'd into at the Tower: 'Tis the first time dead Pigeons have been suspected of carrying Intelligence. To be serious, you, and Mr *Congreve* (nay and the Doctor, if he has not dined) will be sensible of my Concern and Surprize at the Commitment of that Gentleman, whose Welfare is as much my Concern as any Friends I have. I think myself a most unfortunate Wretch; I no sooner love, and, upon Knowledge, fix my Esteem to any Man; but he either dies like Mr *Craggs*, or is sent to Imprisonment like the Bishop. God send him as well as I wish him, manifest him to be as innocent as I believe him, and make all his Enemies know him as well as I do, that they may love him and think of as well!

If you apprehend this Period to be of any Danger in being address'd to you; tell Mr *Congreve* or the Doctor, it is writ to them. *I am*

Your, &c.

July 13, 1723.

Dear Sir,

I WAS very much pleas'd, not to say oblig'd, by your kind Letter, which sufficiently warm'd my Heart to have answer'd it sooner, had I not been deceiv'd (a way one often is deceiv'd) by hearkening to Women; who told me that both Lady *Burlington* and your self were immediately to return from *Tunbridge*, and that my Lord was gone to bring you back. The World furnishes us with too many Examples of what you complain of in your's, and I assure you, none of them touch and grieve me so much as what relates to you. I think your Sentiments upon it are the very same I should entertain: I wish

with those we call Great Men had the same Notions, but they are really the most little Creatures in the world; and the most interested, in all but one Point; which is, that they want Judgment to know their greatest Interest, to encourage and chuse honest Men for their Friends.

I have not once seen the Person you complain of, whom I have of late thought to be, as the Apostle admonisheth, *one Fleesh with his Wife*.

Pray make my sincere Compliments to Lord Burlington, whom I have long known to have more mind to be a good and honourable Man, than almost any one of his rank.

I have not forgot your's to Lord Bolingbroke, (tho' I hope to have speedily a fuller Opportunity) he returns for *Flanders* and *France* next Month.

Mrs Howard has writ you something or other in a Letter which she says she repents. She has as much Good-nature as if she had never seen any Ill-nature, and had been bred among Lambs and Turtle-doves, instead of Princes and Court-Ladies.

By the end of this Week, Fortescue will pass a few Days with me. We shall remember you in our Potations, and wish you a Fisher with us, on my Glass-plate. In the mean time we wish you Success as a Fisher of Women, at the Wells, a Rejoycer of the Comfortless and Widow, an Impregnator of the Barren, and a Playfellow of the Maiden.

I am,

Your, &c.

Dear Sir,

I Faithfully assure you, in the midst of that melancholy with which I have been so long encompassed, in an hourly Expectation almost of my Mother's

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Mother's death; there was no Circumstance that render'd it more insupportable to me, than that I could not leave her to see you. Your own present Escape from so imminent Danger, I pray God may prove less precarious than my poor Mother's can be; whose Life at her age can at best be but a short Reprieve, or a longer Dying. But I fear, even that is more than God will please to grant me; for, these two days past, her most dangerous Symptoms are returned upon her; and unless there be a sudden change, I must in a few Days, if not in a few Hours, be depriv'd of her. In the afflicting Prospect before me, I know nothing that can so much alleviate it as the View now given me (Heaven grant it may encrease!) of your Recovery. In the sincerity of my Heart, I am excessively concern'd, not to be able to pay you, dear Gay, any part of the Debt I very gratefully remember I owe you, on a like sad Occasion, when you was here comforting me in her last great Illness. May your Health augment as fast as I fear it pleases God her's must decline: I believe that would be very fast — may the Life that is added to you be passed in good Fortune and Tranquillity, rather of your own giving to your self, than from any Expectations or Trust in others. — May you and I live together, without wishing more Felicity or Acquisitions than Friendship can give and receive without Obligations to Greatness — God keep you, and three or four more of those I have known as long, that I may have something worth the surviving my Mother. Adieu, dear Gay, and believe me (while you live, and while I live)

Your, &c.

As I told you in my last Letter, I repeat it in this: Do not think of writing to me. The
Doctor,

260 L E T T E R S of

Doctor, Mrs *Howard*, and Mrs *Blount* give me daily Accounts of you.

Sunday Night.

Dear Sir,

I TRULY rejoyc'd to see your Hand-writing, tho' I fear'd the Trouble it might give you. I wish I had not known that you are still so excessively weak. Every day for a week past I had hopes of being able in a day or two more to see you. But my poor Mother advances not at all, gains no Strength, and seems but upon the whole to wait for the next cold Day to throw her into a Diarrhoea that must, if it return, carry her off. This being daily to be fear'd, makes me not dare to go a Day from her, lest that should prove to be her last. God send you a speedy Recovery, and such a total one as at your time of Life may be expected. You need not call the few Words I writ to you either kind, or good; that was, and is, nothing. But whatever I have in my Nature of Kindness, I really have for you, and whatever Good I could do, I wou'd among the very first be glad to do to you. In your Circumstance the old *Roman* farewel is proper. *Vive! memor nostri.*

Your, &c.

I send you a very kind Letter of Mr *Digby*, between whom and me two Letters have pass'd concerning you.

Dear

Dear Gay,

NO words can tell you the great Concern I feel for you; I assure you it was not, and is not lessen'd, by the immediate Apprehension I have now every day lain under of losing my Mother. Be assur'd, no Duty less than that, should have kept me one day from attending your Condition: I would come and take a Room by you at *Hampstead*, to be with you daily, were she not still in danger of Death. I have constantly had particular Accounts of you from the Doctor, which have not ceas'd to alarm me yet. God preserve your Life, and restore your Health. I really beg it for my own sake, for I feel I love you more than I thought, in Health, tho' I always lov'd you a great deal. If I am so unfortunate as to bury my poor Mother, and yet have the good Fortune to have my Prayers heard for you, I hope we may live most of our remaining days together. If, as I believe, the Air of a better Clime as the Southern Part of *France*, may be thought useful for your Recovery, thither I would go with you infallibly; and it is very probable we might get the Dean with us, who is in that abandon'd state already in which I shall shortly be, as to other Cares and Duties. Dear Gay, be as chearful as your Sufferings will permit: God is a better Friend than a Court: Even any honest Man is a better. I promise you my entire Friendship in all Events, heartily praying for your Recovery,

Your, &c.

Do not write, if you are ever so able: The Doctor tells me all.

Dear

Dear Sir,

I AM glad to hear of the progress of your Recovery, and the oftner I hear it the better, when it becomes easy to you to give it me. I so well remember the Consolation you were to me in my Mother's former Illness, that it doubles my Concern at this Time not to be able to be with you, or you able to be with me. Had I lost her, I wou'd have been no where else but with you during your confinement. I have now past five Weeks without once going from home, and without any company but for three or four of the Days. Friends rarely stretch their kindness so far as ten Miles. My Lord *Bolingbroke* and Mr *Bethel* have not forgotten to visit me: The rest (except Mrs *Blount* once) were contented to send messages. I never pass'd so melancholy a Time, and now Mr *Congreve's* death touches me nearly. It is twenty Years that I have known him. Every Year carries away something dear with it, till we out-live all Tendernesses, and become wretched Individuals again as we begun. Adieu! This is my Birth-day, and this is my Reflection upon it.

*With added Days if Life give nothing new,
But, like a Sieve, let ev'ry Pleasure thro';
Some Joy still lost, as each vain Year runs o'er,
And all we gain, some sad Reflection more!
Is this a Birth-day? — 'Tis, alas! too clear,
'Tis but the Funeral of the former Year.*

I am,

Your's, &c.



Dear

Mr POPE to Mr GAY. 263

Twick'nam, July 21.

Dear Gay,

YOU have the same share in my memory that good things generally have; I always know (whenever I reflect) that you should be in my mind; only I reflect too seldom. However, you ought to allow me the Indulgence I allow all my Friends, (and if I did not, They would take it) in consideration that they have other avocations; which may prevent the *Proofs* of their remembering me, tho' they preserve for me all the Friendship, and Good-will which I deserve from them. In like manner I expect from you, that my past life of twenty years may be set against the omission of (perhaps) one month: And if you complain of this to any other, 'tis you are in the spleen, and not I in the wrong. If you think this letter splenatick, consider I have just receiv'd the News of the death of a Friend, whom I esteem'd almost as many years as you; poor *Fenton*: He died at *Easthamstead*, of Indolence and Inactivity; let it not be your Fate, but use Exercise. I hope the Duchess will take care of you in this respect, and either make you gallop after her, or teize you enough at home to serve instead of Exercise abroad. Mrs *Howard* is so concern'd about you, and so angry at me for not writing to you, and at Mrs *Blount* for not doing the same, that I am piqu'd with Jealousy and Envy at you, and hate you as much as if you had a great Place at Court; which you will confess a proper cause of Envy and Hatred, in any Poet-militant, or unpension'd. But to set matters even, I own I love you; and own, I am as I ever was, and just as I ever shall be,

Your's, &c.

Dear

Twickenham, Oct. 16, 1727.

Dear SIR,

I HAVE many years ago magnify'd in my own mind, and repeated to you, a ninth Beatitude, added to the eight in the Scripture; *Blessed is he who expects nothing, for he shall never be disappointed.* I could find in my heart to congratulate you on this happy dismissal from all Court-Dependance; I dare say I shall find you the Better and the Honester Man for it, many years hence; very probably the healthfuller, and the chearfuller into the bargain. You are happily rid of many cursed Ceremonies, as well as of many ill and vicious Habits, of which few or no men escape the Infection, who are hackeny'd and tramelled in the ways of a Court. Princes indeed, and Peers (the Lackies of Princes) and Ladies (the Fools of Peers) will smile on you the less; but Men of Worth, and real Friends, will look on you the better. There is a thing, the only thing which Kings and Queens cannot give you, (for they have it not to give) *Liberty*, which is worth all they have; and which, as yet, I hope *Englishmen* need not ask from their hands. You will enjoy That, and your own Integrity, and the satisfactory Consciousness of having *not* merited such Graces from them, as they bestow only on the mean, servile, flattering, interested, and undeserving. The only Steps to their favour are such complacencies, such compliances, such distant decorums, as delude them in their Vanities, or engage them in their Passions. He is their *Greatest* favourite, who is their *Falsest*: and when a man, by such vile Gradations, arrives at the height of Grandeur and Power, he is then at best but in a circumstance to be *bated*, and in a condition to be

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be *hanged*, for serving their Ends: So many a Minister has found it!

I believe you did not want Advice, in the Letter you sent by my Lord *Grantham*. I presume you writ it not, without: And you cou'd not have better, if I guess right at the person who agreed to your doing it, in respect to any *Decency* you ought to observe: for I take that person to be a perfect Judge of Decencies and Forms. I am not without fears even on that person's account: I think it a bad Omen: but what have I to do with Court-Omens? — Dear *Gay*, adieu. I can only add a plain, uncourtly Speech: While you are no body's Servant, you may be any one's Friend; and as such I embrace you, in all conditions of Life. While I have a shilling, you shall have sixpence, nay eight-pence, if I can contrive to live upon a groat. I am faithfully

Your, &c.

Aug. 18.

Dear Gay,

IF my Friendship were as effectual as it is sincere, you would be one of those people who would be vastly advantag'd and enrich'd by it. I ever honour'd those Popes who were most famous for Nepotism; 'tis a sign that the old fellows *loved Somebody*, which is not usual in such advanced years. And I now honour Sir *Robert Walpole*, for his extensive Bounty and Goodness to his private Friends and Relations. But it vexes me to the Heart when I reflect, that my Friendship is so much less effectual than theirs; nay so utterly useless that it cannot give you any thing, not even a Dinner,

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at this distance, nor help the General, whom I greatly love, to catch one Fish. My only Consolation is to think you happier than myself, and to begin to envy you, which is next to hating (an excellent remedy for Love). How comes it that Providence has been so unkind to me, (who am a greater object of Compassion than any fat Man alive) that I am forc'd to drink Wine, while you riot in Water, prepar'd with Oranges by the hand of the Duchefs of *Queensberry*? that I am condemn'd to live on a Highway side, like an old Patriarch, receiving all Guests, where my Portico (as *Virgil* has it)

Mane salutantum totis vomit ædibus undam,

while you are wrapt into the *Idalian* Groves, sprinkled with Rose-water, and live in Burrage, Balm and Burnet, up to the Chin, with the Duchefs of *Queensberry*? that I am doom'd to the drudgery of dining at Court with the Ladies in waiting at *Windsor*, while you are happily banish'd with the Duchefs of *Queensberry*? So partial is Fortune in her Dispensations! for I deserv'd ten times more to be banish'd than you, and I know some Ladies, who merit it better than even her Grace. After this I must not name any, who dare do so much for you, as to send you their Services: But one there is, who exhorts me often to write to you, I suppose to prevent or excuse her not doing it herself; she seems (for that is all I'll say for a Courtier) to wish you mighty well. Another, who is no Courtier, frequently mentions you, and does certainly wish you well — I fancy, after all, they both do so.

I writ to Mr *Fortescue* and told him the Pains you took to see him. Dr *A.* for all that I know, may yet remember you and me, but I never hear of it. The Dean is well; I have had many accounts of him
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Mr POPE, to Mr GAY. 267

from *Irish* Evidence, but only two Letters these four Months, in both which you are mentioned kindly: He is in the North of *Ireland*, doing I know not what with I know not whom. *Cleland* always speaks of you: he is at *Tunbridge*, wondring at the superior Carnivoracity of the Doctor. He plays now with the old Duchess of *M—*, nay dines with her, after she has won all his Money. Other News know I not, but that Counsellor *Bickford* has hurt himself, and has the strangest Walking-staff I ever saw. He intends speedily to make you a visit at *Amesbury*. I am my Lord Duke's, my Lady Duchess's, Mr *Dormer's*, General *Dormer's*, and

Your, &c.

Sept. 11. 1730.

Dear Sir,

I MAY with great truth return your Speech, that I think of you daily; oftner indeed than is consistent with the Character of a reasonable Man; who is rather to make himself easy with the things and men that are about him, than uneasy with those which are not. And you, whose absence is in a manner perpetual to me, ought rather to be remembered as a good Man gone, than breathed after as one living. You are taken from us here, to be laid up in a more blessed State with Spirits of a higher kind: Such I reckon his Grace and her Grace, since their banishment from an earthly Court to an heavenly one, in each other and their Friends; for I conclude none but true Friends will consort or associate with them afterwards. I can't but look upon my self (so unworthy as a Man of *Twitnam* seems to be

rank'd with such rectify'd and sublimated Beings as you) as a separated Spirit too from Courts and Courtly Fopperies. But I own, not altogether so divested terrene Matter, nor altogether so spiritualized, as to be worthy admission to your depths of Retirement and Contentment. I am tugg'd back to the World and it's regards too often; and no wonder, when my retreat is but ten Miles from the Capital. I am within Ear-shot of Reports, within the Vortex of Lies and Censures. I hear sometimes of the Lampooners of Beauty, the Calumniators of Virtue, the Jokers at Reason and Religion. I presume these are Creatures and Things as unknown to you, as we of this dirty Orb are to the Inhabitants of the Planet *Jupiter*: Except a few fervent Prayers reach you on the Wings of the Post, from two or three of your zealous Votaries at this distance; as one Mrs *Howard*, who lifts up her Heart now and then to you, from the midst of the *Colluvies* and Sink of Human Greatness at *W—r*: One Mrs *B.* that fancies you may remember her while you liv'd in your mortal and too transitory State at *Petersham*: One Lord *B.* who admir'd the Duchess before she grew quite a Goddess; and a few others.

To descend now to tell you what are our Wants, our Complaints, and our Miseries here; I must seriously say, the loss of any one good Woman is too great to be born easily: and poor Mrs *Rollinson*, tho' a private Woman, was such. Her Husband is gone into *Oxfordshire* very melancholy, and thence to the *Bath*, to *live on*, for such is our Fate, and Duty. Adieu. Write to me as often as you will, and (to encourage you) I will write as seldom as if you did not. Believe me

Your, &c.

Dear

Oct. 1, 1730.

Dear Sir,

I AM something like the Sun at this Season, withdrawing from the World, but meaning it mighty well, and resolving to shine whenever I can again. But I fear the Clouds of a long Winter will overcome me to such a degree, that any body will take a farthing-candle for a better Guide, and more serviceable Companion. My Friends may remember my brighter days, but will think (like the *Irishman*,) that the *Moon* is a better thing when once I am gone. I don't say this with any allusion to my Poetical Capacity as a Son of *Apollo*, but in my companionable one (if you'll suffer me to use a phrase of the Earl of *Clarendon's*). For I shall see or be seen of few of you, this Winter. I am grown too faint to do any good, or to give any pleasure. I not only, as *Dryden* fairly says, *Feel my Notes decay* as a Poet; but feel my Spirits flag as a Companion, and shall return again to where I first began, my Books. I have been putting my Library in order, and enlarging the Chimney in it, with equal intention to warm my Mind and Body (if I can) to some Life. A Friend, (a Woman-friend, God help me!) with whom I have spent three or four hours a day these fifteen years, advised me to pass more time in my studies: I reflected, she must have found some Reason for this Admonition, and concluded she wou'd compleat all her kindneses to me by returning me to the Employment I am fittest for; Conversation with the dead, the old, and the worm-eaten.

Judge therefore if I might not treat you as a Beatify'd Spirit, comparing your life with my stu-

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Dear

 Pid state. For as to my living at *Windsor* with Ladies, &c. it is all a dream; I was there but two nights and all the day out of that company. I shall certainly make as little court to others, as they do to me; and that will be none at all. My Fair-Weather-Friends of the Summer are going away for *London*, and I shall see them and the Butterflies together, if I live till next Year; which I would not desire to do, if it were only for their sakes. But we that are Writers, ought to love Posterity, that Posterity may love us; and I would willingly live to see the Children of the present Race, meerly in hope they may be a little wiser than their Parents,

I am, &c.

To J. GAY, Esq;

Dec. 16, 1731.

I AM astonish'd at the Complaints occasion'd by a late *Epistle* to the *Earl of Burlington*; and I should be afflicted were there the least just Ground for 'em. Had the Writer attack'd *Vice*, at a Time when it is not only tolerated but triumphant, and so far from being concealed as a *Defect*, that it is proclaimed with Ostentation as a *Merit*; I should have been apprehensive of the Consequence: Had he satirized Gamesters of a hundred thousand pounds Fortune, acquired by such Methods as are in daily practice, and almost universally encouraged: Had he overwarmly defended the *Religion of his Country*, against such Books as come from every Press, are publicly vended in every Shop, and greedily bought by almost every

Rank

Rank of Men; or had he called our excellent *Weekly Writers* by the same Name which they openly bestow on the greatest Men in the Ministry, and out of the Ministry, for which they are all unpunished, and most rewarded: In any of these Cases, indeed, I might have judged him too presumptuous, add perhaps have trembled for his Rashness.

I could not but hope better for this small and modest Epistle, which attacks *no one Vice* whatsoever; which deals only in *Folly*, and not Folly in general, but a single Species of it; that only Branch, for the opposite Excellency to which, the Noble Lord to whom it is written must necessarily be celebrated. I fancied it might escape Censure, especially seeing how tenderly these Follies are treated, and really less accused, than Apologized for.

*Yet hence the Poor are cloath'd, the Hungry fed,
Health to himself, and to his Infants Bread
The Lab'rer bears.*

Is this such a *Crime*, that to impute it to a Man must be a grievous Offence? 'Tis an *Innocent Folly*, and much more *Beneficent* than the Want of it; for *Ill Taste* employs more hands, and diffuses Expence more than a *Good* one. Is it a *Moral Defect*? No, it is but a *Natural* one; a *Want of Taste*. It is what the best good Man living may be liable to: The worthiest Peer may live exemplarily in an ill-favour'd House, and the best reputed Citizen be pleased with a vile Garden. I thought (I say) the Author had the common Liberty to observe a Defect, and to compliment a Friend for a Quality that distinguishes him:

which I know not how any Quality should do, if we were not to remark that it was wanting in others.

But, they say, the Satire is *Personal*. I thought it could not be so, because all it's Reflexions are on *Things*. His Reflexions are not on the *Man*, but his House, Garden, &c. Nay, he respects (as one may say) the *Persons* of the Gladiator, Amphitheatre, the Nile and the Triton: He is only sorry to see them (as he might be to see any of his *Friends*) ridiculous, by being in the wrong Place, and in bad Company. Some fancy, that to say a Thing is *Personal*, is the same as to say it is *Unjust*, not considering, that nothing can be *Just* that, is not *Personal*. I am afraid that "all such Writings and Discourses as touch no *Man*, will mend no *Man*." The Good-Natured, indeed, are apt to be alarmed at any thing like Satire; and the *Guilty* readily concur with the *Weak* for a plain Reason, because the Vicious look upon Folly as their *Frontier*:

— Jam proximus ardet
Ucalegon—

No wonder those who know Ridicule belongs to them, find an inward Consolation in removing it from themselves as far as they can; and it is never so far, as when they can get it fixed on the *best Characters*. No wonder those who are Food for Satirists, should rail at them as Creatures of Prey; every Beast born for our Use would be ready to call a Man so.

I know no Remedy, unless people in our Age would as little frequent the Theatres, as they begin to do the Churches; unless Comedy were forsaken, Satire silent, and every man left to do what seems
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good in his own Eyes, as if there were no King,
no Priest, no Poet in *Israel*.

But I find myself obliged to touch a Point, on which I must be more serious; it well deserves I should: I mean the malicious Application of the Character of *Timon*, which I will boldly say, they would impute to the Person the most different in the World from a *Man-hater*, and the Person whose *Taste* and *Encouragement* of *Wit* have often been shewn in the *rightest Place*. The Author of that Epistle must certainly think so, if he has the same Opinion of his own Merit as Authors generally have; for he has been favoured by this very Person.

Why, in God's Name, must a *Portrait*, apparently collected from twenty different Men, be applied to one only? Has it his *Eye*? No, it is very unlike. Has it his *Nose* or *Mouth*? No, they are totally differing. What then, I beseech you? Why, it has the *Mole on his Chin*. Very well; but must the Picture therefore be his, and has no other man that Blemish?

Could there be a more melancholy Instance how much the Taste of the Publick is vitiated, and turns the most salutary and seasonable Physic into Poison, than if amidst the Blaze of a thousand bright qualities in a Great Man, they should only remark there is a *Shadow* about him, as what Eminence is without? I am confident the Author was incapable of imputing any such to One, whose whole Life (to use his own Expression in Print of him) is a *continued Series*, of good and generous Actions.

I know no man who would be more concerned, if he gave the least Pain or Offence to any innocent Person; and none who would be less concerned, if the Satire were challenged by any one

at whom he would really aim it. If ever that happens, I dare engage he will own it, with all the Freedom of one whose *Censures* are *just*, and who sets his *Name* to them.

To the Earl of Burlington.

MARCH 7, 1731.

My LORD,

THE Clamour rais'd about my Epistle to you, could not give me so much pain, as I receiv'd pleasure in seeing the general Zeal of the world in the cause of a great Man who is Beneficent, and the particular Warmth of your Lordship in that of a private Man who is innocent.

It was not the *Poem* that deserv'd this from you; for as I had the Honour to be your Friend, I cou'd not treat you quite like a Poet: but sure the *Writer* deserv'd more Candor, even from those who knew him not, than to promote a Report, which in regard to that Noble Person was *Impertinent*; in regard to me, *Villainous*. Yet I had no great cause to wonder, that a Character belonging to *twenty* shou'd be applied to *one*; since, by that means, *nineteen* wou'd escape the Ridicule.

I was too well content with my Knowledge of that Noble Person's Opinion in this Affair, to trouble the Public about it. But since Malice and Mistake are so long a dying, I have taken the opportunity of a third Edition to declare *His Belief*, not only of *My Innocence*, but of *Their Malignity*, of the former of which my own heart is as conscious, as I fear some of theirs must be of the latter. His Humanity feels a Concern for the Injury
done

done to *Me*, while his Greatness of Mind can bear with Indifference the Insult offer'd to *Himself*. *

However, my Lord, I own, that Critics of *this Sort* can intimidate me, nay half incline me to write no more: That wou'd be making the Town a Compliment which I think it deserves; and which some, I am sure, wou'd take very kindly. This way of Satire is dangerous, as long as Slander rais'd by Fools of the lowest Rank can find any countenance from those of a higher. Even from the Conduct shewn on this occasion, I have learnt there are some who wou'd rather be *wicked* than *ridiculous*; and therefore it may be safer to attack *Vices* than *Follies*. I will therefore leave my Betters in the quiet Possession of their *Idols*, their *Groves*, and their *High-Places*; and change my Subject from their *Pride* to their *Meanness*, from their *Vanities*, to their *Miseries*: And as the only certain way to avoid Misconstructions, to lessen Offence, and not to multiply ill-natur'd Applications, I may probably, in my next, make use of *Real Names* and not of *Fictitious Ones*. †

I am, my Lord,

Your Faithful,

Affectionate Servant,

A. POPE.

* Alludes to the Letter the Duke of CE--- wrote to Mr Pope on this occasion, a Copy of which, together with Mr Pope's to his Grace, we hope to procure for the next Volume.

† This he did in his next Piece, which was the Epistle to the Lord Bathurst of the Use of Riches.

Dr ARBUTHNOT to Mr POPE.

Hampstead, July 17, 1734.

Dear Sir,

I Little doubt of your kind Concern for me, nor of that of the Lady you mention. I have nothing to repay my Friends with at present, but prayers and good wishes. I have the satisfaction to find that I am as officiously serv'd by my Friends, as he that has thousands to leave in Legacies; besides the Assurance of their Sincerity. God Almighty has made my bodily distress as easy as a thing of that nature can be: I have found some relief, at least sometimes, from the Air of this Place. My Nights are bad, but many poor Creatures have worse.

As for you, my good Friend, I think since our first acquaintance there has not been any of those little Suspicions or Jealousies that often affect the sincerest Friendships; I am sure not on my side. I must be so sincere as to own, that tho' I could not help valuing you for those Talents which the World prizes, yet they were not the Foundation of my Friendship: They were quite of another sort; nor shall I at present offend you by enumerating them: And I make it my Last Request, that you continue that noble *Disdain* and *Abhorrence* of Vice, which you seem naturally endu'd with, but still with a due regard to your own Safety; and study more to reform than chastise, tho' the one often cannot be effected without the other.

Lord *Batburst* I have always honour'd for every good Quality, that a Person of his Rank ought to have: Pray give my Respects and kindest Wishes

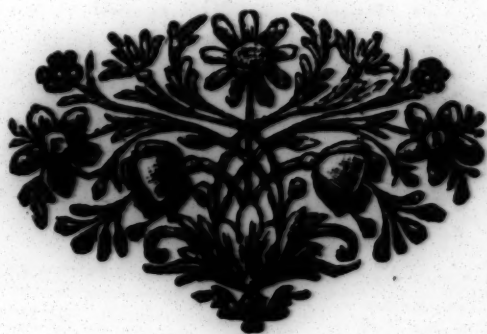
to the Family. My Venison Stomach is gone, but I have those about me, and often with me, who will be very glad of his Present. If it is left at my house it will be transmitted safe to me.

A Recovery in my Case; and at my Age, is impossible; the kindest Wish of my Friends is *Euthanasia*. Living or dying, I shall always be

Your most faithful Friend,

And humble Servant,

JO. ARBUTHNOT.





LETTERS

OF

Mr POPE to H. C. Esq;

From 1708, to 1711.

March 18. 1708.

I BELIEVE it was with me when I left the Town, as it is with a great many Men when they leave the World, whose loss itself they do not so much regret, as that of their Friends whom they leave behind in it. For I do not know one thing for which I can envy *London*, but for your continuing there. Yet I guess you will expect I should recant this Expression, when I tell you, that *Sapho* (by which heathenish Name you have christen'd a very orthodox Lady) did not accompany me into the Country. However, I will confess my self the less concern'd on that Account, because I have no very violent Inclination to lose my Heart, especially in so wild and savage a place as this Forest is: In the Town, 'tis ten to one but a young Fellow may find his stray'd Heart again, with some
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Wild-street or *Drury-lane* Damsel; but here, where I could have met with no redress from an unmerciful, virtuous Dame, I must for ever have lost my little Traveller in a Hole, where I could never rummage to find him again.— Well, Sir, you have your Lady in the Town still, and I have my Heart in the Country still, which being wholly unemploy'd as yet, has the more room in it for my Friends, and does not want a Corner at your Service.— To be serious, you have extremely oblig'd me by your Frankness and Kindness to me: And if I have abus'd it by too much Freedom on my part, I hope you will attribute it to the natural Openness of my Temper, which hardly knows how to show Respect where I feel Affection. I wou'd love my Friend, as my Mistress, without Ceremony; and hope a little rough Usage sometimes may not be more displeasing to the one, than it is to the other.

If you have any Curiosity to know in what manner I live, or rather lose a Life, *Martial* will inform you in one Line: (the Translation of which cost a Friend of ours three in *English*)

*One short, one long,
One soft, one strong.
One right, one wrong.*

Prandeo, poto, cano, ludo, lego, cæno, quiesco.

Every Day with me is literally another yesterday; for it is exactly the same; it has the same Business, which is Poetry; and the same Pleasure, which is Idleness. A Man might indeed pass his Time much better, but I question if any Man could pass it much easier. If you will visit our Shades this Spring, which I very much desire, you may perhaps instruct me to manage my Game more wisely; but at present

sent I am satisfy'd to trifle away my Time any way, rather than let it stick by me; as Shop-keepers are glad to be rid of those Goods at any rate, which would otherwise always be lying upon their hands.

Sir, if you will favour me sometimes with your Letters, it will be a great Satisfaction to me on several Accounts; and on this in particular, that it will show me (to my comfort) that even a wise Man is sometimes very idle; for so you must needs be when you can find leisure to write to

Your, &c.

April 27. 1708.

IHAVE nothing to say to you in this Letter; but I was resolv'd to write to tell you so. Why should not I content my self with so many great Examples, of deep Divines, profound Casuists, grave Philosophers, who have written, not Letters only, but whole Tomes and voluminous Treatises about nothing? Why shou'd a Fellow like me, who all his life does nothing, be asham'd to write nothing? and that to one who has nothing to do but to read it? But perhaps you'll say, the whole World has something to do, something to talk of, something to wish for, something to be imploy'd about: But pray, Sir, cast up the Account, put all these Somethings together, and what is the Sum Total but just Nothing? I have no more to say, but to desire you to give my Service (that is nothing) to your Friends, and to believe that I am nothing more than

Your, &c.

Ex nihilo nil fit.

LUCR.

May

May 10, 1708.

YOU talk of Fame and Glory, and of the great Men of Antiquity : Pray tell me, what are all your great dead Men, but so many little living Letters ? What a vast Reward is here for all the Ink wasted by Writers, and all the Blood spilt by Princes ? There was in old time one *Severus*, a Roman Emperor. I dare say you never call'd him by any other Name in your Life : and yet in his days he was styl'd *Lucius*, *Septimius*, *Severus*, *Pius*, *Pertinax*, *Augustus*, *Parthicus*, *Adiabenicus*, *Arabicus*, *Maximus*,—— and what not ? What a prodigious Waste of Letters has Time made ! What a Number have here dropp'd off, and left the poor surviving Seven unattended ! For my own part, Four are all I have to take Care for ; and I'll be judg'd by you if any Man could live in less Compass ? except it were one Monsieur *D.* and one *Romulus* * * But these, contray to the common Calamity, came, in process of time, to be call'd Monsieur *Boileau Despreaux*, and *Romulus Threepoints*.—— Well, Sir, for the future, I'll drown all high Thoughts in the *Lethe* of Cowslip-Wine ; as for Fame, Renown, Reputation, take 'em, Critics !

*Tradam protervis in mare Criticum.
Ventis——*

If ever I seek for Immortality here, may I be d——d ! for there's not so much Danger in a Poet's being damn'd :

*Damnation follows Death in other Men,
But your damn'd Poet lives and writes agen.*

November

November 1, 1708.

I Have been so well satisfy'd with the Country ever since I saw you, that I have not so much as once thought of the Town, or enquir'd of any one in it besides Mr *Whycherley* and yourself. And from him I understand of your Journey this Summer into *Leicestershire*; from whence I guess you are return'd by this time, to your old Apartment in the Widow's Corner, to your old Business of comparing Critics, and reconciling Commentators; and to the old Diversions of a losing Game at Picquet with the Ladies, and a half Play, or a quarter of a Play, at the Theatre; where you are none of the malicious Audience, but the chief of amorous Spectators; and for the Infirmary of one * Sense which there for the most part could only serve to disgust you, enjoy the Vigour of another which ravishes you.

*You know when one Sense is suppress'd,
It but retires into the rest.*

(According to the poetical, not the learned, *Dodwell*; who has done one thing worthy of eternal Memory; wrote two Lines in his Life that are not Nonsense!) So you have the Advantage of being entertain'd with all the Beauty of the Boxes, without being troubled with any of the Dulness of the Stage. You are so good a Critic, that 'tis the greatest Happiness of the modern Poets that you do not hear their Works; and next, that you are not so arrant a Critic, as to damn them (like the rest) without hearing. But now I talk of those Critics, I have good News to tell you concerning myself, for which I expect you should con-

* His Hearing.

gratulate

gratulate with me : It is, that beyond all my Expectations, and far above my Demerits, I have been most mercifully repriev'd by the sovereign Power of *Jacob Tonson*, from being brought forth to public Punishment ; and respited from time to time from the Hands of those barbarous Executioners of the Muses, whom I was just now speaking of. It often happens, that guilty Poets, like other guilty Criminals, when once they are known and proclaim'd, deliver themselves into the Hands of Justice, only to prevent others from doing it more to their Disadvantage ; and not out of any Ambition to spread their Fame, by being executed in the Face of the World, which is a Fame but of short continuance. That Poet were a happy Man who cou'd but obtain a Grant to preserve his for ninety-nine Years ; for those Names very rarely last so many Days, which are planted either in *Jacob Tonson's*, or the *Ordinary of Newgate's* Miscellanies.

I have an hundred things to say to you, which shall be deferr'd till I have the Happiness of seeing you in Town ; for the Season now draws on, that invites every body thither. Some of them I had communicated to you by Letters before this, if I had not been uncertain where you pass'd your Time the last Season : So much fine Weather, I doubt not, has given you all the Pleasure you could desire from the Country, and your own Thoughts the best Company in it. But nothing could allure Mr *Wycherley* to our Forest ; he continu'd (as you told me long since he would) an obstinate Lover of the Town, in spite of Friendship and fair Weather. Therefore henceforward, to all those considerable Qualities I know you possess'd of, I shall add that of Prophecy. But I still believe Mr *Wycherley's* Intentions were good, and am satisfy'd that he promises nothing but with a real Design to perform it :
how

how much soever his other excellent Qualities are above my Imitation, his Sincerity, I hope, is not; and it is with the utmost that I am,

Sir, &c.

Jan. 22, 1708-9.

I Had sent you the inclos'd * Papers before this Time, but that I intended to have brought them myself, and afterwards cou'd find no Opportunity of sending them without suspicion of their miscarrying; not that they are of the least Value, but for fear somebody might be foolish enough to imagine them so, and inquisitive enough to discover those Faults which I (by your help) wou'd correct. I therefore beg the Favour of you to let them go no farther than your Chamber, and to be very free of your Remarks in the Margins, not only in regard to the accuracy, but to the fidelity of the Translation; which I have not had time of late to compare with it's Original. And I desire you to be the more severe, as it is much more criminal for me to make another speak Nonsense, than to do it in my own proper Person. For your better help in comparing, it may be fit to tell you, that this is not an entire Version of the first Book. There is an Omission from the 168th Line—*Jam murmura serpunt plebis agenoreæ*—to the 312th—*Interea patrius olim*

* This was a Translation of the first Book of *Statius*, done when the Author was but 14 Years old, as appears by an Advertisement before the first Edition of it in a Miscellany publish'd by B. Lintot, 8vo, 1711.

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vagns exul ab oris—(between these * two, *Statius* has a Description of the Council of the Gods, and a Speech of *Jupiter*; which contain a peculiar Beauty and Majesty, and were left out for no other reason, but because the Consequence of this Machine appears not till the second Book). The Translation goes on from thence to the Words *Hic vero ambobus rabiem fortuna cruentam*, where there is an odd Account of a Battle at fifty-cuffs between the two Princes on a very slight Occasion, and at a Time when one would think the fatigue of their Journey in so tempestuous a Night, might have render'd them very unfit for such a Scuffle. This I had actually translated, but was very ill satisfied with it, even in my own Words, to which an Author cannot but be partial enough of Conscience; it was therefore omitted in this Copy, which goes on above eighty Lines farther, at the Words—*Hic primum lustrare oculis*, &c.—to the End of the Book.

You will find, I doubt not, that *Statius* was none of the discreetest Poets, tho' he was the best Versifier next *Virgil*: In the very Beginning he unluckily betrays his Ignorance in the Rules of Poetry, (which *Horace* had already taught the *Romans*) when he asks his Muse, where to begin his *Thebaid*, and seems to doubt whether it should not be *ab ovo Ledæo*? When he comes to the Scene of his Poem, and the Prize in dispute between the Brothers, he gives us a very mean Opinion of it—*Pugna est de paupere regno*.—Very different from the Conduct of his Master *Virgil*, who at the Entrance of his Poem inform his Reader of the Greatness of it's Subject, *Tantæ molis erat Romanam condere Gentem*.

* These he since translated, and they are extant in the printed Version.

286 L E T T E R S of

[Bossu on Epic Poetry.] There are innumerable little Faults in him, among which I cannot but take notice of one in this Book, where speaking of the implacable hatred of the Brothers, he says, *The whole World wou'd be too small a Prize to repay so much Impiety.*

*Quid si peteretur crimine tanto
Limes uturque Poli, quem Sol emissus Eoo
Cardine, aut portu vergens prospectat Ibero ?*

This was pretty well, one wou'd think already, but he goes on.

*Quasque procul terras obliquo sydere tangit
Auius, aut Boreæ gelidas, madidive tepentes
Igne Noti ?*

After all this, what cou'd a Poet think of but Heaven itself for the Prize? but what follows is astonishing.

— *Quid si Tyriæ Phrygiæne sub unum
Convectentur Opes ?*

I do not remember to have met with so great a Fall in any antient Author whatsoever. I shou'd not have insisted so much on the Faults of this Poet, if I did not hope you wou'd take the same Freedom with, and revenge it upon his Translator. I shall be extremely glad if the Reading this can be any Amusement to you, the rather because I had the Dissatisfaction to hear you have been confin'd to your Chamber by an Illness, which I fear was as troublesome a Companion as I have sometimes been to you in the same Place; where if ever you found any Pleasure in my Company, it must surely have been

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been that which most Men take in observing the Faults and Follies of another; a Pleasure which you see I take care to give you even in my absence.

If you will oblige me at your leisure with the Confirmation of your Recovery, under your own Hand, it will be extreme grateful to me; for next to the Pleasure of seeing my Friends, is that I take in hearing from them; and in this particular, I am beyond all acknowledgments oblig'd to your Friend Mr *Wycherley*, who, as if it were not enough to have excell'd all Men in Wit, is resolv'd to excel them in Good-nature too. I know I need no Apology to you for speaking of Mr *Wycherley*, whose Example as I am proud of following in all Things, so in nothing more than in professing myself, like him,

Your, &c.

May 7, 1709.

YOU had long before this Time been troubled with a Letter from me, but that I deferr'd it till I cou'd send you either the * *Miscellany*, or my continuation of the Version of *Statius*. The first I imagin'd you might have had before now; but since the contrary has happen'd, you may draw this Moral from it, That Authors in general are more ready to write Nonsense, than Booksellers are to publish it. I had I know not what extraordinary flux of of Rhyme upon me for three Days together, in which Time all the Verses you see added, have been

* *Jacob Tonson's* sixth Volume of Poetical Miscellanies, in which Mr *Pope's* Pastorals and some Versions of *Homer* and *Chaucer* were first printed.

written;

written ; which I tell you, that you may more freely be severe upon them. 'Tis a Mercy I do not assault you with a Number of original Sonnets and Epigrams, which our modern Bards put forth in the Spring-time, in as great abundance, as Trees do Blossoms, a very few whereof ever come to be Fruit, and please no longer than just in their Birth. So that they make no less haste to bring their Flowers of Wit to the Press, then Gardeners to bring their other Flowers to the Market, which if they can't get off their Hands in the Morning, are sure to die before night. Thus the same Reason that furnishes *Covent-Garden* with those Nosegays you so delight in, supplies the *Muses Mercury*, and *British Apollo* (not to say *Jacob's Miscellanies*) with Verses. And it is the Happiness of this Age, that the modern Invention of printing Poems for Pence apiece, has brought the Nosegays of *Parnassus* to bear the same Price ; whereby the publick-spirited Mr *Henry Hills* of *Black-fryers* has been the Cause of great Ease and singular Comfort to all the Learned, who never overabounding in transitory Coin, should not be discontented (methinks) even tho' Poems were distributed *gratis* about the Streets, like *Bunyan's* Sermons, and other pious Treatises, usually publish'd in a like Volume and Character.

The Time now drawing nigh, when you use with *Sappho* to cross the Water in an Ev'ning to *Spring-Garden*, I hope you will have a fair Opportunity of ravishing her.—I mean only (as *Old-fox* in the *Plain-dealer* says) thro' the Ear, with your well penn'd Verses. I have been told of a very lucky Compliment of an Officer to his Mistress in the very same Place, which I cannot but set down (and desire you at present to take it in good part instead of a *Latin* Quotation) that it may some time or other be improv'd by your Pronunciation,

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Mr POPE to H. C. Esq, 289

while you walk *Solus cum Sola* in those amorous
Shades.

*When at Spring-garden Sapho deigns t'appear,
The Flow'rs march in her Van, Musk in her Rear.*

I wish you all the Pleasures which the Season
and the Nymph can afford ; the best Company, the
best Coffee, and the best News you can desire. And
what more to wish you than this, I do not know ;
unless it be a great deal of Patience to read and ex-
amine the Verses I send you ; and I promise you in
return a great deal of Deference to your Judgment,
and an extraordinary Obedience to your Sentiments
for the future (to which you know I have been
sometimes a little Refractory). If you will please to
begin where you left off last, and mark the Margins,
as you have done in the Pages immediately before,
(which you will find corrected to your Sense since
your last perusal) you will extremely oblige me, and
improve my Translation. Besides those places which
may deviate from the Sense of the Author, it wou'd
be very kind in you to observe any deficiencies in
the Diction or Numbers. The *Hiatus* in particular
I wou'd avoid as much as possible, to which you are
certainly in the right to be a profess'd Enemy ; tho'
I confess I cou'd not think it possible at all times to
be avoided by any Writer, till I found by reading
Malherbe lately, that there is scarce any throughout
his Poems. I thought your Observation true enough
to be pass'd into a Rule, but not a Rule without Ex-
ceptions, nor that ever it had been reduc'd to
practice : But this Example of one of the most cor-
rect and best of their Poets has undeceiv'd me, and
confirms your Opinion very strongly, and much
N more

more than Mr *Dryden's* Authority, who tho' he made it a Rule, seldom observ'd it.

Your, &c.

June 10. 1709.

I HAVE received part the Version of *Statius*, and return you my Thanks for your Remarks, which I think to be just, except where you cry out (like one in *Horace's Art of Poetry*) *Pulchrè, bene, rectè!* there I have some fears, you are often, if not always in the wrong.

One of your Objections, namely on that Passage,

The rest, revolving Years shall ripen into Fate,

may be well grounded, in Relation to it's not being the exact Sense of the Words— * *Cætera reliquo ordine ducam*. But the Duration of the Action of *Statius's* Poem may as well be excepted against, as many things besides in him (which I wonder *Bossu* has not observ'd): For instead of confining his Narration to *one year*, it is manifestly exceeded in the very first two Books: The Narration begins with *Oedipus's* Prayer to the *Fury*, to promote discord betwixt his Sons; afterward the Poet expressly describes their entring into the Agreement of reigning a Year by turns; and *Polynices* takes his flight for *Thebes* on his Brother's refusal to resign the Throne. All this is in the first Book; in next, *Tydeus* is sent Ambassador to *Etheocles*, and demands his Resignation in these Terms,

* See the first Book of *Statius*, verse 302.

—*Astriferum velox jam circulus orbem
Torfit, & amissæ redierunt montibus umbræ,
Ex quo frater inops, ignota per oppida tristes
Exul agit casus—*

But *Bossu* himself is mistaken in one particular, relating to the Commencement of the Action; saying in Book 2. Cap. 8. that *Statius* opens it with *Europa's Rape*, whereas the Poet at most only deliberates whether he shou'd or not:

—*Unde jubetis
Ire, Deæ? Gentisne canam primordia, diræ,
Sidonios raptus? &c.*

but then expressly passes all this with a *Longa retro series* — and says,

—*Limes mihi carminis esto
Oedipodæ confusa domus—*

Indeed there are numberless particulars blame-worthy in our Author: which I have try'd to soften in the Version:

—*Dubiamq; jugo fragor impulit Octen
In latus, & geminis vix fluctibus obstitit Isthmus,*

is most extravagantly hyperbolical: Nor did I ever read a greater piece of Tautology than

—*Vacua cum solus in Aula
Respiceres jus omne tuum, cunctosq; Minores,
Et nusquam par stare caput.*

In the Journey of *Polynices* is some Geographical Error,

—*In mediis audit duo litora campis*

could hardly be; for the *Isthmus* of *Corinth* is full five Miles over: And *Caligantes abrupto sole Mycænæ*, is not consistent with what he tells us, in Lib. 4. lin. 305: "that those of *Mycænæ* came not to the War at this Time, because they were then in Confusion by the Divisions of the Brothers, *Atreus* and *Thyestes*:" Now from the raising the Greek Army against *Thebes*, back to the Time of this Journey of *Polynices*, is (according to *Statius's* own account) three Years.

Your's, &c.

July 17. 1709.

THE Morning after I parted from you, I found my self (as I had prophesy'd) all alone in an uneasy Stage-Coach; a doleful Change from that agreeable Company I enjoy'd the Night before! without the least hope of Entertainment but, from my last recourse in such Cases, a Book. I then began to enter into Acquaintance with the *Moralists*, and had just receiv'd from them some cold Consolation for the Inconveniences of this Life, and the Incertainty of human Affairs; when I perceiv'd my Vehicle to stop, and heard from the side of it the dreadful News of a sick Woman preparing to enter it. 'Tis not easy to guess at my Mortification; but being so well fortify'd with Philosophy, I

stood

stood resign'd with a Stoical Constancy to endure the worst of Evils, a sick Woman. I was indeed a little comforted to find, by her Voice and Dress, that she was young, and a Gentlewoman; but no sooner was her hood remov'd, but I saw one of the finest Faces I ever beheld, and, to increase my surprize, heard her salute me by my Name. I never had more reason to accuse Nature for making me short-sighted than now, when I could not recollect I had ever seen those fair Eyes which knew me so well, and was utterly at a Loss how to address myself; till, with a great deal of Simplicity and Innocence, she let me know (even before I discover'd my Ignorance) that she was the Daughter of one in our Neighbourhood, lately marry'd, who having been consulting her Physicians in Town, was returning into the Country, to try what good Air and a new Husband cou'd do to recover her. My Father, you must know, has sometimes recommended the Study of Physic to me, but I never had any Ambition to be a Doctor till this instant. I ventur'd to prescribe some Fruit (which I happen'd to have in the Coach) which being forbidden her by her Doctors, she had the more Inclination to. In short, I tempted, and she eat; nor was I more like the Devil than she like Eve. Having the good Success of the 'foresaid Gentleman before my Eyes, I put on the Gallantry of the old Serpent, and in spite of my evil Form accosted her with all the Gaiety I was master of; which had so good Effect, that in less than an Hour she grew pleasant, her Colour return'd, and she was pleas'd to say my Prescription had wrought an immediate Cure: In a word, I had the pleasantest Journey imaginable.

Thus far (methinks) my Letter has something of the Air of a Romance, tho' it be true. But I hope you will look on what follows as the greatest of

Truths. That I think myself extremely oblig'd by you in all Points, especially for your kind and honourable Information and Advice in a matter of the utmost Concern to me, which I shall ever acknowledge as the highest Proof at once of your Friendship, Justice, and Sincerity. At the same Time be assur'd, that Gentleman we spoke of, shall never by any alteration in me discover my knowledge of his Mistake: the hearty forgiving of which is the only kind of Return I can possibly make him for so many Favours. And I may derive this pleasure at least from it, that whereas I must otherwise have been a little uneasy to know my incapacity of returning to his Obligations; I may now, by bearing his Frailty, exercise my Gratitude and Friendship more than himself either is, or perhaps ever will be, sensible of.

*Ille meos, primus qui me sibi junxit, Amores
Abstulit; ille habeat secum, servetque Sepulchro!*

But in one thing, I must confess you have yourself oblig'd me more than any Man, which is, that you have shew'd me many of my Faults, to which as you are the more an implacable Enemy, by so much the more you are a kind Friend to me. I cou'd be proud, in revenge, to find a few Slips in your Verses, which I read in London, and since in the Country with more Application and Pleasure: The Thoughts are very just, and you are sure not to let them suffer by the Versification. If you wou'd oblige me with the trust of any Thing of your's, I shou'd be glad to execute any Commissions you wou'd give me concerning them. I am here so perfectly at leisure, that nothing wou'd be so agreeable an Entertainment to me; but if you will not afford me that, do not deny me at least the Satisfaction of your Letters

Letters as long as we are absent, if you wou'd not have him very unhappy who is very sincerely

Your, &c.

Having a vacant Space here, I will fill it with a short *Ode on Solitude*, which I found yesterday by great Accident, and which I find by the Date was written when I was not twelve Years old; that you may perceive how long I have continu'd in my Passion for a rural Life, and in the same Employments of it.

*Happy the Man, whose Wish and Care,
A few paternal Acres bound,
Content to breathe his native Air,
In his own Ground.*

*Whose Herds with Milk, whose Fields with Bread,
Whose Flocks supply him with Attire,
Whose Trees in Summer yield him Shade,
In Winter, Fire.*

*Blest, who can unconcern'dly find
Hours, Days, and Years, slide soft away,
In Health of Body, Peace of Mind,
Quiet by Day.*

*Sound Sleep by Night; Study and Ease,
Together mixt; sweet Recreation,
And Innocence, which most does please,
With Meditation.*

*Thus, let me live unseen, unknown,
 Thus, unlamented let me die,
 Steal from the World, and not a Stone
 Tell where I lie.*

August 19. 1709.

IF I were to write to you as often as I think of you, my Letters wou'd be as bad as a Rent-charge; but tho' the one be but too little for your Good-nature, the other wou'd be too much for your Quiet, which is one blessing Good-nature shou'd indispensably receive from mankind, in return for those many it gives. I have been inform'd of late, how much I am indebted to that quality of your's, in speaking well of me in my Absence; the only thing by which you prove your self no Wit or Critic: Tho' indeed I have often thought, that a Friend will show just as much indulgence (and no more) to my Faults when I am absent, as he does Severity to 'em when I am present. To be very frank with you, Sir, I must own, that where I receiv'd so much Civility at first, I cou'd hardly have expected so much Sincerity afterwards. But now I have only to wish, that the last were but equal to the first, and that as you have omitted nothing to oblige me, so you wou'd omit nothing to improve me.

I caus'd an Acquaintance of mine to enquire twice of your welfare, by whom I have been inform'd, that you have left your speculative Angle in the Widow's Coffee-house, and bidding adieu for some time to all the *Rehearsals, Reviews, Gazettes, &c.* have march'd off into *Lincolnshire*. Thus I find you vary your Life in the Scene at least, tho' not in

in the Action; for tho' life for the most part, like an old Play, be still the same, yet now and then a new Scene may make it more entertaining. As for myself, I would not have my life a very regular Play, let it be a good merry Farce, a God's name, and a fig for the critical Unities! Yet (on the other side) I wou'd as soon write like *Durfey*, as live like *T——e*; whose beastly, yet merry, life, is (if you will excuse such a similitude) not unlike a *F——t*, at once nasty and laughable. For the generality of men, a true modern Life is like a true modern Play, neither Tragedy, Comedy, nor Farce, nor one, nor all of these: every Actor is much better known by his having the same Face, than by keeping the same Character: for we change our minds as often as they can their parts, and he who was yesterday *Cæsar*, is to day Sir *John Daw*. So that one might ask the same question of a modern Life, that *Rich* did of a modern Play; "Pray do me the favour, "Sir, to inform me; Is this your Tragedy, or "your Comedy?"

I have dwelt the longer upon this, because I persuade myself it might be useful, at a time when we have no other Theatre, to divert ourselves at this great one. Here is a glorious standing Comedy of Fools, at which every man is heartily merry, and thinks himself an unconcern'd Spectator. This (to our singular comfort) neither my Lord Chamberlain, nor the Queen herself, can ever shut up, or silence. While that of *Drury* (alas!) lies desolate, in the profoundest peace: and the melancholy prospect of the Nymphs yet lingering about it's beloved avenues, appears no less moving than that of the *Trojan* Dames lamenting over their ruin'd *Ilium*! What now can they hope, dispossess'd of their antient seats, but to serve as

Captives to the insulting Victors of the *Hay-Market*? The afflicted Subjects of *France* do not, in our *Post-Man*, so grievously deplore the obstinacy of their arbitrary Monarch, as these perishing people of *Drury* the obdurate heart of that *Pharaoh, Rich*, who, like him, disdains all Proposals of Peace and Accommodation. Several Libels have been secretly affix'd to the great gates of his imperial palace in *Bridges-Street*; and a Memorial representing the distresses of these persons, has been accidentally dropt (as we are credibly inform'd by a person of quality) out of his first Minister the chief Box-keeper's pocket, at a late Conference of the said Person of Quality and others, on the part of the Confederates, and his Theatrical Majesty on his own part. Of this you may expect a copy as soon as it shall be transmitted to us from a good hand. As for the late Congress, it is here reported, that it has not been wholly ineffectual; but this wants confirmation; yet we cannot but hope the concurring prayers and tears of so many wretched Ladies may induce this haughty Prince to Reason.

I am, &c.

Oct. 19, 1709.

I MAY truly say I am more oblig'd to you this Summer than to any of my Acquaintance, for had it not been for the two kind letters you sent me, I had been perfectly, *oblitusque meorum, obliviscendus & illis*. The only companions I had where those Muses of whom Tully says, *Adolescentiam alunt, Senectutem oblectant, secundas res ornant, adversis perfugium ac solatium præbent, delectant domi,*

domi, non impediunt foris, pernoctant nobiscum, peregrinantur, rusticantur. Which indeed is as much as ever I expected from them; for the Muses, if you take them as Companions, are very pleasant and agreeable; but whoever should be forc'd to live or depend upon 'em, would find himself in a very bad condition. That Quiet, which *Cowley* calls the *Companion of Obscurity*, was not wanting to me, unless it was interrupted by those fears you so justly guess I had for our Friend's welfare. 'Tis extremely kind in you to tell me the news you heard of him, and you have deliver'd me from more anxiety than he imagines me capable of on his account, as I am convinc'd by his long silence. However the love of some things rewards itself, as of Virtue, and of Mr *Wycherley*. I am surpriz'd at the danger you tell me has been in, and must agree with you, that our nation would have lost in him alone, more wit and probity, than would have remain'd (for ought I know) in all the rest of it. My concern for his friendship will excuse me, (since I know you honour him so much, and since you know I love him above all men) if I vent a part of my uneasiness to you, and tell you, that there has not been wanting one to insinuate malicious untruths of me to Mr *Wycherley*, which I fear may have had some effect upon him. If so, he will have a greater punishment for his credulity than I cou'd wish him, in that fellow's acquaintance. The loss of a faithful creature is something, tho' of ever so contemptible an one; and if I were to change my Dog for such a Man as the aforesaid, I shou'd think my Dog undervalu'd: (who follows me about as constantly here in the country, as I was us'd to do Mr *Wycherley* in the Town.)

Now I talk of my Dog, that I may not treat of a worse subject which my spleen tempts me to,

I will give you some account of him ; a thing not wholly unprecedented, since *Montagne* (to whom I am but a Dog in comparifon) has done the very fame thing of his Cat. *Dic mihi quid melius defidiusus agam ?* You are to know then, that as 'tis Likeness begets Affection, fo my favourite dog is a little one, a lean one, and none of the fineft fhap'd. He is not much a Spaniel in his fawning, but has (what might be worth any man's while to imitate from him) a dumb furly fort of kindnefs, that rather fhows itfelf when he thinks me illu'd by others, than when we walk quietly and peaceably by ourfelves. If it be the chief point of Friendfhip to comply with a friend's Motions and Inclinations, he poffeffes this in an eminent degree ; he lies down when I fit, and walks when I walk, which is more than many good friends can pretend to, witnefs our walk a year ago in *St James's Park*. — Hiftories are more full of examples of the Fidelity of Dogs than of Friends, but I will not infift upon many of 'em, becaufe it is poffible fome may be almoft as fabulous as thofe of *Pylades* and *Oreftes*, &c. I will only fay, for the honour of Dogs, that the two moft antient and efteemable books facred and prophane extant, (*viz.* the *Scripture* and *Homer*) have fhewn a particular regard to thefe animals. That of *Toby* is the more remarkable, becaufe there was no manner of reafon to take notice of the Dog, befides the great humanity of the Author. *Homer's* account of *Ulyffes's* Dog *Argus* is the moft pathetic imaginable, all the Circumftances confider'd, and an excellent proof of the old Bard's Good-Nature. *Ulyffes* had left him at *Ithaca* when he embark'd for *Troy*, and found him at his return after twenty years, (which by the way is not unnatural as fome Critics have faid, fince I remember the dam of my dog was twenty-two years old when ſhe dy'd :
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May the omen of Longævity prove fortunate to her successor!) You shall have it in verse.

A R G U S.

*When wise Ulysses from his native coast
Long kept by wars, and long by tempests tost,
Arriv'd at last, poor, old, disguis'd, alone,
To all his friends, and ev'n his Queen, unknown,
Chang'd as he was, with age, and toils, and cares,
Furrow'd his rev'rend face, and white his hairs,
In his own Palace forc'd to ask his bread,
Scorn'd by those slaves his former bounty fed,
Forgot of all his own domestick crew;
The faithful Dog alone his rightful Master knew!
Unfed, unhous'd, neglected, on the clay,
Like an old servant now cashier'd, he lay
Touch'd with resentment of ungrateful man,
And longing to behold his antient Lord again.
Him when he saw---he rose, and crawl'd to meet,
(Twas all he cou'd) and fawn'd, and kiss'd his feet,
Seiz'd with dumb joy---then falling by his side,
Own'd his returning Lord, look'd up, and dy'd!*

Plutarch relating how the Athenians were oblig'd to abandon Athens in the time of Themistocles, steps back again out of the way of his History, purely to describe the lamentable cries and howlings of the poor Dogs they left behind. He makes mention of one, that follow'd his Master across the Sea to Salamis where he dy'd and was honour'd with a Tomb by the Athenians, who gave the name of the *Dog's Grave* to that part of the Island where he was buried: this respect to a dog in the most polite people of the world, is very observable. A modern instance of gratitude to a Dog (tho' we have but few such) is, that the chief Order of
Denmark

Denmark (now injuriously call'd the Order of the *Elephant*) was instituted in memory of the fidelity of a dog nam'd *Wild-brat*, to one of their Kings who had been deserted by his subjects: He gave his Order this motto, or to this effect, (which still remains) *Wild-brat was faithful*. Sir *William Trumbull* has told me a story which he heard from one that was present: King *Charles I.* being with some of his Court during his troubles, a discourse arose what sort of dogs deserv'd pre-eminence, and it being on all hands agreed to belong either to the Spaniel or Greyhound, the King gave his Opinion on the part of the Greyhound, because (said he) it has all the *Good-nature* of the other, without the *Fawning*. A good piece of satire upon his Courtiers, with which I will conclude my Discourse of Dogs. Call me a Cynic, or what you please, in revenge for all this impertinence, I will be contented; provided you will but believe me when I say a bold word for a Christian, that, of all dogs, you will find none more faithful than,

Your, &c.

April 10, 1710.

I Had written to you sooner, but that I made some scruple of sending prophane things to you in Holy Week. Besides, our Family wou'd have been scandaliz'd to see me write, who take it for granted I write nothing but ungodly Verses. I assure you I am look'd upon in the Neighbourhood for a very well-dispos'd person, no great Hunter indeed, but a great Admirer of the noble sport, and only unhappy in my want of constitution for that, and Drinking. They all say 'tis pity I am so sickly, and I think 'tis pity they are so healthy. But I say

say nothing that may destroy their good Opinion of me: I have not quoted one *Latin* Author since I came down, but have learn'd without Book a Song of Mr *Thomas Durfey's*, who is your only Poet of tolerable Reputation in this Country. He makes all the Merriment in our Entertainments, and but for him, there would be so miserable a dearth of Catches, that I fear they would put either the Parson or me upon making some for 'em. Any Man, of any Quality, is heartily welcome to the best Topping Table of our Gentry, who can roar out some Rhapsodies of his Works: so that in the same manner as it was said of *Homer* to his Detractors, What? Dares any Man speak against him who has given so many Men to *Eat*? (Meaning the Rhapsodists who live by repeating his Verses) thus may it be said of Mr *Durfey* to his Detractors; Dares any one despise him, who has made so many Men *Drink*? Alas, Sir! this is a Glory which neither you nor I must ever pretend to. Neither you with your *Ovid*, nor I with my *Statius*, can amuse a whole Board of Justices and extraordinary 'Squires, or gain one hum of Approbation, or laugh of Admiration! These things (they wou'd say) are too studious, they may do well enough with such as *love Reading*, but give us your antient Poet Mr *Durfey*! 'Tis mortifying enough, it must be confess'd; but however, let us proceed in the Way that Nature has directed us—*Multi multa sciunt, sed nemo omnia*, as it is said in the Almanack. Let us communicate our Works for our mutual Comfort; send me Elegies, and you shall not want Heroics. At present, I have only these *Arguments in Prose* to the *Thebaid*, which you claim by Promise, as I do your Translation of *Pars me Sulmo tenet*—and the *Ring*: the rest I hope for as soon as you can conveniently

transcribe

transcribe 'em, and whatsoever Orders you are pleas'd to give me shall be punctually obey'd by

Your, &c.

May 10, 1710.

I Had not so long omitted to express my Acknowledgments to you, for so much Good-nature and Friendship as you lately show'd me ; but that I am but just return'd to my own Hermitage, from Mr *Caryl's*, who has done me so many Favours, that I am almost inclin'd to think my Friends infect one another, and that your Conversation with him has made him as obliging to me as yourself. I can assure you he has a sincere Respect for you, and this I believe he has partly contracted from me, who am too full of you not to overflow upon those I converse with. But I must now be contented to converse only with the Dead of this World, that is to say, the dull and obscure, every way obscure, in their Intellects as well their Persons : Or else have recourse to the living Dead, the old Authors with whom you are so well acquainted, even from *Virgil* down to *Aulus Gellius*, whom I do not think a Critic by any means to be compar'd to Mr. *Dennis* : And I must declare positively to you, that I will persist in this Opinion, till you become a little more civil to *Atticus*. Who cou'd have imagin'd, that he who had escaped all the Misfortunes of his Time, unhurt even by the Proscriptions of *Anthony* and *Augustus* ; shou'd in these Days find an Enemy more severe and barbarous than those Tyrants ? and that Enemy the gentlest too, the best-natur'd of Mortals, Mr. C—— ? Whom I must in this compare once more to *Augustus* ; who seem'd not more unlike

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like himself, in the Severity of one part of his Life, and the Clemency of the other, than you. I leave you to reflect on this, and hope that Time (which mollifies Rocks, and of stiff Things makes limber) will turn a resolute Critic to a gentle Reader; and instead of this positive, tremendous, new-fashion'd Mr. C—, restore unto us our old Acquaintance, the soft, beneficent, and courteous Mr C—.

I expect much, towards the civilizing of you in your critical Capacity, from the innocent Air and Tranquillity of our Forest, when you do me the Favour to visit it. In the mean time, it wou'd do well by way of Preparative, if you wou'd duly and constantly every Morning read over a Pastoral of *Theocritus* or *Virgil*; and let the Lady *Isabella* put your *Macrobius* and *Aulus Gellius* somewhere out of your way, for a Month or so. Who knows but travelling and long airing in an open Field, may contribute more successfully to the cooling a Critic's Severity, than it did to the asswaging of Mr *Cheek's* Anger of old? In these Fields you will be secure of finding no Enemy, but the most faithful and affectionate of your Friends, &c.

May 17, 1710.

AFTER I had recover'd from a dangerous Illness which was first contracted in Town, about a Fortnight after my coming hither I troubled you with a Letter, and a Paper inclos'd, which you had been so obliging as to desire a Sight of when last I saw you, promising me, in return, some Translations of your's from *Ovid*. Since when, I have not had a Syllable from your Hands, so that 'tis to be fear'd that tho' I have escaped Death, I have

have not Oblivion. I shou'd at least have expected you to have finish'd that Elegy upon me, which you told me you was upon the point of beginning when I was sick in *London*; if you will but do so much for me first, I will give you leave to forget me afterwards; and for my own part will die at discretion, and at my leisure. But I fear I must be forc'd like many learned Authors, to write my own Epitaph, if I would be remember'd at all. *Monsieur de la Fontaine's* wou'd fit me to a Hair, but it is a kind of Sacrilege, (do you think it is not?) to steal Epitaphs. In my present, living dead condition, nothing would be properer than *Oblitusque meorum, obliviscendus & illis*, but that unluckily I can't forget my Friends, and the Civilities I receiv'd from yourself, and some others. They say indeed 'tis one quality of generous Minds to forget the Obligations they have conferr'd, and perhaps too it may be so to forget those on whom they conferr'd 'em? Then indeed I must be forgotten to all intents and purposes! I am, it must be own'd, dead in a natural Capacity, according to Mr *Bickerstaff*; dead in a poetical Capacity, as a damn'd Author; and dead in a civil Capacity, as a useless Member of the Common-wealth. But reflect, dear Sir, what melancholy Effects may ensue, if dead Men are not civil to one another? If he who has nothing to do himself, will not comfort and support another in his Idleness? If those who are to die themselves, will not now and then pay the Charity of visiting a Tomb and a dead Friend, and strowing a few Flowers over him? In the Shades where I am, the Inhabitants have a mutual Compassion for each other: Being all alike *Inanes*, and *Umbratiles*, we saunter to one another's Habitations, and daily assist each other in doing nothing at all; this I mention for your Edification and Ex-

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Mr POPE to H. C. Esq; 307

ample, that *Tout plein du vie* as you are, yet you may not sometimes disdain—*desipere in loco*. Tho' you are no Papist, and have not so much regard to the dead as to address yourself to them, (which I plainly perceive by your Silence) yet I hope you are not one of those Heterodox, who hold them to be totally insensible of the good Offices and kind Wishes of their living Friends, and to be in a dull State of Sleep, without one Dream of those they left behind them? If you are, let this Letter convince you to the contrary, which assures you, I am still, tho' in a State of Separation,

Your, &c.

P. S. This Letter of Deaths, puts me in mind of poor Mr *Betterton's*; over whom I would have this Sentence of *Tully* for an Epitaph.

Vita bene actæ jucundissima est Recordatio.

June 24, 1710.

THIS very natural for a young Friend, and a young Lover, to think the Persons they love have nothing to do but to please them; when perhaps they, for their parts, had twenty other Engagements before. This was my Case when I wonder'd I did not hear from you; but I no sooner receiv'd your short Letter, but I forgot your long Silence; and so many fine Things as you said of me cou'd not but have wrought a Cure on my own Sickness, if it had not been of the Nature of that, which is deaf to the Voice of the Charmer. 'Twas impossible you could have better tim'd your Compliment on my Philosophy; it was certainly properest to

to commend me for it just when I most needed it, and when I cou'd least be proud of it ; that is, when I was in Pain. 'Tis not easy to express what an Exaltation it gave to my Spirits, above all the Cordials of my Doctor ; and 'tis no Compliment to tell you, that your Compliments were sweeter than the sweetest of his Juleps and Syrups. But if you will not believe so much,

*Pour le moins, votre Compliment
M'a soulage dans ce moment ;
Et des qu' on me l' est venu faire,
J'ay chassé mon Apoticaire,
Et renvoyé mon Lavement.*

Nevertheless I wou'd not have you entirely lay aside the Thoughts of my Epitaph, any more than I do those of the probability of my becoming ('ere long) the Subject of one. For Death has of late been very familiar with some of my Size ; I am told my Lord Lumley and Mr Litton are gone before me ; and tho' I may now without vanity esteem myself the least thing like a Man in England, yet I can't but be sorry, two Heroes of such a Make wou'd die inglorious in their Beds ; when it had been a Fate more worthy our Size, had they met with theirs from an irruption of Cranes, or other warlike Animals, those antient Enemies to our *Pygmean* Ancestors ! You of a superior Species little regard what befalls us *Homunciolos Sesquipedales* ; however you have no reason to be so unconcern'd, since all Physicians agree there is no greater sign of a Plague among Men, than a Mortality among Frogs. I was the other Day in Company with a Lady, who rally'd my Person so much, as to cause a total subversion of my Countenance : Some Days after, to be reveng'd on her, I presented her among

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Mr POPE to H. C. Esq; 309

other Company the following *Rondeau* on that Occasion, which I desire you to show *Sapho*.

*You know where you did despise
(T'other Day) my little Eyes,
Little Legs, and little Thighs,
And some things of little Size,*

You know where.

*You, 'tis true, have fine black Eyes,
Taper Legs, and tempting Thighs,
Yet what more than all we prize
Is a thing of little Size,*

You know where.

This sort of Writing call'd the *Rondeau* is what I never knew practis'd in our Nation, and I verily believe it was not in use with the *Greeks* or *Romans*, neither *Macrobis* nor *Hyginus* taking the least Notice of it. 'Tis to be observ'd, that the vulgar spelling and pronouncing it *Round O*, is a manifest Corruption, and by no means to be allow'd of by Critics. Some may mistakenly imagine that it was a sort of *Rondeau* which the *Gallic* Soldiers sung in *Cæsar's* Triumph over *Gaul*.—*Gallias Cæsar subegit*, &c. as it is recorded by *Suetonius* in *Julio*, and so derive it's Original from the antient *Gauls* to the modern *French*: but this is erroneous; the Words there not being rang'd according to the Laws of the *Rondeau*, as laid down by *Clement Marot*. If you will say, that the Song of the Soldiers might be only the rude beginning of this kind of Poem, and so consequently imperfect, neither *Heinsus* nor I can be of that Opinion; and so I conclude, that we know nothing of the Matter.

But,

But, Sir, I ask your Pardon for all this Buffoonry, which I could not address to any one so well as to you, since I have found, by Experience, you must easily forgive my Impertinences. 'Tis only to show you, that I am mindful of you at all times; that I write at all times; and as nothing I can say can be worth your reading, so I may as well throw out what comes uppermost, as study to be dull.

I am, &c.

Mr C - - - to Mr POPE.

July 15, 1710.

AT last I have prevail'd over a lazy humour to transcribe this Elegy: I have chang'd the Situation of some of the *Latin* Verses, and made some Interpolations, but I hope they are not absurd, and foreign to my Author's Sense and Manner; but they are referr'd to your Censure, as a Debt; whom I esteem no less a Critic than a Poet: I expect to be treated with the same Rigour as I have practis'd to Mr *Dryden* and you,

—Hanc veniam petimusq; damusq; viceffim.

I desire the Favour of your Opinion, why *Priam*, in his Speech to *Pyrrhus*, in the second *Æneid*, says this to him,

At non ille fatum quo te mentiris, Achilles.

He wou'd intimate (I fancy by *Pyrrhus's* Answer) only his Degeneracy: but then these following

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Mr POPE to H. C. Esq; 311

Lines of the Version (I suppose from *Homer's* History) seem'd absurd in the Mouth of *Priam*, viz.

*He chear'd my Sorrows, and for Sums of Gold.
The bloodless Carcase of my Hector sold.*

I am,

Your, &c.

Mr POPE's Answer.

July 20, 1710.

I Give you thanks for the Version you sent me of *Ovid's* Elegy. It is very much an Image of that Author's Writing, who has an Agreeableness that charms us without Correctness, like a Mistress whose Faults we see, but love her with them all. You have very judiciously alter'd his Method in some Places, and I can find nothing which I dare insist upon as an Error: What I have written in the Margins being merely Guesses at a little Improvement, rather than Criticisms. I assure you I do not expect you shou'd subscribe to my private Notions but when you shall judge 'em agreeable to Reason and good Sense. What I have done is not as a Critic, but as a Friend; I know too well how many Qualities are requisite to make up the one, and that I want almost all I can reckon up; but I am sure I do not want Inclination, nor I hope Capacity, to be the other. Nor shall I take it at all amiss, that another dissents from my Opinion: 'Tis no more than I have often done from my own; and, indeed, the more a Man advances in Understanding, he becomes the more every Day a Critic upon

upon himself, and finds something or other still to blame in his former Notions and Opinions. I could be glad to know if you have translated the 11th Elegy of *Lib. 2. Ad amicam Navigantem*, the 8th of Book 3, or the 11th of Book 3, which are above all others my particular Favourites, especially the last of these.

As to the Passage of which you ask my Opinion in the 2d *Æneid*, it is either so plain as to require no Solution; or else (which is very probable) you see farther into it than I can. *Priam* wou'd say, "That *Achilles* (whom 'surely you only feign to be your Father, since your Actions are so different from his) did not use me thus inhumanly. He blush'd at his murder of *Hector*, when he saw my Sorrows for him; and restor'd his dead Body to me to be bury'd." To this the Answer of *Pyrrhus* seems to be agreeable enough. "Go then to the Shades, and tell *Achilles* how I degenerate from him:" granting the Truth of what *Priam* had said of the difference between them. Indeed Mr. *Dryden's* mentioning here what *Virgil* more judiciously passes in Silence, the Circumstance of *Achilles's* selling for Money the Body of *Hector*, seems not so proper; it in some measure lessening the Character of *Achilles's* Generosity and Piety, which is the very Point of which *Priam* endeavours in this Place to convince his Son, and to reproach him with the want of. But the Truth of this Circumstance is no way to be question'd being expressly taken from *Homer*, who represents *Achilles* weeping for *Priam*, yet receiving the Gold, *Iliad* 24: For when he gives the Body, he uses these Words, "O my Friend *Patroclus*! forgive me that I quit the Corps of him who kill'd thee; I have great Gifts in ransom for it, which I will bestow upon thy Funeral."

I am, &c.

Mr

Mr POPE to H. C. Esq, 313

Mr C - - - to Mr POPE.

Aug. 3, 1710.

LOOKING among some *French Rhymes*, I was agreeably surpriz'd to find in the *Rondeau* of * *Pour le moins*—your *Apoticaire* and *Lavement*, which I took for your own; so much is your Muse of Intelligence with the Wits of all Languages. You have refin'd upon *Voiture*, whose *Ou Vous Sçavez* is much inferiour to your *You know where*—You do not only pay your Club with your Author (as our Friend says) but the whole Reckoning; who can form such pretty Lines from so trivial a Hint.

For † my Elegy; 'tis confess'd, that the Topography of *Sulmo*, in the *Latin*, makes but an awkward figure in the Version. Your couplet of the *Dog-star* is very fine, but may be too sublime in this Place. I laugh'd heartily at your note upon *Paradise*; for to make *Ovid* talk of the Garden of *Eden*, is certainly most absurd: But *Xenophon*, in his *Oeconomics*, speaking of a Garden finely planted and watered (as is here described) calls it *Paradisos*: 'Tis an Interpolation indeed, and serves for a Gradation to the *Cælestial Orb*; which expresses in some sort the *Sidus Castoris in parte Cæli*—how *Trees* can enjoy, let the Naturalists determine; but the Poets make 'em sensivity, Lovers, Bachelors, and married. *Virgil* in his *Georgics Lib. 2. Horace Ode 15. Lib. 2. Platanus cælebs evincet ulmos. Epod. 2. Ergo aut adulta vitium propagine Altas maritat populos*. Your Critique is a very *Dolce-piccante*; for after the many Faults you justly find, you smooth your Rigour: but an obliging thing is owing (you think) to one who so much esteems and admires you, and who shall ever be

Your, &c.

* In *Voiture's Poems*.

† *Ovid's Amorum*, l. 2. *El. 15. Pars me Sulmo*, &c.

August 21, 1710.

YOUR Letters are a perfect Charity to a Man in retirement, utterly forgotten of all his Friends but you ; for since Mr *Wycherley* left *London*, I have not heard a word from him ; tho' just before, and once since, I writ to him, and tho' I know my self guilty of no Offence but of doing sincerely just what he * bid me.— *Hoc mihi libertas, hoc pia lingua dedit !* But the greatest Injury he does me is the keeping me in Ignorance of his welfare, which I am always very solicitous for, and very uneasy in the fear of any Indisposition that may befall him. In what I sent you some time ago, you have not verbe enough to be severe upon, in revenge for my last Criticism : In one Point I must persist, that is to say, my dislike of your *Paradise*, in which I take no pleasure ; I know very well that in *Greek* 'tis not only us'd by *Xenophon*, but is a common word for any Garden ; but in *English* it bears the Signification and conveys the Idea of *Eden*, which alone is (I think) a Reason against making *Ovid* use it ; who will be thought to talk too like a Christian in your Version at least, whatever it might have been in *Latin* or *Greek*. As for all the rest of my Remarks, since you do not laugh at them as at this, I can be so civil as not to lay any stress upon 'em (as I think I told you before) and in particular in the point of *Trees enjoying*, you have, I must own, fully satisfy'd me that the Expression is not only defensible, but beautiful. I shall be very glad to see your Translation of the Elegy, *Ad Amicam navigantem*, as soon as you can ; for (without a Compliment to you) every thing you write either in Verse or Prose, is welcome to me ; and you may be confident, (if my Opinion can be

* Correcting his Verses. See the Letters in 1706 and the following Years, of Mr *Wycherley* and Mr *Pope*.

of any sort of consequence in any thing) that I will never be unsincere, tho' I may be often mistaken. To use Sincerity with you is but paying you in your own Coin, from whom I have experienc'd so much of it; and I need not tell you how much I really esteem you, when I esteem nothing in the World so much as that Quality. I know you sometimes say civil things to me in your Epistolary Style, but those I am to make allowance for, as particularly when you talk of *Admiring*; 'tis a word you are so us'd to in Conversation of Ladies, that it will creep into your discourse in spite of you, ev'n to your Friends. But as Women when they think themselves secure of Admiration, commit a thousand Negligences, which show them so much at disadvantage and off their guard, as to lose the little real Love they had before: So when Men imagine others entertain some esteem for their Abilities, they often expose all their Imperfections and foolish Works, to the disparagement of the little Wit they were thought Masters of. I am going to exemplify this to you, in putting into your Hands (being encourag'd by so much Indulgence) some Verses of my Youth, or rather Childhood; which (as I was a great Admirer of *Waller*) were intended in Imitation of his Manner; and are, perhaps, such Imitations, as those you see in awkward Country Dames of the fine and well-bred Ladies of the Court. If you will take 'em with you into *Lincolnshire*, they may save you one hour from the Conversation of the Country Gentlemen and their Tenants, (who differ but in Dress and Name) which if it be there as bad as here, is even worse than my Poetry. I hope your Stay there will be no longer than (as Mr *Wycherley* calls it) to rob the Country, and run away to *London* with your Money. In the mean time, I beg the Favour of a Line from you, and am (as I will never cease to be)

Your, &c.

OCT. 12, 1710.

I Deferr'd answering your last, upon the Advice I receiv'd that you were leaving the Town for some time, and expected your Return with Impatience, having then a Design of seeing my Friends there, among the first of which I have reason to account yourself. But my almost continual Illnesses prevent that, as well as most other Satisfactions of my life: However I may say one good thing of Sickness, that it is the best Cure in Nature for Ambition, and Designs upon the World or Fortune: It makes a man pretty indifferent for the future, provided he can but be easy, by Intervals, for the present. He will be content to compound for his Quiet only, and leave all the circumstantial Part and Pomp of Life to those, who have a Health vigorous enough to enjoy all the Mistresses of their Desires. I thank God, there is nothing out of myself which I would be at the trouble of seeking, except a Friend; a Happiness I once hop'd to have possess'd in Mr Wycherley; but—*Quantum mutatus ab illo!*—I have for some Years been employ'd much like Children that build Houses with Cards, endeavouring very busily and eagerly to raise a Friendship, which the first Breath of any ill-natur'd By-stander cou'd puff away.—But I will trouble you no farther with writing, nor myself with thinking, of this Subject.

I was mightily pleas'd to perceive by your Quotation from *Voiture*, that you had track'd me so far as *France*. You see 'tis with weak Heads as with weak Stomachs, they immediately throw out what they receiv'd last; and what they read floats upon the Surface of their Mind, like Oil upon Water, without incorporating. This, I think however, can't be said of the Love-verses I last troubled you with, where all (I am afraid) is so puerile, and so like

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like the Author, that no body will suspect any thing to be borrow'd. Yet you, (as a Friend, entertaining a better Opinion of 'em) it seems search'd in *Waller*, but search'd in vain. Your Judgment of 'em is (I think) very right,——for it was my own Opinion before. If you think 'em not worth the trouble of correcting, pray tell me so freely, and it will save me a Labour; if you think the contrary, you wou'd particularly oblige me by your Remarks on the several Thoughts as they occur. I long to be nibbling at your Verses, and have not forgot who promis'd me *Ovid's Elegy ad Amicam Navigantem*? Had *Ovid* been as long composing it, as you in sending it, the Lady might have sail'd to *Gades*, and receiv'd it at her Return. I have really a great Itch of Criticism upon me, but want Matter here in the Country; which I desire you to furnish me with, as I do you in the Town,

Sic servat studii Fœdera quisque sui.

I am oblig'd to Mr *Caryl* (whom you tell me you met at *Essex*) for telling you Truth, as a man is in these days to any one that will tell Truth to his advantage, and I think none is more to mine, than what he told you, and I shou'd be glad to tell all the world, that I have an extreme Affection and esteem for you.

*Tecum etenim longos memini consumere soles,
Et tecum primas epulis decerpere nœtes,
Unum Opus & Requiem pariter disponimus ambo,
Atque verecunda laxamus seria mensa.*

By these *Epulæ*, as I take it, *Persius* meant the *Portugal Snuff* and burn'd *Claret*, which he took with his master *Cornutus*; and the *Verecunda Mensa* was, without dispute, some Coffe-house table of the Antients.—I will only observe, that these four lines are as elegant and musical as any in *Persius*,

not excepting those six or seven which Mr *Dryden* quotes as the only such in all that Author.— I could be heartily glad to repeat the satisfaction describ'd in them, being truly, *Your, &c.*

October 28., 1710.

I Am glad to find by your last letter that you write to me with the freedom of a friend, setting down your thoughts as they occur, and dealing plainly with me in the matter of my own Trifles, which I assure you I never valu'd half so much as I do that Sincerity in you, which they were the occasion of discovering to me ; and which while I am happy in, I may be trusted with that dangerous weapon, Poetry ; since I shall do nothing with it but after asking and following your advice. I value Sincerity the more, as I find by sad experience, the practice of it is more dangerous ; Writers rarely pardoning the executioners of their Verses, ev'n tho' themselves pronounce sentence upon them.— As to Mr *Philips's* Pastorals, I take the first to be infinitely the best, and the second the worst ; the third is for the greatest part a Translation from *Virgil's Daphnis*. I will not forestal your judgment of the rest, only observe in that of the Nightingale these lines, (speaking of the Musician's playing on the Harp)

*Now lightly skimming o'er the Strings they pass,
Like Winds that gently brush the plying grass,
And melting Aires arise at their command ;
And now, laborious, with a weighty hand,
He sinks into the Cords, with solemn pace,
And gives the swelling Tones a manly grace,*

To which nothing can be objected, but that they are too lofty for Pastoral, especially being put into the mouth of a Shepherd, as they are here ;

in

in the Poet's own person they had been (I believe) more proper. These are more after *Virgil's* manner than that of *Theocritus*, whom yet in the character of Pastoral he rather seems to imitate. In the whole, I agree with the *Tatler*, that we have no better Eclogues in our language. There is a small copy of the same Author publish'd in the *Tatler* No. 12. on the *Danish* Winter: 'Tis Poetical Painting, and I recommend it to your perusal.

Dr *Garth's* Poem I have not seen, but believe I shall be of that Critic's opinion you mention at *Will's*, who swore it was good: For tho' I am very cautious of swearing after Critics, yet I think one may do it more safely when they commend, than when they blame.

I agree with you in your censure of the use of *Sea-Terms* in Mr *Dryden's* *Virgil*; not only because *Helenus* was no great Prophet in those matters, but because no Terms of Art, or Cant-Words, suit with the Majesty and dignity of Style which *Epic* Poetry requires. --- *Cui mens diviniore atque os magne soniturum.* ---- The Tarpawlin Phrase can please none but such *Qui aurem habent Batavam*; they must not expect *Auribus Atticis probari*, I find by you (I think I have brought in two phrases of *Martial* here very dexterously).

Tho' you say you did not rightly take my Meaning in the verse I quoted from *Juvenal*, yet I will not explain it; because tho' it seems you are resolv'd to take me for a Critic, I wou'd by no means be thought a Commentator. --- And for another reason too, because I have quite forgot both the Verse and the Application.

I hope it will be no offence to give my most hearty service to Mr *Wycherley*, tho' I perceive by his last to me, I am not to trouble him with my letters, since he there told me he was going in-

stantly out of Town, and till his return was my Servant, &c. I guess by your's he is yet with you, and beg you to do what you may with all Truth and Honour, that is, assure him I have ever borne all the Respect and Kindness imaginable to him. I do not know to his hour what it is that has estrang'd him for me; but this I know, that he may for the future be more safely my friend, since no invitation of his shall ever more make me so free with him. I cou'd not have thought any man had been so very cautious and suspicious, as not to credit his own Experience of a friend. Indeed to believe no body, may be a Maxim of Safety, but not so much of Honesty. There is but one way I know of conversing safely with all men, that is, not by concealing what we say or do, but by saying or doing nothing that deserves to be conceal'd, and I can truly boast this comfort in my affairs with Mr *Wyberley*. But I pardon his Jealousy, which is become his Nature, and shall never be his enemy whatsoever he says of me.

Your, &c.

Mr C. . . . to Mr POPE

Nov. 5, 1710.

I Find I am oblig'd to the sight of your Love-
verses, for your opinion of my sincerity; which
had never been call'd in question, if you had not
forc'd me, upon so many other occasions, to express
my esteem.

I have just read and compar'd * Mr *Rowe's*
Version of the 9th of *Lucan*, with very great
pleasure, where I find none of those absurdities
so frequent in that of *Virgil*, except in two pla-

* *Printed in the 6th Vol. of Toulson's Miscellanies.*

ces, for the sake of lashing the Priests; one where *Cato* says — *Sortilegis egeant dubii* — and one in the Simile of the *Hæmorhois* — *fatidici Sabæi* — He is so errant a Whig, that he strains even beyond his Author, in passion for Liberty, and aversion to Tyranny; and, errs only in amplification. *Lucan* in *initio gri*, describing the seat of the *Semidei manes*, says,

*Quodque patet terras inter Lunæque meatus,
Semidei manes habitant* —

Mr Rowe has this Line,

Then looking down on the Sun's feeble Ray.

Pray your opinion, if there be an *Error-Sphæricus* in this or no?
Your's, &c.

Nov. 11, 1710.

YOU mistake me very much in thinking the freedom you kindly us'd with my Love-
verses, gave me the first opinion of your sincerity: I assure you it only did what every good-natur'd action of your's has done since, confirm'd me more in that opinion. The Fable of the Nightingale in *Philips's* Pastoral, is taken from *Famianus Strada's* Latin Poem on the same subject, in his *Prolusiones Academicæ*; only the Tomb he erects at the end, is added from *Virgil's* conclusion of the *Culex*. I can't forbear giving you a passage out of the Latin Poem I mention, by which you will find the English Poet is indebted to it.

*Alternat mira arte fides, dum torquet acutas
Inciditque graves operoso verbere pulsat—
Jamque manu per fila volat; simul hos, simul illos
Explorat numeros, chordaque laborat in omni.—
Mox silet. Illa modis totidem respondit, & artem*

*Arte refert; nunc ceu rudis, aut incerta canendū,
Præbet iter liquidum labenti e pectore voci,
Nunc cæsim variat, modulisque canora minutis
Delibrat vocem, tremuloque reciprocatur ore.*

This Poem was many years since imitated by *Crashaw*, out of whose Verses the following are very remarkable.

*From this to that, from that to this, he flies,
Feels Music's Pulse in all it's Arteries;
Caught in a Net which there Apollo spreads,
His Fingers struggle with the vocal Threads.*

I have (as I think I formerly told you) a very good opinion of Mr *Rowe's* 9th book of *Lucan*: Indeed he amplifies too much, as well as *Brebæuf*, the famous *French* Imitator. If I remember right, he sometimes takes the whole Comment into the Text of the Version, as particularly in line 808. *Utque solet pariter totis se effundere signis Corycii pressura cruci*—And in the place you quote, he makes of those two lines in the *Latin*

*Vidit quanta sub nocte jaceret
Nostra dies, risitque sui ludibria trunci.*

no less than eight in *English*.

What you observe sure cannot be an *Error Sphaericus*, strictly speaking, either according to their *Ptolomaic*, or our *Copernican* System; *Tycho Brahe* himself will be on the Translator's side. For Mr *Rowe* here says no more, than that he look'd down on the Rays of the Sun, which *Pompey* might do, even tho' the Body of the Sun were above him.

You can't but have remark'd what a journey *Lucan* here makes *Cato* take for the sake of his fine Descriptions. From *Cyrene* he travels by land, for no better reason than this:

Hæc eadem sua debat Hyems quæ clauserat æquor.

The

Mr POPE to H. C. Esq; 323

The Winter's effects on the Sea, it seems were more to be dreaded than all the Serpents, Whirlwinds, Sands, &c. by Land, which immediately after he paints out in his Speech to the Soldiers: Then he fetches a compass a vast way round about to the *Nasamones* and *Jupiter Ammon's* Temple, purely to ridicule the Oracles: And *Labienus* must pardon me, if I do not believe him when he says — *sors obtulit, & fortuna viæ* — either *Labienus* or the Map, is very much mistaken here. Thence he returns back to the *Syrtes* (which he might have taken first in his way to *Utica*) and so to *Leptis Minor*, where our Author leaves him; who seems to have made *Cato* speak his own mind, when he tells his Army — *Ire sat est* — no matter whither. I am, Your, &c.

Mr C..... to Mr POPE.

Nov. 20, 1710.

THE System of *Tycho Brahe* (were it true, as it is *novel*) cou'd have no room here: *Lucan*, with the rest of the *Latin* Poets, seems to follow *Plato*; whose order of the Spheres is clear in *Cicero*, *De Natura Deorum*, *De somnio Scipionis*, and in *Macrobius*. The Seat of the *Semidei manes* is *Platonic* too, for *Apuleius de Deo Socratis* assigns the same to the *Genii*, viz. the Region of the *Air* for their intercourse with Gods and Men; so that I fancy *Rowe* mistook the Situation, and I can't be reconcil'd to, *Look down on the Sun's Rays*. I am glad you agree with me about the Latitude he takes; and wish you had told me, if the *fortilegi*, and *fatidici*, cou'd licence his *Invectives* against Priests? But I suppose you think them (with *Helena*) undeserving of your Protection. I agree with you in *Lucan's* Errors, and the Cause of 'em, his Poetic Descriptions: for the *Romans* then knew the Coast

of *Africa* from *Cyrene* (to the South-east of which lies *Ammon* toward *Egypt*) to *Leptis* and *Utica*: But pray remember how your *Homer* nodded while *Ulysses* slept, and waking knew not where he was, in the short Passage from *Corcyra* to *Ithaca*. I like *Trapp's* Versions for their justness; his Psalm is excellent, the Prodigies in the first *Georgic* judicious (whence I conclude that 'tis easier to turn *Virgil* justly in blank Verse, than rhyme). The Eclogue of *Gallus*, and Fable of *Phaeton* pretty well; but he is very faulty in his *Numbers*; the Fate of *Phaeton* might run thus,

—The blasted Phaëton with blazing Hair,
Shot gliding thro' the vast Abyss of Air,
And tumbled headlong, like a falling Star.

I am,

Your, &c.

Mr. POPE's Answer.

Nov. 24, 1710.

TO make use of that freedom and familiarity of Style which we have taken up in our Correspondence, and which is more properly Talking upon Paper than Writing; I will tell you without any Preface, that I never took *Tycho Brahe* for one of the Antients, or in the least an Acquaintance of *Lucan's*; nay, 'tis a mercy, on this occasion, that I do not give you an account of his Life and Conversation; as how he liv'd some years like an enchanted Knight in a certain Island, with a tale of a King of *Denmark's* Mistress that shall be nameless. — But I have compassion on you, and wou'd not for the World you shou'd stay any longer among the *Genii*, and *Semidei Manes*, you know where; for if once you get so near the Moon, *Sappho* will want your presence in the Clouds and inferior Regions; not

to

to mention the great loss *Drury-lane* will sustain, when Mr C—— is in the Milky-Way. These coelestial Thoughts put me in mind of the *Priests* you mention, who are a sort of *Sortilegi* in one sense, because in their Lottery there are more Blanks than Prizes; the Adventurers being at best in an Uncertainty, whereas the Setters-up are sure of something. Priests indeed in their Character, as they represent God, are sacred; and so are Constables as they represent the King, but you will own a great many of 'em are very odd Fellows, and the devil a bit of likeness in 'em. Yet I can assure you, I honour the good as much as I detest the bad, and I think, that in condemning these, we praise those. I am so far from esteeming e'en the worst unworthy of my protection, that I have defended their Character (in *Congreve's* and *Vanbrugh's* Plays) ev'n against their own Brethren. And so much for Priests in general; now for *Trapp*, in particular, whose Translations from *Ovid* I have not so good an opinion of as you; not (I will assure you) from any sort of prejudice to him as a Priest, but because I think he has little of the main Characteristic of his Author, a graceful Easiness. For let the Sense be ever so exactly render'd, unless an Author looks like himself, in his Air, Habit, Manner, 'tis a Disguise and not a Translation. But as to the Psalm, I think *David* is much more beholden to him than *Ovid*; and as he treated the *Roman* like a *Jew*, so he has made the *Jew* speak like a *Roman*.

Your, &c.

Mr C to Mr POPE.

Decemb. 5, 1710.

THE same Judgment we made on *Rowe's* 9th of *Lucan* will serve for his part of the 6th, where I find this memorable line, Parq;

*Parque novum Fortuna videt concurrere, bellum
Atque virum.*

For this he employs six Verses, among which is this,

As if on Knightly Terms in Lists they ran.

Pray can you trace Chivalry up higher than *Pharamond*? will you allow it an Anachronism? — *Tickell*, in his Version of the Phoenix from *Claudian*,

*When Nature ceases, thou shalt still remain,
Nor second Chaos bound thy endless Reign.*

Claudian thus,

*Et clades te nulla rapit, solusque superstes,
Edomita Tellure manes—*

which plainly refers to the Deluge of *Deucalion*, and the Conflagration of *Phaeton*; not to the final Dissolution. Your Thought of the *Priests Lottery* is very fine; you play the Wit, and not the Critic, upon the Errors of your Brother.

Your Observations are all very just: *Virgil* is eminent for adjusting his Diction to his Sentiments; and among the Moderns, I find your Practice the Profodia of your Rules. Your * Poem shews you to be, what you say of *Voiture*, with Books well-bred: The state of the Fair, tho' satirical, is touch'd with that Delicacy and Gallantry, that not the Court of *Augustus*, nor—But hold, I shall lose what I lately recover'd, your Opinion of my Sincerity; yet I must say, 'tis as faultless as the Fair to whom 'tis address'd be she never so perfect. The M. G. (who it seems had no right Notion of you, as you of him) transcrib'd it by Lucubration: From some Discourse of your's, he thought your Inclination led you to (what the Men of Fashion

* To a Lady, with the Works of *Voiture*.

call Learning) Pedantry ; but now he says he has no less, I assure you, than a Veneration for you.

Your, &c.

Mr POPE to Mr C....

Decemb. 17, 1710.

IT seems that my late mention of *Crashaw*, and my Quotation from him, has mov'd your Curiosity. I therefore send you the whole Author, who has held a Place among my other Books of this Nature for some Years ; in which Time having read him twice or thrice, I find him one of those whose Works may just deserve reading. I take this Poet to have writ like a Gentleman, that is, at leisure Hours, and more to keep out of Idleness, than to establish a Reputation : so that nothing regular or just can be expected from him. All that regards Design, Form, Fable, (which is the Soul of Poetry) all that concerns exactness, or consent of Parts, (which is the Body) will probably be wanting ; only pretty Conceptions, fine Metaphors, glitt'ring Expressions, and something of a neat Cast of Verse, (which are properly the Dress, Gems, or loose Ornaments of Poetry) may be found in these Verses. This is indeed the Case of most other Poetical Writers of *Miscellanies* ; nor can it well be otherwise, since no Man can be a true Poet, who writes for Diversion only. These Authors should be consider'd as *Versifiers*, and *witty Men*, rather than as *Poets* ; and under this Head will only fall the Thoughts, the Expression, and the Numbers. These are only the pleasing parts of Poetry, which may be judg'd of at a View, and comprehended all at once. And (to express myself like a Painter) their *Colouring* entertains the Sight, but the *Lines* and *Life* of the Picture are not to be inspected too narrowly.

This

This Author form'd himself upon *Petrarch*, or rather upon *Marino*. His Thoughts one may observe, in the main, are pretty ; but oftentimes far fetch'd, and too often strain'd and stiffen'd to make them appear the greater. For Men are never so apt to think a Thing great, as when it is odd or wonderful ; and inconsiderate Authors wou'd rather be admir'd than understood. This ambition of surprising a Reader, is the true natural Cause of all Fustian, or Bombast in Poetry. To confirm what I have said, you need but look into his first Poem of the *Weeper*, where the 2d, 4th, 6th, 14th, 21st Stanza's are as sublimely dull, as the 7th, 8th, 9th, 16th, 17th, 20th and 23d Stanza's of the same Copy, are soft and pleasing : And if these last want any thing, it is an easier and more unaffected Expression. The remaining Thoughts in that Poem might have been spared, being either but Repetitions, or very trivial and mean. And by this Example in the first one may guess at all the rest, to be like this ; a mixture of tender gentle Thoughts and suitable Expressions, of forc'd and inextricable Conceits, and of needless fillers-up to the rest. From all which it is plain, this Author writ fast, and set down what came uppermost. A Reader may skim off the Froth, and use the Clear underneath ; but if he goes too deep, will meet with a mouthful of Dregs : either the top or bottom of him are good for little, but what he did in his *own, natural, middle-way*, is best.

To speak of his *Numbers* is a little difficult, they are so various and irregular, and mostly Pindaric : 'tis evident his heroic Verse (the best Example of which is his *Music's Duel*) is carelessly made up ; but one may imagine from what it now is, that had he taken more Care, it had been musical and pleasing enough, not extremely majestic, but

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but sweet: And the Time consider'd of his Writing, he was (ev'n as uncorrect as he is) none of the worst Versificators.

I will just observe, that the best Pieces of this Author are, a Paraphrase on Psal. 23. On *Lessius*, Epitaph on Mr *Abbot*, Wishes to his suppos'd Mistress, and the *Dies Iræ*. I am, &c.

Mr POPE to Mr C.....

Decemb. 30, 1710.

I Resume my old liberty of throwing out myself upon Paper to you, and making what Thoughts float uppermost in my Head, the Subject of a Letter. They are at present upon *Laughter*, which (for ought I know) may be the Cause you might sometimes think me too remiss a Friend, when I was most intirely so: for I am never so inclin'd to mirth as when I am most pleas'd and most easy, which is in the Company of a Friend like yourself.

As the fooling and toying with a Mistress is a Proof of fondness not disrespect, so is raillery with a Friend. I know there are Prudes in Friendship, who expect distance, awe, and adoration, but I know you are not of them; and I for my part am no Idol-worshipper, tho' a Papist. If I were to address *Jupiter* himself in a heathen Way, I fancy I shou'd be apt to take hold of his Knee in a familiar Manner, if not of his Beard like *Dionysus*; I was just going to say of his Buttons, but I think *Jupiter* wore none (however I won't be positive to so nice a Critic as you, but his Robe might be *Subnetted* with a *Fibula*). I know some Philosophers define *Laughter*, *A recommending ourselves to our own favour, by comparison with the Weakness of another*: but I am sure I very rarely laugh with that View, nor do I believe *Children* have any such Consideration

tion in their Heads, when they express their Pleasure this Way: I laugh full as innocently as they, for the most part, and as fillily. There is a difference too betwixt laughing *about* a Thing, and laughing *at* a Thing: One may find the inferior Man (to make a kind of Casuistical Distinction) provok'd to folly at the sight or observation of some *Circumstance of a Thing*, when the *Thing itself* appears solemn and august to the superior Man, that is, our Judgment and Reason. Let an Ambassador speak the best Sense in the World, and deport himself in the most graceful manner before a Prince, yet if the *Tail of his Shirt* happen (as I have known it happen to a very wise Man) to hang out behind, more People shall laugh at that than attend to the other; till they recollect themselves, and then they will not have a jot the less Respect for the Minister. I must confess the Iniquity of my Countenance before you; several Muscles of my Face sometimes take an impertinent Liberty with my Judgment, but then my Judgment soon rises, and sets all right again about my Mouth: And I find I value no Man so much, as he in whose Sight I have been playing the Fool. I cannot be *Sub-Persona* before a Man I love; and not to laugh with Honesty, when Nature prompts, or Folly (which is more a second Nature than any thing I know) is but a knavish hypocritical way of making a Mask of one's own Face.—To conclude, those that are my Friends I *laugh with*, and those that are not I *laugh at*; so am merry in Company, and if ever I am wise, it is all by myself. You take just another Course, and to those that are not your Friends, are very civil, and to those that are, very endearing and complaisant: Thus when you and I meet, there will be the *Rifus & Blanditiæ* united together in Conversation, as they commonly are in Verse:
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Mr POPE to H. C. Esq; 331

But without Laughter on the one side, or Compliment on the other, I assure you, I am with real esteem,
Your's, &c.

Mr C..... Mr POPE.

October 26, 1711.

MR Wycherley visited me at the Bath in my Sickness, and express'd much Affection to me; Hearing from me how welcome his Letters would be, he presently writ to you; in which I inserted my Scrall, and after a second. He went to Gloucester in his way to Salop, but was disappointed of a Boat, and so return'd to the Bath; then he shew'd me your Answer to his Letters in which you speak of my good Nature, but I fear you found me very froward at Reading; yet you allow for my illness. I cou'd not possibly be in the same House with Mr Wycherley, tho' I sought it earnestly; nor come up to Town with him, he being engag'd with others; but whenever we met we talk'd of you. He praises your * Poem, and even outvies me in kind Expressions of you. As if he had not wrote two Letters to you, he was for writing every Post; I put him in mind he had already. Forgive me this Wrong, I know not whether my talking so much of your great humanity and tenderness to me, and love to him; or whether the return of his natural Disposition to you, was the Cause; but certainly you are now highly in his Favour; now he will come this Winter to your House, and I must go with him; but first he will invite you speedily to Town.—I arrived on Saturday last much wearied, yet had wrote sooner, but was told by Mr Gay (who has writ a pretty Poem to Lintot, and who gives you his service) that you was gone from

* Essay on Criticism.

home,

home. *Lewis* shew'd me your letter, which set me right, and your next letter is impatiently expected by me. Mr *Wycherley* came to town on *Sunday* last, and kindly surpriz'd me with a visit on *Monday* morning. We din'd and drank together; and I saying, *To our Loves*; he reply'd, 'Tis Mr *Pope's* health: He said he would go to Mr *Thorold's* and leave a letter for you. Tho' I cannot answer for the event of all this, in respect to him; yet I can assure you, that when you please to come you will be most desirable to me, as always by inclination so now by duty, who shall ever be

Your, &c.

Mr POPE to Mr C-----.

Nov. 12, 1711.

I Receiv'd the entertainment of your Letter the day after I had sent you one of mine, and I am but this morning return'd hither. The news you tell me of the many difficulties you found in your return from *Bath*, gives me such a kind of pleasure as we usually take in accompanying our Friends in their mixt adventures; for methinks I see you labouring thro' all your inconveniences of the rough roads, the hard saddle, the trotting horse, and what not? What an agreeable surprize wou'd it have been to me, to have met you by pure accident, (which I was within an ace of doing) and to have carry'd you off triumphantly, set you on an easier Pad, and reliev'd the wandering Knight with a Night's lodging and rural Repast, at our Castle in the Forest? But these are only the pleasing Imaginations of a disappointed Lover, who must suffer in a melancholy absence yet these two months. In the mean time, I take up with the Muses for want of your better company; the Muses, *Quæ nobiscum pernoctant,*
peregrinantur,

Mr POPE to H. C. Esq; 333

peregrinantur, rusticantur. Those aerial Ladies just discover enough to me of their beauties to urge my pursuit, and draw me on in a wand'ring Maze of Thought, still in hopes (and only in hopes) of attaining those favours from 'em, which they confer on their more happy Admirers. We grasp some more beautiful Idea in our own brain, than our endeavours to express it can set to the view of others; and still do but labour to fall short of our first Imagination. The gay Colouring which Fancy gave at the first transient glance we had of it, goes off in the Execution; like those various figures in the gilded clouds which while we gaze long upon, to separate the parts of each imaginary Image, the whole faints before the eye and decays into confusion.

I am highly pleas'd with the knowledge you give me of Mr *Wycherley's* present temper, which seems so favourable to me. I shall ever have such a Fund of Affection for him as to be agreeable to myself when I am so to him, and cannot but be gay when he's in good humour, as the surface of the Earth (if you will pardon a poetical Similitude) is clearer or glomier, just as the Sun is brighter, or more overcast. — I should be glad to see the Verses to *Lintot* which you mention, for methinks something oddly agreeable may be produc'd from that subject. — For what remains, I am so well, that nothing but the assurance of your being so can make me better; and if you wou'd have me live with any satisfaction these dark days in which I cannot see you, it must be by your writing sometimes to

Yours, &c.

Mr

Mr C. . . . to Mr POPE.

Dec. 7, 1711.

MR *Wycherley* has, I believe, sent you two or three letters of invitation; but you, like the Fair, will be long solicited before you yield, to make the favour the more acceptable to the Lover. He is much your's by his talk; for that unbounded Genius which has rang'd at large like a Libertine, now seems confin'd to you: and I shou'd take him for your Mistress too by your Simile of the Sun and Earth: 'Tis very fine, but inverted by the application; for the gaiety of your fancy, and the drooping of his by the withdrawing of your lustre, perswades me it wou'd be juster by the reverse. Oh happy Favourite of the Muses! how *per-noctare*, all night long with them? but alas! you do but toy, but skirmish with them, and decline a close Engagement. Leave Elegy and Translation to the inferior Class, on whom the Muses only glance now and then like our Winter-Sun, and then leave 'em in the dark. Think on the Dignity of Tragedy, which is of the greater Poetry, as *Dennis* says, and foil him at his other weapon, as you have done in Criticism. Every one wonders that a Genius like your's will not support the sinking *Drama*; and Mr *Wilks* (tho' I think his Talent is Comedy) has express'd a furious ambition to swell in your Buskins. We have had a poor Comedy of *Johnson's* (not *Ben*) which held seven nights, and has got him three hundred pounds, for the town is sharp-set on new Plays. In vain wou'd I fire you by Interest or Ambition, when your mind is not susceptible of either; tho' your Authority (arising from the general Esteem, like that of *Pompey*) must infallibly assure you of Success; for which in all your Wishes you will be attended with those of

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Mr POPE to Mr C - - - - -

December 21, 1711.

IF I have not writ to you so soon as I ought, let my writing now atone for the Delay ; as it will infallibly do, when you know what a Sacrifice I make you at this time, and that every Moment my Eyes are employ'd upon this Paper, they are taken off from two of the finest Faces in the Universe. But indeed 'tis some Consolation to me to reflect, that while I but write this Period, I escape some hundred fatal Darts from those unerring Eyes, and about a thousand Deaths, or better. Now you, that delight in dying, would not once have dream'd of an absent Friend in these Circumstances ; you that are so nice an Admirer of Beauty, or (as a Critic wou'd say after *Terence*) *so elegant a Spectator of Forms* ? You must have a sober Dish of Coffee, and a solitary Candle at your Side, to write an Epistle lucubratory to your Friend ; whereas I can do it as well with two Pair of radiant Lights, that outshine the golden God of Day and silver Goddess of Night, with all the refulgent Eyes of the Firmament.—You fancy now that *Sapho's* Eyes are two of these my Tapers, but 'tis no such Matter, Sir ; these are Eyes that have more Persuasion in one Glance than all *Sapho's* Oratory and Gesture together, let her put her Body into what moving Posture she pleases. Indeed, indeed, my Friend, you cou'd never have found so improper a time to tempt me with Interest or Ambition : Let me but have the Reputation of these in my keeping, and as for my own, let the Devil, or let *Dennis*, take it for ever. How gladly wou'd I give all I am worth, that is to say, my *Pastorals* for one of them, and my *Essay* for

for the other? I wou'd lay out all my *Poetry* in *Love*; an *Original* for a *Lady*, and a *Translation* for a *Waiting-Maid*! Alas! what have I to do with *Jane Gray*, as long as *Miss Molly*, *Miss Betty*, or *Miss Patty* are in this *World*? Shall I write of *Beauties murder'd long ago*, when there are those at this instant that *murder me*? I'll e'en compose my own *Tragedy*, and the *Poet* shall appear in his own *Person* to move *Compassion*: 'Twill be far more effectual than *Bays's* entering with a *Rope* about his *Neck*, and the *World* will own, there never was a more miserable *Object* brought upon the *Stage*.

Now you that are a *Critic*, pray inform me, in what manner I may connect the foregoing Part of this *Letter* with that which is to follow, according to the *Rules*? I would willingly return *Mr Gay* my *Thanks* for the *Favour* of his *Poem*, and in particular for his kind *Mention* of me; I hop'd, when I heard a new *Comedy* had met with *Success* upon the *Stage*, that it had been his, to which I really wish no less; and (had it been any way in my power) should have been very glad to have contributed to it's *Introduction* into the *World*. His *Verses to Lintot* * have put a *Whim* into my *Head*, which you are like to be troubled with in the opposite *Page* †: Take it as you find it, the *Production* of half an hour t'other *Morning*. I design very soon to put a *Task* of a more serious *Nature* upon you, in reviewing a *Piece* of mine that may better deserve *Criticism*; and by that time you have done with it, I hope to tell you in person with how much *Fidelity* I am

Your, &c.

* A Receipt to make a *Miscellany*.

† Those *Verses* will be found in our second *Volume*.



243.

248

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